



AESOP New Cut in COPPER Here is SETT
To the w's true Picture from his COUNTERFEIT

ÆSOP's FABLES,

With their

MORALS:

I N

PROSE and VERSE.

Grammatically Translated.

Illustrated with Pictures and Emblems.

Together with the

History of his LIFE and DEATH:
newly and exactly Translated out of the
Original *Greek*.

Philostr. Imagin.

κερυφαῖα ᾗ τῷ χερσὶ ἢ ἀλώπηξ.

The Eighteenth Edition, exactly Corrected
By *W. D.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for *J. Phillips, J. Taylor*, and the Ad-
ministrat. of *H. Rhodes*. 1721.

TO THE

READER.

READER;

I Do not know thee, and therefore cannot fit thee with an Epithet: Who, or whatever thou be, I here present thee with a New Edition of what thou hast already had; only a little larger, a little better, and the Method a little alter'd. Do not wonder to find so much Reason in this little Book amongst Birds and Beasts; it is but what Men have lost, and they have gathered up: Thou may'st well allow Owls, Daws, Buzzards, Woodcocks, Apes, and Asses, to talk together in old Times, when as we had the same Creatures ordinarily in every Pulpit: so that what were Fables in Æsop's Time, were too true of late.

But, Reader, I am to inform thee, That there came out lately a paltry Thing just of the same Shame and Bigness with this Book in thy Hand; and to complete the Cheat, it carries the same Name, and hath counterfeited its Ornaments, the Pictures. The Brat might as well have come into the World, with the Renowned Title of Tom Thumb, as he called, The Fables of Æsop. Certainly the Pye-corner, Book-binder forgot himself when he contriv'd it; for he hath been at the Expence of Paper and Ink, to set forth the Tales that his Grannam told him in Winter-Evenings, which I suppose might be all the Discipline of his Education: Could he not have plainly told, That he presented him with a Piece of Antiquity, called Mother Shipton's last Words; it would better have suited with the Matter of his Nonsense, than to call it The Fables of Æsop, the Pictures would have fitted

TO THE READER.

it as well. I can assure the Reader, that he shall in this Book find fair Dealing. The Life of Æsop is exactly translated out of the Greek Copy, and the Fables with the like Care, both in Prose and Verse; which is easily discerned by comparing of that Counterfeit, which is called The Fables of Æsop, and only in Prose: So with this, I take my Leave of the Man that hath taken so much Pains to deceive the World, and referr my Book and my self to thy Ingenuity. If with the Sugar of these Fictions thou take down the wholesome Pills of the Moral, the Author hath his End in Writing, and I mine in Publishing. Let Children look upon the Pictures, look thou further; if thou read the Fables, thou mayst be as merry as others with Sack and Claret; if thou read the Application, thou mayst learn as much as in the Schools of the most severe Philosophers. Farewell, and enjoy it either for Delight or Profit, or (which is best of all) for both together.

E. E.

*These Two Useful School-Books are sold by the
Booksellers of London and Westminster.*

R HETORICES ELEMENTA QUÆSTIONIBUS & RESPONSE-
SIONIBUS explicata, in Usū Scholæ Mercatorum
Sciſſorum.

*The English Rudiments of the Latin Tongue,
Explained by Question and Answer; which are so
formed, that a Child, omitting altogether the Que-
stions, may learn only the Answers, and be fully in-
structed in the Rudiments of the Latin Tongue. By
W. Dugard.*

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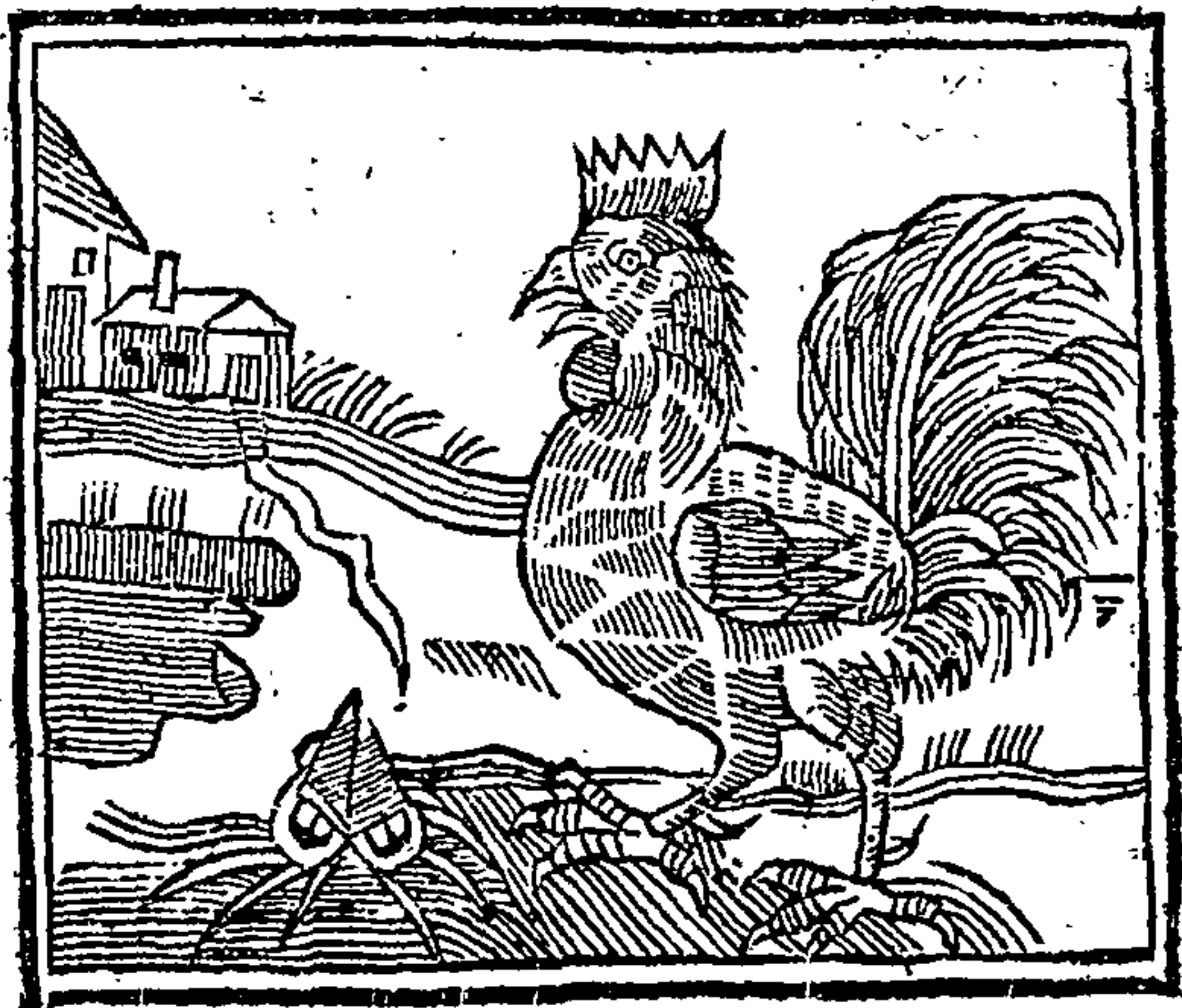
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F A B. I.

Of the C O C K.



THE Cock, whilst he turned over the Dung-hill, found a precious Stone, saying, Wherefore do I find a thing so bright? If a Jeweller had found it, none would have been more jocund than he, because he knew the Price of it; but indeed it is of no use to me, neither do I greatly value it: Yea, truly, I had rather have a Grain of Barley, than all the Jewels in the World.

The Moral.

Understand by the Jewel, Art, and Wisdom; by the Cock, a foolish Man and voluptuous. Neither do Fools love Liberal Arts, seeing they know not the Use of them: Nor a voluptuous Man, for that Pleasure only delights him.

B

A Cock

A Cock (the Dunghill scraping) chanc'd to 'spy
 Among the Dirt, a precious Jewel lie,
 Which he disdain'd, cries, what Profit can
 This yield to me? If happily a Man,
 Knowing the Vertue, had this Jewel found,
 'T would make his Heart with present Joy abound;
 But in my Eye one Barley-corn is more
 Than all the Jewels on the Indian Shore.

The Moral.

*The precious Stone described here, implies
 High-prized Arts, and their rich Mysteries:
 The Cock, a sordid Creature, whose Desire,
 Like the dull Swine, that wallows in the Mire,
 Doth greater Joy in Earthly Pleasures find,
 Than the Endowments of a Vertuous Mind.*

F A B. 2.

Of the Wolf and the Lamb.



A Wolf drinking at the Head of a Fountain, saw
 a Lamb a-far off below drinking. He runneth
 and taunteth the Lamb, for that he troubled the Foun-
 tain. The Lamb trembled; besought him that he
 would spare him, being innocent; that he could not
 himself trouble the Drink of the Wolf, seeing he
 drank.

drank far beneath. The Wolf on the other side thundereth, laying, Thou Varlet, thou pleadest to no purpose; thou always dost me Mischief; thy Father, Mother, all thy hateful Generation is constantly against me. I will be revenged on thee to Day.

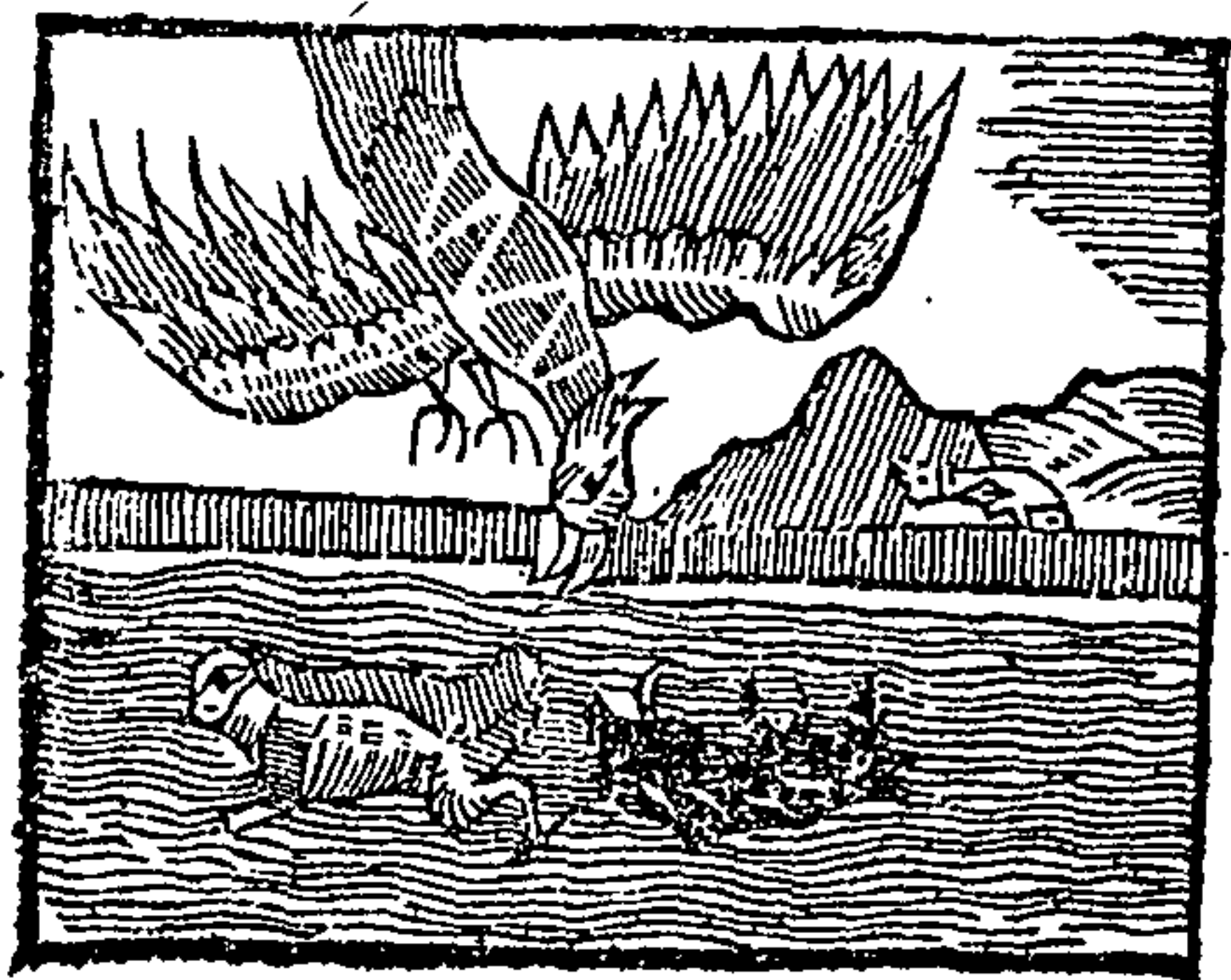
The Moral.

It is an Old Saying, That it is an easie Matter to find a Staff to beat a Dog. A Man in Power, if he list to hurt, easily takes Occasions of doing Mischief; He hath offended sufficiently who cannot resist.

A Thirsty Lamb walks to a River-side,
Where she is by a rav'nous Wolf espy'd;
Whose currish Nature, still on Mischief bent,
Thus picks a Quarrel with the innocent
And harmless Beast: What, Villain! mov'd thee thus,
Just in our Presence, as in Scorn of us,
E'er we could drink, to foul the Chrystal Spring?
The Lamb affrighted at his menacing,
Begs for his Life, Shall Innocence thus speed,
That neither hurts in Will, nor yet in Deed?
I drank below, but you drank far above,
Could this the Fountain, upward lying, move?
That Streams run backward is to me a Wonder.
With that the Wolf 'gan horribly to thunder,
And answers, Slave, thou ly'st! have I not seen
How ready thou and all thy Friends have been
To cross us still; for which, without Delay,
Thy Blood for all those former Wrongs shall pay.

The Moral.

*So great Men oftentimes o'ersway with Might,
The Poor, against Respect of Law or Right.*

Of the Mouse and the Frog.

A Mouse waged War with a Frog. They fought for the Sovereignty of the Fen. The Battle was fierce and doubtful. The crafty Mouse, lurking under the Grass, sets upon the Frog by Ambuscado. The Frog being better in Strength, and more able in Valour and Leaping, challengeth his Enemy to the open Field. Each of them had a Spear of a Bulrush; which Battel being seen a-far off, the Kite maketh haste unto them, and whilst neither of them heeds himself for Eagerness of fighting, the Kite snatcheth and teareth in pieces both the Champions.

The Moral.

In like manner it happeneth to factious Citizens, who being inflam'd with a Desire of Rule, whilst they contend amongst themselves to be made Magistrates, do put their Estates, and also their Lives very often in Danger.

THE Frog and Mouse at Variance did stand,
 Who should be King, and rule the moorish Land;
 And therefore to decide this fatal Jar,
 They undertake a long and doubtful War.

The

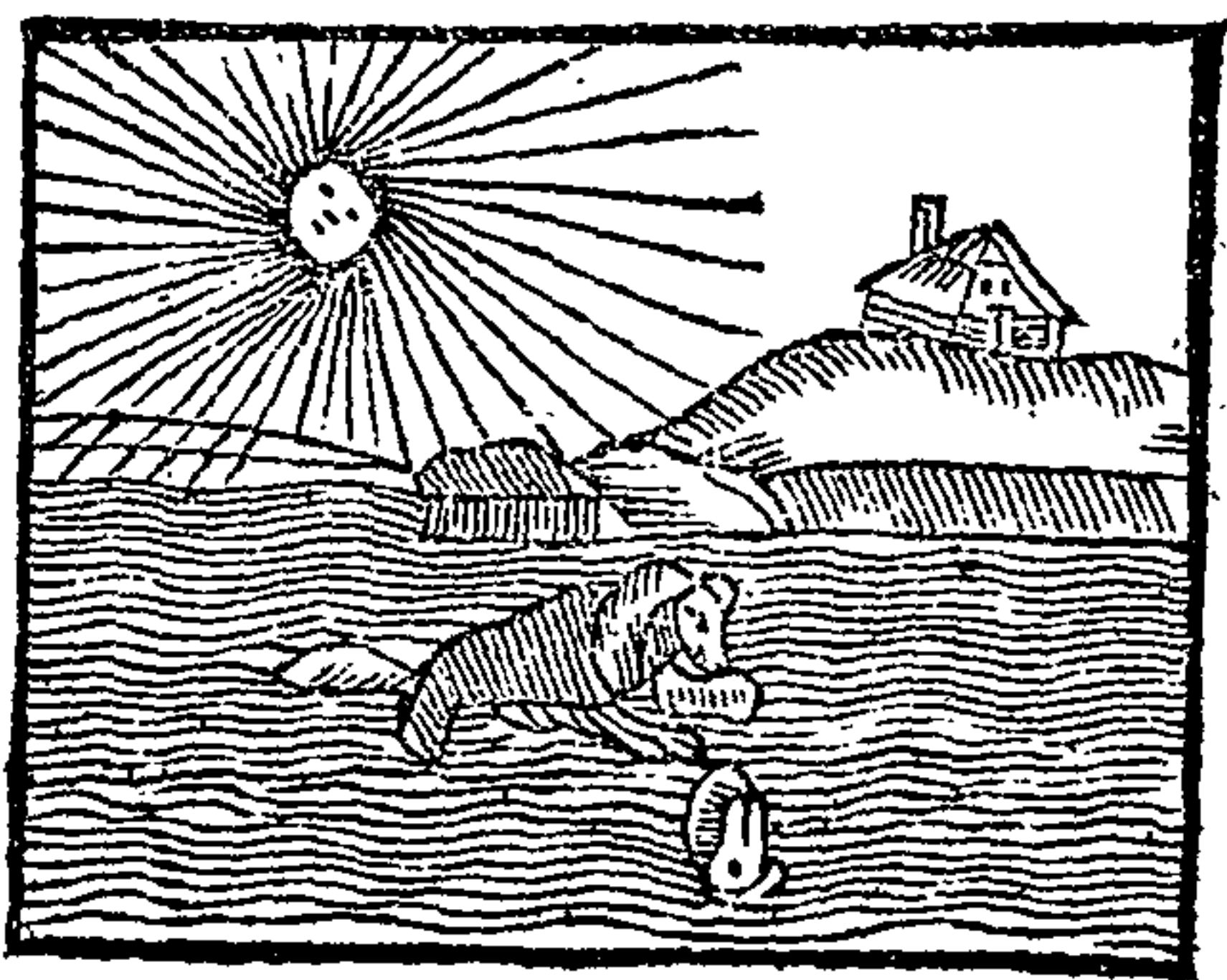
The crafty Mouse in Ambush closely lies,
That she th' unwary Frog might so surprize:
The Frog suspects the Plot, and therefore she
To open Combat dares her Enemy,
Not willing to prolong the War. Agreed;
Both Parties meet, each brandishing a Reed,
Instead of Spears; while at each other's Sight
Their Courage makes them eager of the Fight:
Which scarce begun, the Kite comes flying by,
(To both of them a fatal Enemy)
And stooping, quickly parts the Warriors Fray,
Making both Mouse and Frog become her Prey.

The Moral.

*So factious Men, inflamed with Desire
Of bearing Rule, imprudently aspire
Beyond their Reach, and foolishly contend;
But hasten their own Ruin in the End.*

F A B. 4.

Of the Dog and the Shadow.



A Dog swimming over a River, carried a piece of
Flesh in his Mouth. The Sun shining, as it fell
out, the Shadow of the Flesh shined in the Water;
B. 3. which

which seen, he greedily catching at it, lost that which was in his Jaws. Therefore being daunted with the Loss both of the Thing, and also of his Hope, first he was astonished, afterwards getting Heart again, he barked out thus: O Wretch! there wanted Moderation to thy Greediness. There was enough, and more than enough, if thou hadst not doated: now thou hast less than nothing by thy Foolishness.

The Moral.

We are put in mind of Modesty by this Fable; we are put in mind of Wisdom, that there be a Moderation in our Desire, lest we loose certain Things for uncertain. Surely that Sannio in Terence speaks cunningly; I, quoth he, will not buy Hope at that Rate.

BY Chance a hungry Dog had robb'd the Pot,
Or from the Cook a piece of Flesh had got;
Wherewith he nimbly cross the River flies,
To shun Pursuit of following Enemies,
But as he past, within the Water clear,
The Flesh's Shadow did to him appear;
Who not content, but covetous of all,
Dives for the Shadow, lets the Substance fall:
So both being lost, when he could neither find,
He cries, Fool, thank thy greedy Mind.

The Moral.

*Be not too covetous t' increase thy Store,
But what thou undertak'st consult before;
Lest Fortune may thy Undertaking cross,
And thou buy future Hopes with present Loss.*

F A B. 5.

Of the Lion and the Beasts.



THE Lion had made a Covenant with the Sheep, and with certain other Beasts, that the Prey should be common. They go a-hunting, a Hart is taken, they divide him; every one beginning to take up their several shares, as it was agreed, the Lion roareth out, saying, One part is mine, because I excel you all in Dignity; a second Part is mine, because I most excel in Strength. Furthermore, I challenge a third part, because I have sweat more in catching the Hart; and lastly, unless you grant me a fourth part, farewell Friendship. His Fellows hearing this, do depart empty and still, not daring to mutter at the Lion.

The Moral.

Faithfulness hath been ever rare; it is more rare now-a-days: But it is and hath always been most rare amongst potent Men; wherefore it is better that you live with your Equal. For he that liveth with a potent Man, must necessarily part oft-times with his own Right: you shall have equal Dealings with your Equals.

B. 4.

A General

A General Day for Hunting being decreed
 Amongst the Beasts, they mutually agreed
 (The Sport being ended) equal Share should fall
 Of what they slew, to recompence them all.
 So out they go to hunt the nimble Hart;
 Who slain, each Beast according to Desert
 Expects his Share. To whom the Lyon thus
 First speaks: You know, my Friends, that unto us
 Belongs one Part by Right of Dignity;
 A second too pertaineth unto me,
 In that my Strength doth above yours excell;
 A third is also mine, you know it well,
 'Cause in Pursuit I took the greatest Pain;
 A fourth Part now there only doth remain,
 Which grant you must the Quarrel for to end,
 Or else of me for ever lose a Friend.

So all the Beasts depart, nor durst they show
 An angry Look, although deluded so.

The Moral.

*As here the Lyon (Right pretending) claims
 The other Due, so for unlawful Gains,
 (Injustice oft prevailing) poor Men stand
 Aloof, whilst others do possess their Land;
 Not daring seek their own, so much the Fear
 Of Greatness awes them, tho' great Wrongs they bear.*

Of the Wolf and the Crane.

THE Wolf devouring a Sheep, by chance the Bones stuck in his Throat. He goeth about, desireth Help, but no one helpeth him. All say, that he had got a just Reward of his Greediness. At length he induceth a Crane by many Flatteries, and more Promises, that her long Bill being thrust into his Throat, she would pluck out the Bone which stuck in it. But she asking her Reward, he mocketh at her; Thou Fool, quoth he, go thy way; hast thou not enough that thou livest? thou owest me thy Life: If it had pleased me, I might have bit off thy Neck.

The Moral.

It is a common Saying, That is lost which thou dost to an ungrateful Man.

HUnger sore bit the Wolf; which he to ease,
 Roving for Prey, upon a Lamb did seize,
 And it devoured: but through too much haste
 Of feeding, cross his ravenous Throat stuck fast
 One of the Ribs; which so the Wolf did pain,
 That he to many often did complain;
 But none would lend him Help. At length he goes,
 And to the Crane his Grievs sad Causes shows;

Entreating her to use her best of Skill,
 And down his Throat by thrusting her long Bill
 To draw the Bone that did afflict him so;
 For which she should not unrewarded go,
 But have her full Content. The easie Crane
 (Won with fair Words, and hope of future Gain)
 Effects the Cure, and then demands her Pay;
 To whom the ungrateful Wolf did scoffing say,
 What Pay, fond Fool, canst thou expect of me?
 Is't not enough that thou escapedst free,
 Not hurt at all, when I with little Strife
 Had Power but now to take away thy Life?

The Moral.

*To gratify ungratefull Men, doth prove
 Thy Loss and Harm:—On others place thy Love.*

F A B. 7.

Of the Country-man and the Snake.



THE Country-man brought home a Snake, which
 he found in the Snow almost dead with cold. He
 laid him to the Fire. The Snake receiving Strength
 and Poison from the Heat, afterward not enduring
 the Flame, infected all the Cottage with hissing. The
 Country-man runneth unto him, and snatching up a
 Hatchet,

Hatchet, expostulates with him the Wrong with Words and Blows, Whether he would thus requite him? Whether he went about to take away his Life from him who gave him his Life?

The Moral.

It comes to pass sometimes, that they will do you hurt to whom you have done good; and that they will deserve ill of you, of whom you have deserved well.

IN Depth of Winter, numb'd with Cold, a Snake
Seeming half dead, upon the Ground did lie,
On which a Husbandman did pity take
As he by chance that way was passing by;
So bears her home, then lays her by the Fire,
The Heat whereof did soon the Cold expell,
That suddenly the Snake began t' respire,
And feeling Strength with her old Venom swell;
But quite forgetful of the Good receiv'd,
Or what the Man to save her Life had done,
Whereof she almost lately was bereav'd,
To throw abroad her Poison she begun,
And hissing, flies at him with all her Might;
Which he perceiving, fetcheth Weapons straight,
Replying, Villain, dost thou thus requite
My Kindness, and my Love pursue with Hate?
For this Ingratitude thy Life shall pay,
And what I sav'd, I now will take away.

The Moral.

*So oftentimes we by Experience see
Those prove our greatest Enemies; whom we
Do most befriend; and those to whom we show
Most love, to us most spiteful often grow.*

F A B. 8.

Of the Boar and the Ass.



WHilst the sluggish Ass mocked the Boar, he was wroth, and gnashed his Teeth, saying, O thou most sloathful Ass, truly thou hast deserved Ill; but altho' thou hast been worthy of Punishment, yet I am unworthy to be revenged of thee: mock on; thou may'st do it safely, for thou art out of Danger for thy Sluggishness.

The Moral. Let us do our Endeavour that when we hear or suffer Things unseemingly, we speak not, nor do Things unworthy of us: for evil Men and desperate for the most part do rejoice, if any good Man do resist them. They value it much that they should be accounted worthy to be avenged of: Let us imitate Horses and great Beasts, which pass by little barking Curs with Contempt.

WHile the dull Ass the sturdy Boar derides,
The Boar, whom Moderation wisely guides,
Replies, Dull Villain, that the World may see
How much I slight thy Scoff, although from me
Thou just Revenge deserv'st. jest on thy fill,
Thy Baseness guards thee, and withholds my Will.

The Moral.

*Be not much mov'd when bold Aspersions grow;
Lest false Untruths like Verities may show.*

F A B.

Of the City-Mouse and Country-Mouse.

IT pleased the City-Mouse to walk into the Country. A Country-Mouse saw him, inviteth him; Preparation is made, they go to Supper. The Country-Mouse fetcheth forth whatsoever he had laid up for Winter, and bringeth out all his Provision, that he might satisfy the Daintiness of so great a Guest, notwithstanding the City-Mouse frowning, condemneth the Penury of the Country; and then highly extols the Plenty of the City. Returning home, he leadeth the Country-Mouse with him into the City, that he might make good in Deed that which he had in Words boasted of. They go to the Banquet which the City-Mouse had gorgeously prepared. As they were at the Banquet, the Noise of a Key is heard in the Lock. They tremble and run away as fast as they could. The Country-Mouse both unacquainted and ignorant of the Place, had much ado to save himself. The Servant departing, the City-Mouse returneth unto the Table, calleth the Country-Mouse. He scarcely having put away his Fear, creepeth out, and asketh the City-Mouse, inviting him to drink, Whether this Danger be often? He answered, that it was daily, and it ought

ought to be slighted. Then said the Country-mouse,
Is it daily? Verily your Dainties favour more of Gall
than of Honey; I, in truth, had rather have my Penury
with Security, than this Plenty with such Anxiety.

*The Moral. Riches have indeed a Shew of Pleasure, but
if you look within them, they have Danger and Bitterness.
There was one Eutrapelus, who when he would hurt his
Enemies most of all, made them rich. saying, He would re-
venge himself of them, for that they should receive with
their Riches a great Bundle of Cares.*

THE City-mouse, that many Days had spent
Within her native Soil, on Travel bent
The Countries sweet Varieties to see,
Is by a Country-mouse met happily;
Who entertains her with the choicest Fare.
Her Ladder did afford; nor did she spare.
For any Cost, which the delightful Field,
To welcome unexpected Guests could yield.
Yet this pleas'd not the City-mouse; the Meat
Seem'd much too coarse for her nice Chaps to eat:
And therefore she intreats the Country-mouse
To walk with her, and view her City-house,
To see what Entertainment she could give,
And how deliciously she still did live.
So both agree, and to the City come;
Which enter'd, they approach a spacious Room,
And after Welcome given; a dainty Feast
The City-mouse provided for her Guest.
Both seat themselves, and heartily to feed;
But 'midst their Junkets, with unwelcome Speed
They hear a turning of a Key, whose Fear
Enjoins them quickly to forsake their Chear,
And shift into a Hole, from whence they see
One of the Household Servants hastily
Enter the Room, (the which unusual Sight
Doth much the trembling Country-mouse affright)
But he not staying long, the City Dame
Returneth to the Banquet whence she came;

And

And calls her Friend, off'ring a choicer Bit
 To her, than any she had tasted yet.
 But Fear had spoil'd her Stomach, so that she
 (Glad to depart) replieth, If this be
 The Sauce you have unto your City-Fare,
 Give me my own; tho' coarse, 'tis void of Care:
 Such Fears perplex not us, nor Grievs molest
 Our homely Roofs; we undisturbed rest, (great,
 Tho' coarse our Fare; when Dangers more than
 Attend the dainty Junkets which you eat.

The Moral:

*The Poor Man's Happy Life is here express'd,
 While he Content with his Estate remains,
 Above the Rich, although of Wealth possess'd:
 For Care to get, or Fear, to lose his Gains,
 Doth so perplex his troubled Mind, that he
 Scarce lives a Day or Hour contentedly.*

F A B. 10.

Of the Eagle and the Daw.



AN Eagle having gotten a Cockle, could not pluck
 out the Fish by Force or Art. A Daw coming unto
 her, gives her Counsel: She perswaded her to soar
 aloft,

aloft, and caft down the Cockle from on high upon the Stones; for that it would fo come to pafs that the Shell would be broken. The Daw tarrieth upon the Ground, that ſhe may wait for the Fall. The Eagle throweth it down; the Shell is broken; the Fiſh is ſnatched away by the Daw; the Eagle being mocked, grieveth.

The Moral:

Do not give Credit to every one, and take heed that you look into the Counſel which you ſhall receive of others: For many being conſulted with, do not give Counſel for them: who ask Counſel of them, but have an Eye to themſelves.

THE Eagle finds a Cockle, and with Pains,
 Labours for what the faſten'd Shell contains;;
 Which the fly Daw beholding, with Deceit,
 Pretends t' inſtruct the Eagle how to get
 The Fiſh with greater Eaſe; and bids her fly
 A-loft, and with the Cockle mount the Sky,
 Then let it fall againſt ſome Rock, that ſo
 The Shell might open with a ſudden Blow:
 Which done, the Daw, that ſurely watch'd her Prey,
 Snatches the Meat, and nimbly flies away,
 Leaving the cheated Eagle all alone,
 Her ſaid Miſhap and Folly to bemoan.

The Moral:

*Do not Belief in every one reſpoſe;;
 For ſeeming Friends prove oft the greateſt Foes:
 In faireſt Meadows dangerous Adders lie,
 And moſt Deceit is clad with Flattery:
 Which in de'uding Councillors is ſhown,
 Not for thy Gain, but Profit of their own.*

F A B. 11.
Of the Crow and the Fox:

A Crow having gotten a Prey, maketh a Noise in the Boughs of the Tree. A Fox-cub seeth him jetting, runneth unto him. The Fox doth very kindly salute the Crow, I have heard, quoth he, very often, that Fame is a Liar, now I find it in very deed; for as by chance I passed by this way, 'spying you on a Tree, I came running unto you, blaming the Report. For the Report goeth, that you are blacker than Pitch, and I see that you are more white than Snow. Truly, in my Judgment, you surpass the Swans, and are fairer than the white Ivy. If so be that as you excell in Plumes, you so excell also in Voice; in truth I will call you the Queen of all Birds. The Crow being allured by this pretty Flattery, prepares himself to sing, but the Cheese falleth out of his Bill as he was preparing to sing, which being snatched up, the Fox-cub laugheth heartily. Then at length it shames the miserable Crow, she vexeth at her self, and she grieveth at the Shame, accompanied with the Loss of the Thing.

The Moral. Some are so greedy of Praise, that they love a Flatterer with their own Reproach and Loss. Such silly Men are made a Prey to Parasites. If so be that you will

will avoid Boasting, you may easily shun that pestiferous sort of Flatterers. If you will be Thralo, you shall never want a Gnatho.

THE Crow had got a Prey, and with it flies
 To feed upon a Tree; which *Vulpis* eyes,
 And fain would gull her of it; wherefore he
 To work his Plot, thus greets her craftily;
 Hail, Mistress, hail, Fame's Untruths now I sing,
 And to your Worship joyful Tidings bring:
 Fame stiles thee black as Soot; but I have found
 Her Rumours false; in Whiteness you abound
 Beyond the Snow, or Lilies of the Field:
 For which the joyful Crow seems Thanks to yield,
 Clapping her Wings; but as she strove to speak,
 The Bait she had dropt from her empty Beak;
 Which the Fox nimbly catching, leaves the Crow,
 To learn more Wit when she is flatter'd so.

The Moral.

*Affect not empty Titles, nor the light
 And windy Praises of the Parasite:
 For they for their own Ends do most applaud;
 Which being obtain'd, they slight whom they d:fraud.*

F A B. 12.

Of the Lion worn out by Old Age.

A Lion which had made very many Enemies by his Cruelty in his Youth, paid for it in his Old Age. The Beasts recompence him like for like. The Boar setteth on him with his Tusks, the Bull with his Horns ; especially the young Ass desiring to abolish utterly the old Name of Sluggishness, layeth at him lustily with Words, and with his Heels. Then the Lion sighing deeply, saith, Those whom I have hurt in Times past, hurt me now again, and deservedly ; but they whom I have sometimes done Good unto, do not now do me Good again ; yea, even they hurt me without Cause. I was a Fool that made so many to be my Enemies ; but more foolish that trusted false Friends.

The Moral.

Be not lift up in Prosperity ; be not fierce. For if Fortune shall change her Face, they whom you have hurt, will avenge themselves. And see that you make a Difference amongst your Friends ; for there are certain that are not your Friends, but at your Tables and Fortunes ;
which

Which Estate in every deed as soon as ever it shall be changed, they also will be changed: you shall be well dealt withal, if they be not Enemies. Ovid complaineth justly:

New Foes I found when *Auster* fill'd my Sail;
The Wind proves cross, my Friends unfriendly fail;
Neptune begins to frown and curl the Wave,
My Friends are gone, the savage Sea's my Grave.

THE Lion weak and old, that first was strong,
And too unjustly meaner Beasts did wrong,
Now for his Tyranny doth pay: The Boar
With his sharp Tusks his aged Side doth gore;
The Bull assaults him with his Horns; the base
And sordid Ass, with undeserv'd Disgrace,
Spurns at him too, the which perplexed more
The noble Beast, than all the Blows before.
Who thus cries out, I oft have injur'd them,
And justly merit they should me contemn:
But the dull Ass, whom I esteem'd my Friend,
Forfakes me too! Unhappy I! to lend
Affection to his Baseness, and to move
The Wrath of such as would more faithful prove.

The Moral:

*If Fortune raise thee to a high Degree
Of bearing Rule, let not thy Actions be
Too much severe, but such, as Justice may
Command the Vulgar duly to obey:*

*Lest Fortune change, and thou, of Friends forlorn,
Be made of thy Inferiours a Scorn.*

F A B. 13.

Of the Dog and the Ass



WHilst the Dog fawned upon his Master and the Family, both the Master and the Family make much of the Dog: The Ass seeing that, groaneth very deeply: It began to irk him of his Condition; he thinks it was not fairly carried, that the Dog should be welcome to all, and be fed from his Master's Table, and so attain that by Idleness and Play; and contrarily, himself to carry Pack-saddles, be beaten with a Whip, never to be idle, and yet be hated of every Body. If these things be gotten by fawning, he determineth to follow that Art which is so profitable; therefore on a certain time to try the Matter, he runs forth to meet his Master returning home, leaps upon him, beats him with his Hoofs. His Master crying out, the Servants run unto him; and the foolish Ass, which thought himself civil, is beaten with a Cudgel.

The Moral.

All of us cannot do all Things, as Virgil saith in his *Bucolics*; neither do all Things become all Men. Let every one desire that, let him try that which he is able. For we know that is spoken more significantly in Greek, An Ass

As to the Harp; so also Boetius, An As put to the Harp. *Nature resisting, our Labour is in vain.* You shall neither do or say any thing, if *Minerva* be unwilling; witness *Horace*.

THE strong-back'd As, whose Labour to his Lord,
Commodity and Profit did afford,
Perceiving oft the little Dog (whose Use
No Profit to his Master could produce,
But kept for Pleasure only) sport and play,
And fawning on his Master, every Day
Fed well, and liv'd at Ease, while he with Pain
Still wrought, and yet could no such Love obtain;
Grows envious, and resolves the like to try:
So leaping on his Master, lovingly
He paws at him with his Fore-foot, then lays
His Nose close to his Lips, and loudly brays,
Frisking about in such a rustick sort
As a rude As could do to shew him Sport.
Whereat the Master, much affrighted, cries
For Help: His Servant to him quickly hies,
Who seeing how bold the fardid As did grow,
Requites his Pastime with a cruel Blow,
Thrashing him well, 'till he with Grief repents,
And quite forsaketh such fond Compliments.

The Moral.

*'Twould prove a Thing preposterous to see
A Buffoon plac'd i' th' Seat of Dignity:
As much ridiculous it is for one
To meddle with another's Function,
And they but trifle Time who think they can
Reach th' Apprehension of another Man.
For let them strive 'till Death, none can partake
Of every Art, Nature doth Artists make.*

F A B. 32.

Of the Lion and the Mouse.



THE Lion being weary with heat and with running, rested under the Shadow upon green Leaves. A Company of Mice ran over his Back: he awaking, caught one of many; the Captive beseeching him, cryeth, That he was not worthy that the Lion should be angry at him. He bethinketh himself, that there was no Praise in the Death of such a silly little Beast, lets go the Captive. And not very long after, as the Lion by Accident runs thro' the Forest, he falls into Snares. Roar he may, get forth he cannot. The Mouse heareth the Lion roaring pitifully, knoweth his Voice, creepeth into the Holes, seeketh the Knots of the Snares, findeth them being sought, gnaweth them in pieces being found; the Lion escapeth out of the Nets.

The Moral. This Fable perswadeth great Mens Clemency. For as Humane Things are unstable, so mighty Men themselves sometimes need the Help of the Baser: Wherefore a wise Man, altho' he may, will be afraid to hurt any Man whomsoever. But he that feareth not to hurt another, doth exceeding foolish. Why so? Because although trusting in his own Power, he feareth no Man; it will peradventure come to pass afterwards that he may fear. For

it is evident that hath happened to famous and great Kings: that they have either needed the Favour of base Men, or feared their Anger.

Opprest with Heat, a Lion in the Shade
 For his Repose his wearied Limbs had laid,
 And fell asleep; 'bout whom a Troop of poor
 And little Mice, that never durst before
 Approach his Presence, merry Pastimes make,
 'Till with their Sport the angry Beast they wake,
 Whose Fury forc'd them all to fly; but one
 Which not so nimble as the rest, alone
 Is left behind, and by the Lion caught,
 Whereat amaz'd, the silly Mouse besought
 The noble Lion, Vengeance not to show
 For this her first Offence, but let her go.
 The Lion soon consenteth; since the Blood
 Of one so base could do him little good:
 And so the Mouse departs; but e'er the Day
 Was fully spent, the Lion seeking Prey,
 And traversing the Forest, chanc'd to be
 Entrapped in a Net unwarily.
 So struggles to get loose, but prov'd too weak,
 With all his Strength, the intangled Net to break.
 Wherefore for Help a hideous Noise he makes,
 And with his Roaring all the Forest shakes.
 Which when the Mouse now heard, she runs with
 Remembering how the Lion once her freed: (speed,
 And though but weak, by gnawing of the Net,
 The stronger Lion did at Freedom set:

So Thanks on both sides given, they part agen,
 The Mouse to'r Hole, the Lion to his Den.

The Moral.

*Though smiling Fortune seem a while to bless
 And raise thee to the Height of Happiness;
 Insult not o'er the Weak, lest Fortune may
 Divert her Smiles, and thy Estate decay;
 And thou as much in need of others stand,
 As they of thee, when thou didst them command*

F A B. 15.
Of the sick Kite.



A Kite lay sick in his Bed at the Point of Death; he intreats his Mother to go and beseech the Gods. His Mother answered, That there was no Help to be hoped for from the Gods, whose Holy Things and Altars he had so oft violated with his Rapines.

The Moral. It becometh us to reverent the Gods. For they help the Godly, but are against the Ungodly; being neglected in Prosperity, they will not bear us in our Misery. Wherefore be mindful of them in Prosperity, that they may be present, being called upon in our Adversity.

THE young Kite sick, besought his Dam to pray, And for his Health upon the Gods to call: But she replied, Son, thou every Day

Didst in thy Health into Deboistness fall;
And thinkest thou the Gods will Comfort lend
To thee, whom thou so highly didst offend?

The Moral.

In they best Days, let not too haughty Pride

*Put up thy Thoughts, so causing a Neglect
Of God, whose Laws should be thy chiefest Guide;*

*Lest He, whose Pow'r can raise, and Wrath deject,
When in thy Need His Aid thou dost implore,
As much scorn thee, as thou didst Him before.*

Of the Swallow, and other Birds.

AS soon as the Flax began to be sown, the Swallow perswadeth the little Birds to hinder the sowing, saying often, That Snares were making for them. They laugh at her, calling the Swallow a foolish Prophet. The Flax now growing up, and waxing green, she admonished them again to pluck up that which was sown. They laughed at her again. The Flax waxeth ripe; she exhorts them to destroy the standing Flax. When they would not hear her advising, no, not then indeed, the Swallow leaving the Company of the Birds, gets unto her self the Friendship of Men, enters a League with him, dwells with him, cheareth him with singing: Nets and Snares are made of the Flax for the rest of the Birds.

The Moral.

Many neither know how to provide well for themselves, nor will hear him who adviseth them well; but when they are in Dangers and Losses, then at length they begin to be wise, and to condemn their own Sluggishness. Now are they wise enough; This and that, say they, ought to have been done. But it is better to be Prometheus than Epimetheus. These were Brethern; the
Names

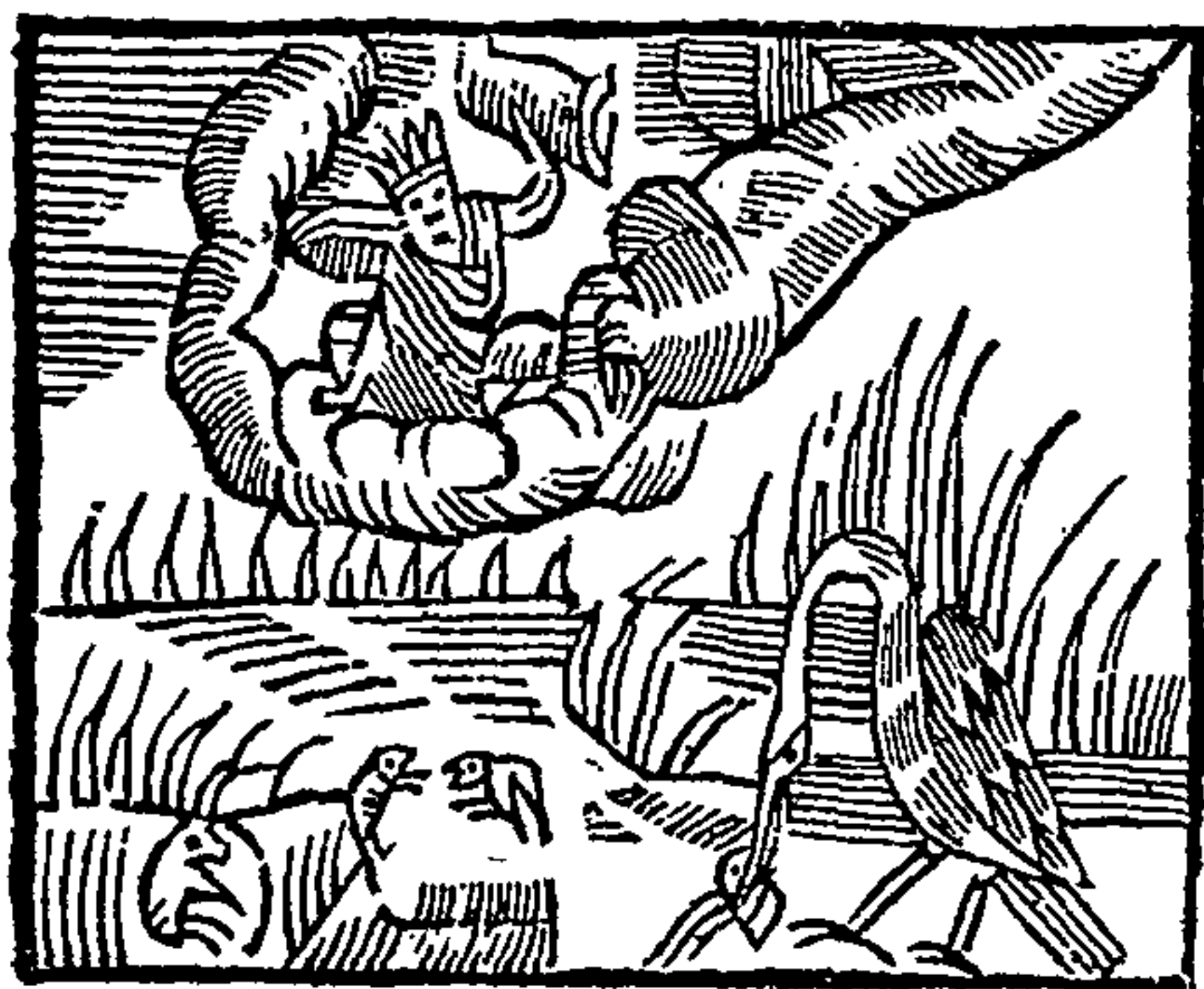
Names are Greek, one of them took Counsel before the thing was to be done, the other after the thing was done: Which the Interpretation of their Names declareth.

THE painful Husbandman his Ground doth sow
 With fatal Hemp-Seed. Him the Swallow spies,
 And knowing what great Danger thence would grow
 To all the Birds, with haste away she flies,
 And counsels them, That they with speed repair,
 And (e'er the Seed a deeper Root did take)
 To spoil and pick it up with greatest Care,
 Lest if thereof the Fowlers Nets should make,
 It prove the Ruin of them all, and they
 With Loss of Life repent their fond Delay.
 But the dull Birds, void both of Cares and Fears,
 Slight her Advice, until the cursed Grain
 Sprouts forth, and Green upon the Ground appears.
 Whereat the wiser Swallow once again
 More earnestly perswades them not to lose
 So fit Occasion; but while yet they may
 Prevent a future ill, their Strength to use,
 And not to let the Time quite slip away,
 Until the Hemp grown fully ripe, at last
 All Hope to ruin such a Foe be past.
 Yet still the Birds her Counsel do neglect,
 For which the Swallow quite forsakes the Field,
 And as they her, so she doth them reject,
 And her safe Nest among the Houses build,
 Where she at quiet rests, when hourly Cares
 And Fear of Death the others do perplex,
 While the sly Fowler with his Hempen Snares
 And crafty Gins each Minute doth them vex,
 So that not Day nor Night they truly can
 Assure their Safety, if espy'd by Man.

The Moral.

*Thus they who slight good Counsel, headlong run
 On Mischief, and repent when th' Hurt is done.*

Of the Frogs and their King.



THE Nation of the Frogs, when it was free, besought *Jupiter*, to give them a King. *Jupiter* laughed at the Request of the Frogs. They notwithstanding were instant again and again, until they enforced him. He cast them down a Beam. That vast Weight shakes the Water with a great Noise. The Frogs being terrified, are silent. They adore their King. They come nearer by little and little; at length casting away Fear, they leap upon him, and down again from him. The sluggish King is made a Scorn and a Contempt. They importune *Jupiter* again; they beseech him to give them a King which may be valorous. *Jupiter* giveth them a Stork. He walking thro' the Fen very stoutly, devoureth what Frogs soever he meeteth with. The Frogs then complained in vain of the Cruelty of this King. *Jupiter* heareth them not, for they as yet complain, even at this Day; for the Stork going to Rest at Evening, they coming forth of their Dens, do secretly murmur with a hoarse Croaking; but they sing to the Deaf. For *Jupiter* will have it so, that they which prayed against a mild King, should now suffer an unmerciful one.

The

The Moral.

It is wont to fall out to the common People even as to the Frogs, who if they have a King somewhat more mild, they charge him to be sluggish and cowardly, and wish that at length they may have a Man; and contrarily, if at any time they get a valiant King, they condemn his Cruelty, and commend the Clemency of the former. Whether it be for that we always mislike our present Estate, or because it is a true Word, That new Things are better than old.

THE Frogs desire a King, and for that end,
 To Jupiter their earnest Prayer send.
 Jove smiles to see their Folly, and denies
 Their Suit at first; but tired with their Cries,
 He 'mongst them throws a Log, whose heavy Fall
 With Terror so amaz'd the Frogs, that all
 Crouch down for Fear, and with Amazement stand,
 In Readiness t' obey their King's Command,
 'Till waiting long, when they at last perceiv'd
 'Twas nothing but a senseless Log, bereav'd
 Of Life and Motion, all the Frogs bestride
 His lumpish Back, and their mild King deride;
 Desiring Jove to give them one, that may
 With awful Pow'r the Moorish Empire sway,
 And not a lifeless Block. Jove therefore sends
 The Stork to them, which, stalking proudly, bends
 His Mind to Tyranny, devouring still
 The Frogs, to please his Appetite and Will.
 Weary whereof, the Frogs repine again;
 But Jove will hear them now no more complain:
 The Stork must govern still, since, not content,
 They murmur'd at a peaceful Government.

The Moral.

*How good so e'er the King, we daily see
 Subjects repine; and if he peaceful be,
 They count him dull; if much severe, they cry,
 And murmur hourly 'gainst his Tyranny,*



THE Doves on a Time made War with the Kite, whom that they might conquer, they chose the Hawk for their King. He being made their King, playeth the Enemy for their King. He plucketh and teareth them in pieces, no less greedy than the Kite. The Pigeons regent of their Enterprize, thinking it had been better for them to indure the Wars of the Kite, than the Tyranny of the Hawk.

The Moral. Let it grieve no Man too much for his own Condition; for, as Horace says, Nothing is every way happy. I indeed would not wish my Lot to be changed, so that it be tolerable. Many having gotten a new Condition, have wished the old again. We are almost all of us of such a sickly Disposition, that we grow weary of our selves.

Dissention grown betwixt the Doves and Kite: The Doves, too weak with such a Foe to fight, The Sparrow-Hawk to be their King elect, Hoping he would their Innocence protect, And quell th' insulting Kite. But he possest Of Rule, with greater Cruelty oppress The harmless Doves; who now with Sorrow rue Their hasty Choice, since to their Loss they knew, 'Twas safer with the Kite at War to be, Than to indure the Spar-Hawk's Tyranny. The

The Moral.

*Change seldom brings a better; every one
Should therefore rest content, and covet none.*

F A B. 19.

Of the Thief and the Dog.



A Thief on a Time reaching Bread to a Dog, that he would hold his Peace, the Dog answered, I know thy Treachery. Thou givest me Bread that I should leave off barking: but I hate thy Gift; for if I shall take thy Bread, thou wilt carry all things out of the House.

The Moral. Beware you let not go a great Benefit for a small. Take heed you trust not every Man; for there are Men who will not only speak courteously, but also deal kindly, with a Treacherous Meaning.

A Thief with a felonious Intent,
By Night to rob a House, in secret went;
A Dog espies him; but the crafty Knave,
To please the Cur, and his Discov'ry save,
(Lest he should bark too loud) offers him Bread,
Which the good Dog refusing, answered,

Villain, thou giv'st a Morfel, but wouldst do
A greater Harm, should I but suffer you.

The Moral.

*Beware to whom you trust, or Faith impose,
Lest for a little Gain, you greater lose.*

Of the Wolf and Sow.



THE Sow pigg'd. The Wolf promiseth, that he will be the Keeper of her Young. The Sow answered, That she had no need of the Service of the Wolf; if he would be counted religious, if he desired to do an acceptable thing, let him go further off; for the Office of the Wolf did not consist in his Presence, but in his Absence.

The Moral.

All Things are not to be believed of all. Many will proffer their Pains, not for the Love of thee, but of themselves, seeking their own Profit, not thine.

THE Sow had litter'd, when the Wolf to her With seeming Care his Service did preferr, To guard her Pigs, lest Danger perchance might (The Sow being absent) on her young ones light. But the wise Sow replies, She needed none To guard her Young, her self could do't alone; Knowing his Absence safer far would be To her and them, than the Wolf's Company.

The Moral.

*It is not safe to trust or credit all,
Lest some, pretending Love, intend thy Fall.*

F A B. 21.

Of the Birth of the Mountains.



Once there was a Report that the Mountains were in Travail. Men come, and stand round about, expecting some Monster, not without fear. At length the Mountains bring forth; there comes out a Mouse. Then all the Spectators were ready to die with laughing.

The Moral. Horace toucheth this Fable,
Mountains in Travail are; the Wonder's this,
A Mouse comes forth: O most ridiculous!

It also notes Bragging: For Braggars, when they profess and boast of great Things, scarce perform small. Wherefore those Thraſo's are juſtly a Matter of Feſts and Scoffs. This Fable doth alſo forbid vain Fears. For the Fear of the Danger is for the moſt part greater than the Danger it ſelf :: It is many times ridiculous which we fear.

'T Was rumour'd that a Mountain big ſhould be
Deliver'd of a monſtrous Prodigy.

Men eaſie to believe, and glad to know
Whereto th' Event of this Report ſhould grow;
In Troops flock thither. So the Time drew nigh
Of this long look'd-for ſtrange Delivery.
And from the Hill's vaſt Womb ſkips forth a Mouſe;
To the Spectators ſo ridiculous,

That seeing they deluded were, retire,
And laught at what before they did admire.

The Moral.

*Great Boasters here are shown, deluding some
With vaunting Words: But when to Proof they come,
And Men expect like Actions, they appear
So vain, they merit nothing but a Fear.*

F A B. 22.

Of the Hound that was despised by his Master.



THE Master eggs on the Hound, which was now grown old; He calls on him in vain; his Feet are slow, he maketh no haste: He had caught a wild Beast; the wild Beast slips out of his Teeth. His Master chides him with Stroaks and Words. The Dog answered that he ought of right to be pardoned; that now he was grown old, but he had been stout when he was young; but as I see, quoth he, nothing pleaseth without Profit. You loved me when I was young and able to catch the Prey; you hate me now slow and Toothless: But if you were thankful, whom you loved in Times past being young, for your Benefit sake; you would love now, being old, for the sake of his profitable Youth.

The

The Moral.

The Dog said well : For as Ovid said, Nothing is loved but that which brings Profit. Behold, take away from a greedy Mind the hope of Gain, no Body will be sought for. There is no Remembrance of a past Commodity, and the Favour of a future not great ; the chiefest Thankfulness is for a present Benefit. Indeed it's a Shame to be spoken, but if we confess the Truth, the common sort doth approve Friendship by their Profit.

A Hound grown weak with Age, not able now
 To keep the Chase, and such like Pastime show,
 As in his Youth he did (yet willing still,
 Equal t'his Power, to please his Master's Will)
 The Game being started, follows ; and at length
 Fastens ; but wanting his accustomed Strength,
 Lets go his Hold, and loseth quite his Game,
 Nor able longer to pursue the same.
 Which when the Huntsman sees, he angry grows,
 And beats the half lame Dog with many Blows.
 Yet all would not prevail, the Hound no more
 Could gain the Ground which he had lost before ;
 But panting falleth down, for which the Man
 With Fury threatens the poor Cur again,
 That he should lose his Life, since now unfit
 For Use, he longer did not merit it.
 The Dog replies, Sir, if you grateful were,
 You ought to remember still the faithful Care
 And Service of my Youth ; and not when Age
 Hath weaken'd me with underserved Rage
 Hasten my Death ; but as for Profit then,
 So do for Love, and cherish me agen.

The Moral.

*So we behold too often in this vain
 And thankless Age, for the Desire of Gain
 Old Servants shaken off, although their Care
 T' enrich their Masters their undoing were.*

F A B. 23.

Of the Hares and the Frogs.

THE Woods roaring with an accustomed Whirlwind, the trembling Hares begin to fly away hastily. But as they were flying, there being a Fen in their way, they stood doubtful, incompassed with Dangers on both sides. And which was a Provocation of greater Fear, they see Frogs drown'd in the Fen. Then one of the Hares, wiser and more eloquent than the rest, said, Why do you so vainly fear? we have need of Courage; we have indeed Nimbleness of Body, but we want Courage. This Danger of the Whirlwind is not to be run from, but to be slighted.

The Moral:

In every thing there is need of Courage. Virtue without Confidence lieth under Foot; for Confidence is the Captain and Queen of Virtue.

Affrighted with the Noise of sudden Storms,
The light-foot Hares forsake their open Forms,
And to the Woods retire. But there the Noise
Doth more increase, for the Winds louder Voice
Roar'd 'mongst the Trees. From hence again they fly,
Seeking a Place of more Security.

But

But far they had not gone, when in their Flight
 A Pool their Journey stopt: Which did so fright
 The trembling Hares, that all amaz'd they sit;
 At length one finds a Breach, and thinks it fit
 Through that to run, and make no longer stay;
 But this Plot fail'd them too; for in their way,
 As they should pass, a standing Pool they spy,
 Wherein a Multitude of Frogs did lie,
 As they supposed, drown'd; and therefore Fear
 Commands them further not their Course to steer.
 So they consult what now is best to do;
 Backward they dare not, forward cannot go;
 Lest while they shun the Storms, the present Waves,
 If they should enter, might become their Graves.
 Amidst this general Fear, up started one
 (More solid than the rest in Judgment grown,
 By Age and long Experience) who thus said,
 Stand not amaz'd, my Friends, nor be dismay'd:
 Though Storms at first affrighted us, yet they
 Cannot still last; or yet admit they may,
 Our warm and Fur-lin'd Coats can well with-hold
 The strongest Storms, and shield us 'gainst the Cold.
 Yet those are weak Supporters to the Mind:
 That best withstands the Power of the Wind:
 And if our selves with Patience we can arm,
 Wee soon shall see the Fury of this Storm
 Waste its own Strength. She scarcely this had said,
 But the enraged Tempest was allay'd.

The Moral.

*Man like the Hares, with adverse Trouble cross'd,
 Must not at first despair, as if he'd lost
 All Hope of future Help, but stedfast stand,
 (Arm'd with the Shield of Patience) 'gainst the Band
 Of the World's greatest Tempest, which once pass'd,
 He shall arrive t' eternal Rest at last.*

F A B. 24.

Of the Kid and the Wolf.

WHen the Goat was going to feed, she shut up her Kid at Home, charging him to open to no Body, until her self should return. The Wolf which had heard that afar off, after the Departure of his Dam, knocks at the Door, counterfeits the Goat's Voice, commanding the Doors to be opened. The Kid perceiving the Deceit, saith, I will not open them: For although they Voice imitates the Goat's, yet indeed I see a Wolf through the Chinks.

The Moral.

For Children to obey their Parents, is beneficial to themselves; and it becomes a young Man to give ear to an old.

THE Goat went out into the Field to feed,
 Leaving at Home her young and tender Kid,
 Commanding her, that she should ope the Door
 To none, till her return. The Wolf that bore
 No good intent, in ambush lies hard by,
 And hears their Talk; who therefore presently
 Knocks at the Door, and feigns a Goat-like Voice,
 But the young Kid replies, Friend. cease your Noise.
 Here.

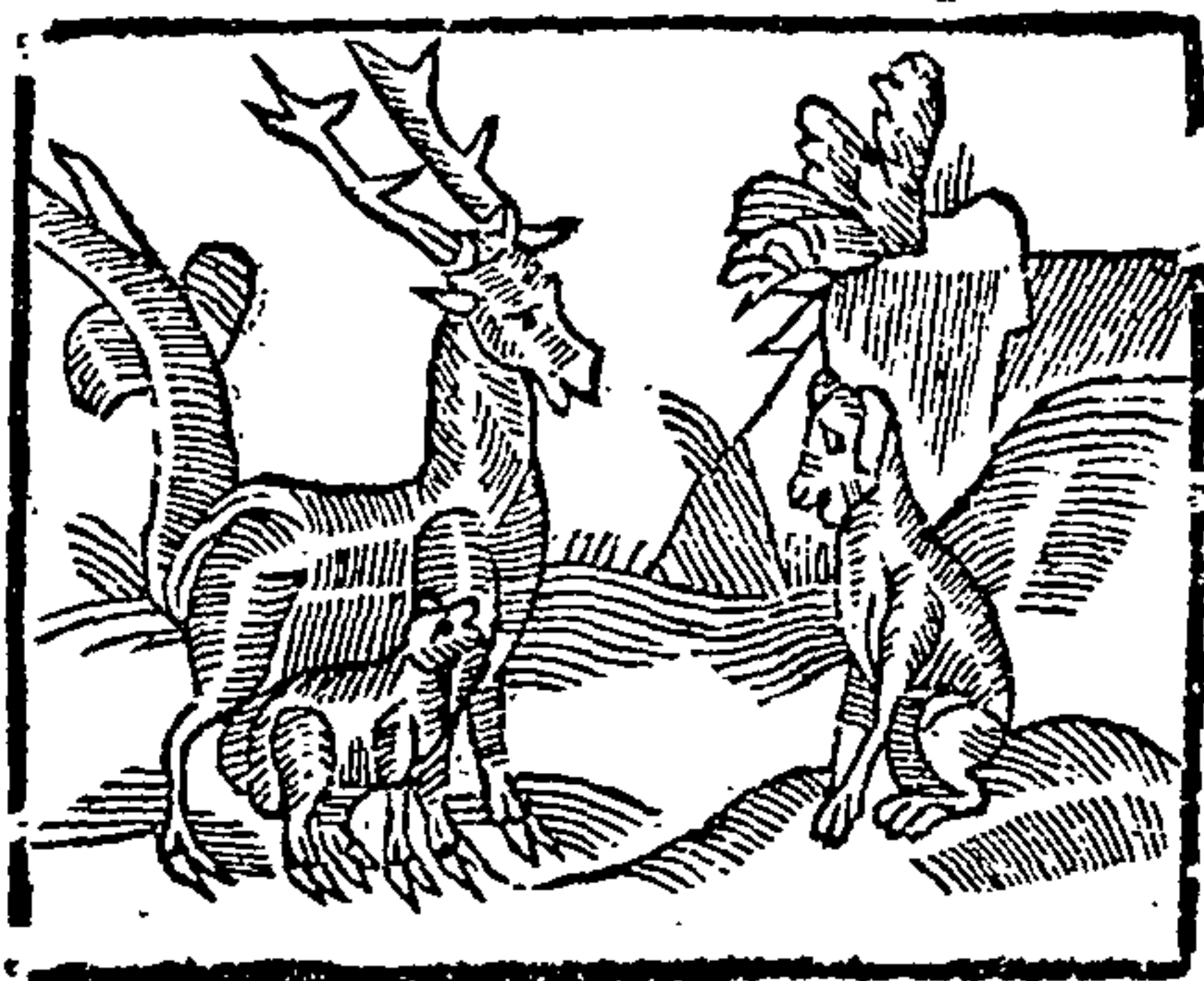
Here is no Entrance; for your Feigned Note
Tells me you are a Wolf, and not a Goat.

The Moral.

*Do as thy Parents did, and be not led
Astray by Counsel of each foolish Head.*

F A B. 25.

Of the Hart and the Sheep.



A Hart accuseth a Sheep before a Wolf, crying out, that she did owe him a Bushel of Wheat, but the Sheep indeed was ignorant of the Debt; yet nevertheless, by reason of the Wolf's Presence, promiseth that she would pay it. A Day is appointed for Payment; it comes; the Hart warns the Sheep of it, she denieth it: for what she had promised, she excuses it done for Fear, and the Presence of the Wolf; and that a forc'd Promise ought not to be kept.

The Moral:

The Sense of the Law is, It is lawful to drive back Force by Force. From this small Fable a certain new one doth arise, That it is lawful to repel Craft by Cunning.

The:

THE Hart pretends the Sheep did owe a Debt,
 Long due to him, and now demandeth it
 Before the Wolf. The Sheep durst not deny,
 Tho' guiltless, when her greatest Foe was by,
 But freely it confest; and so a Day
 Appointed was, when she the same should pay;
 Which drawing nigh, the Hart demands his Due,
 To whom the Sheep replies, My Friend, to you
 I nothing owe; once I confest for fear,
 But now deny; The Wolf's not present here.

The Moral.

*Force and Fraud are good Weapons to defend,
 Where Force and Fraud are used to offend.*

F A B. 26.

Of the Country-man and the Snake.



A Certain Country-man had foster'd up a Snake,
 and on a time being angry, strikes the Beast with
 his Staff: He escaped not without a Wound. After-
 wards the Country-man falling into Want, supposed
 that Mishap befell him for the Injury done to the
 Snake. Therefore he humbly requesteth the Snake,
 that he would come back. He saith, He did for-
 give

give him, but that he would not return; and that he could not be safe with the Country-man who had such a great Staff at home. That the Mark of the Wound was gone, yet the Remembrance thereof still remained.

The Moral.

It is scarce safe to give Credit to him the second time, who hath once violated his Faith. Indeed to forgive an Injury is truly a Point of Mercy. But to look to a Man's Self, is both benefiting, and a Point of Wisdom.

A Country-man once kept a Snake, which he Had foster'd long, till one Day furiously He struck the same; for which the injur'd Snake Flies to the Wood, and did his House forsake. She being gone, the Man at length grew poor, Yet could no Reason call to mind therefore, Unless the Absence of the Snake; since he Without Desert abus'd her wrongfully; He therefore nimbly to the Thicket flies To seek her out, whom he at last espies; And seeming greatly for his Wrong to mourn, Asks Pardon first, then begs she would return, And live with him again. The Snake replies, Although the Wound were cur'd, his Injuries Were not forgot; nor would she venture more To live where she had found such Wrong before.

The Moral.

*Once trust thy Friend, a Second Time beware.
It's Noble to forgive; but have a Care.*

F A B. 27.

Of the Fox and the Stork.

A Fox invited a Stork to Supper ; she poureth out the Food upon the Table, which being liquid, (the Stork in vain attempting with her Bill) the Fox licketh up. The poor Bird goeth her way deluded, is both ashamed and grieved at the Injury. A few Days after she returneth, and inviteth the Fox. There was set a Glass-Vessel full of Meat ; which Vessel, since it was of a narrow Neck, the Fox might behold the Meat, and also be hungry : taste he could not ; but the Stork easily sucked up all with her Bill.

The Moral.

Laughter deserves Laughter, Jest deserves Jest, Deceit deserves Deceit, and Fraud deserves Fraud.

THE Fox to Supper did the Stork invite,
 The Stork accepts his Kindness, and at Night
 Meets with her Promise to partake her Share
 (As she supposeth) of most dainty Fare.
 But the sly Fox deceitfully provides
 Nothing but liquid Stuff, which spreading glides

All thin about the Table ; so that she
 Could nothing eat, while the Fox hastily
 Licks it all up. The Stork but little shews
 Of outward Anger, but away she goes
 Hungry as when she came. But many Days
 Were not outworn, when she again repays
 The Fox with like Deceit ; invites him home,
 To dine with her : The Fox doth kindly come,
 Where she provides a Vessel made of Glafs,
 Fill'd full of Liquor too, whence nought could pass
 To feed the hungry Fox ; besides the Neck
 Too narrow for his Head, when her long Beak
 Sucks it all out. Yet kindly she intreats
 Her Neighbour Fox to taste of such course Meats
 As she prepar'd. But he, poor-hungry Cur,
 Seing himself requited well by her
 For his old Craft, with Shame departs away
 To his own home, his Hunger to allay.

The Moral

*An ancient Proverb says, 'Tis not Deceit,
 Deceivers to delude ; as here wee see
 The Stork, instructed by the Fox's Wit,
 Retorts upon him his own Knavery.*

Of the Wolf and Painted Head.



A Wolf oft turneth about a Man's Head found in a Carver's Shop, wonders at it, thinking, that which indeed was, that it had no Sense. O fair Head, saith he, there is in thee much Art, but no Sense.

The Moral.

Outward Beauty is acceptable, if the Inward be present. But if we must want one of them, it is better to want the Outward than the Inward; for that without this doth sometimes bring Hatred, and a Fool is so much more odious, by how much he is more beautiful.

Within a Carver's Shop a Wolf espies
The Figure of a Man's Head carv'd in Wood:
Which viewing well, on all sides cast his Eyes;
But when he saw and rightly understood
It was not what it seem'd in outward Show,
O Head most fairly fram'd! cries with Disdain,
That Man should so much Skill on thee bestow,
Yet neither Sense nor Art in thee remain.

The Moral.

*External Shape and Beauty of the Face
Decks not a Man; but the internal Grace.*

F A B. 29.

Of the Chough.



A Chough adorned himself with the Feathers of a Peacock. Then seeming to himself very brave, scorning his own kind, he betook himself to the Company of the Peacocks. They at length understanding the Deceit, stript the silly Bird of his Colours, and whipt him. *Horace* in his First Book of his Epistles, relates this little Fable of a Jackdaw. He saith, That on a Time, a Jackdaw being deckt with Feathers, which she had gathered together, that had fallen from other Birds, afterwards when each Bird had taken away her own Feather, she became ridiculous. Lest if perhaps the Flock of Birds shall come to fetch again their own Feathers, the Jackdaw caused Laughter, being stript of her stolen Colours.

The Moral.

This Fable reproveth them, who carry themselves more loftily than is fitting, who live with them that are both Wealthy and more Noble; whereby they oft-times become Poor, and are scorn'd. Well doth Juvenal advise, This Sentence descending from Heaven, Γνωσι Σεαυτὸν, that is, KNOW THY SELF.

The

THE Jay her self with Peacock's Plumes adorns,
 And fair in her own fancy, proudly scorns
 Her fellow Jays; and doth associate
 Her self among the Peacocks; but their State
 Brooking no such Deceit, when they perceiv'd
 Her foolish Pride, they quickly her bereav'd
 Of these gay Feathers, with Disgrace expel
 Her from their Presence quite, again to dwell
 Amongst her Equals, who with Scoffs deride
 Her borrowed Shape, and too ambitious Pride.

The Moral.

*Ambitious unthrifts so, that vainly spend
 Their Wealth, and 'bove themselves aspire, i' th' end,
 When they no longer can their Pride maintain,
 Prove Beggars, reaping nothing, but disdain.*

F A B. 30.

Of the Fly and the Ant.



A Fly contended with an Ant, bragging that she
 was Noble, the other Ignoble, that she did flie,
 the Ant creep; that she was conversant in Kings Hou-
 ses, that the other did lie hid in holes, gnaw Corn, and
 drink Water; she boasted that she fared sumptuously,
 and yet notwithstanding obtain'd these things by Idle-
 ness.

ness. On the contrary, the Ant gloried, that she was not Ignoble, but content with her own Birth: That the Fly was a Vagrant, she her self constant in a Place, and that Grain and running Water did favour as well to the Ant, as Pasty and Wine to the Fly; and that she obtained these things not by sloathfull Idleness, but by diligent Labour. Furthermore, That the Ant was marry and safe, beloved of all, and to conclude, a Patern of Labour; that the Fly was full of Anxiety, always in Peril, troublesome to all, hated of all, and finally a Pattern of Sloathfulness. That the Ant, being mindful of Winter, did lay up Provisions aforehand. That the Fly did live for a Day, either to be continually hungry, or certainly to die in Winter.

The Moral.

He that goes on to speak what he will, shall hear what he will not. The Fly, if she had spoken well, had heard well. But I assent unto the Ant, for a mean Life with Safety, seemeth to be more desirable than a glorious Life with Danger.

THE boasting Fly upbraids the painful Ant,
 That she Ignoble was, and much did want
 The Dainty fair, whereon Flies daily fed,
 While in the Courts of Kings their Lives they led,
 Sucking the self-same Liquor, feeding too
 On the same-Meat as Princes use to do.
 But she, poor *Emmet*, on the Ground did creep,
 And her base Dwelling but in Mole-hills keep,
 Feeding on Roots, and thinnest Water made
 Her choicest Drink. But the *Emmet* answering, said,
 Fond Braggard, cease thy boasting; tho' our Fare
 Be not so rich as yours, yet know we share
 Nothing but what we rightly call our own,
 And truly labour for; whereas you none
 Possess at all, but what you get by stealth,
 And secretly purloin from others Wealth.
 For which y'are scorn'd of all, and scarce can move
 One Minute safe; we purchase all Mens Love,
And

And by our painful Industry to give
 Instructions to her Creatures, how to live,
 Storing for Winter; you perchance a Day
 May richly feed, and all the Summer play
 And hunt about; but if one nipping Frost
 Present it self, your Pleasures all are lost,
 Not able to withstand the smallest Cold,
 Nor yet for Want of Food your Lives to hold
 One little Winter; while in midst of Heat,
 We gather Sustenance with Pain and Sweat,
 That by our Gath'rings we may live at Ease,
 When you, for want of due Relief, decease.

The Moral.

*The Gallant's Riot, and his vain Expence
 Is here exprest; The Plough-man's Providence:
 Where, while one wastes, the other gathers Wealth,
 And, though obscurely, lives in perfect Health.*

F A B. 31.

Of the Toad and the Ox.



A Toad being ambitious to match an Ox, stretch'd
 out herself. Her young one exhorted his Dam to
 desist from her Enterprize, for that a Toad was nothing

to an Ox. She swelled the second time. Her young one cryeth out, Mother, altho' you burst, you will never overcome the Ox. And when she had swelled the third time, she burst.

The Moral.

Every one hath his own Gift. This Man surpasseth in Beauty, another in Strength; one in Wealth, another in Friends, It becometh every Man to be content with his own. Another Man is able of Body, thou in Wit. Wherefore let every one consider himself; and let him neither envy his Superiors, which is miserable; nor desire to contend with him, which is a Point of Folly.

THE Toad beholds the Ox's comely Stature,
And envying to see so large a Creature,
How' he in Greatness did her far excell,
Collecteth all her Venom, 'gins to swell,
And questions of her Daughter standing by,
Whether the Ox or she seems in her Eye
The fairer now. The Daughter answer'd straight,
Good Mother, cease your Swelling, lest too late
Your Folly you repent, and burst; for strive
Till Death, you can to no such Height arrive.
Yet ne'ertheless the Toad attempts again;
The third Time too, until with extreme Pain
The Poison bursteth through her tender Skin,
Not able longer now to keep it in.

The Moral.

*Nature all Gifts bestoweth upon none;
Some wise we see, some fair, some crooked grown;
Wherewith all should content them, and not be
Envious at another's Quality.*

F A B. 32.

Of the Horse and the Lion.



A Lion came to devour a Horse: But wanting Strength, by reason of his Age, he began to think on some Cunning; he professeth himself a Physician, delays the Horse with a long Circumstance of Words. The Horse sets Deceit against Deceit, and Fraud against Fraud: He feigned that he had lately pricked his Foot in a thorny Place, beseecheth the Physician to look into it, and pull out the Thorn. The Lion consenteth. But the Horse, with all the Force he could, smites the Lion with his Heel, and forthwith betakes himself to his Feet. The Lion with much ado at length recovering himself, for he was almost killed with the Blow, saith, I have a just Reward for my Folly, and he is rightly escaped away, for he hath revenged Deceit with Deceit.

The Moral.

Dissembling is worthy of Hatred, and to be catcht with Dissembling. An Enemy is not to be feared, which openly shews himself an Enemy. But he that pretends good Will, when he is an Enemy, he only indeed is to be feared, and most worthy of Hatred.

Hungry

HUngry, yet weak with Age, a *Lion's* Mind
 Is to devour a lusty *Horse* inclin'd:
 Yet durst not seize on him by open Strength;
 And therefore with himself thus plots, at length
 T' insinuate with, and by some fly way
 The *Horse* into his Power to betray.
 The *Lion* therefore feigns himself to be
 Skilful i'th' Art of learn'd Chyrurgery,
 Boasting what wonderous Cures he had done.
 But th' *Horse* perceives his Craft; and making moan,
 Replies, Grave Sir, none hath more need of you,
 Nor more desires your Help, than now I do.
 For leaping Yesterday the Hedge, a prick
 Stuck in my Hoof, and there so fast doth stick,
 That I by no Means can pluck out the same,
 But fear, if it should Fester, 'twould me *Lame*.
 Your kind Assistance therefore, Sir, I beg.
 The *Lion* wills him to shew him his Leg.
 Which lifting up, the *Lion* comes to view
 The Place; close looking, the *Horse* backward threw
 His hardned Hoof, and on the Forehead strook
 The *Lion*, that he fell'd him, then betook
 Himself to nimblest speed, and Posts away,
 Leaving the *Lion*, who sore wounded lay
 Strugling for Life; which he recovering, said,
 Thus for my Folly I am well appaid.

The Moral.

*He is the fearfull'st Foe, who by Pretence
 Of Love seeks t' undermine poor Innocence;
 And Merits most Revenge; when open Foes
 May eas'ly be withstood with open Blows.*

F A B. 33.

Of the Horse and the Ass.



A Horse trimmed up with Trappings and a Saddle, ran along the High-way with a very great neighing. But by chance a loaden Ass hindred him as he was running. The Horse fuming with Anger, and fiercely chewing his foaming Bridle, Why, quoth he, thou dull sloathful Ass, dost thou hinder the Horse? Give way, I say, or I will trample thee under my Feet. The Ass contrarily not daring to bray, gives place quietly. But, as the Horse was swiftly flying forward, and straining on his pace, his Groin burst. Then being unfit for Rate and Shew, he is stript of his rich Harness, and is sold to a Car-Man. Afterwards the Ass seeth him come with a Cart, and saith unto him, Ho, good Sir, what brave Furniture is there? where is your gilded Saddle, your studded Girth? where is your glittering Bridle? O Friend, it must needs so happen to you, being so proud.

The Moral.

Most Men are puffed up in Prosperity, being neither mindful of themselves nor of Modesty. But because they grow Proud in Prosperity, they fall into Adversity. I would advise

advise them to be wary, who seem to themselves to be happy: For if the Wheel of Fortune shall be turned about, they will find it a most miserable kind of Adversity, to have been in Prosperity. That evil also is added unto the Heap of their Misfortunes, that they shall be despised of those whom they themselves have despised; and those will laugh them to scorn, whom they themselves laughed at.

A Stately Horse with Trappings richly deckt;
 Champing the foaming Bit; meets in his way
 A loaden Ass, whom he thus proudly checkt,
 Villain, how durst thou thus our Journey stay?
 Quickly give place, and stop not my career,
 Lest with my Feet I force thee, if thou stand
 In this Presumption long. The Ass for Fear,
 Though loaden sore, obeyeth his Command,
 And lets him pass. The Horse runs swiftly on,
 Needing no Spur, the Courage of his Mind
 Hurry'd him forward. Far he had not gone,
 But burst a Gut, and became broken Wind.
 Which when his Master saw, and that his Horse
 Wanted that Swiftnefs as before he had,
 Deems him not able to maintain the Course,
 And fit for nothing but a Carriers Pad;
 He therefore sells him unto one, that straight
 Loads his proud Back with Hampers: Whom the Ass
 Meeting again out of his stately Gate,
 Thus scoffingly derideth as they pass;
 Alack, my Friend, wher's now thy golden Bit?
 Thy stately Saddle? What's become of all
 Thy rich Attire? O how bereft of it
 Didst thou into Contempt thus basely fall?

The Moral.

*Many in prosp'rous State are puffed so,
 They scarce Themselves, or their own Beings know,*

'Till adverse Fortune turning her cross Wheel,
 They headlong to their own Destruction reel;
 And only this to their sad Fate can say,
 I once was rich, now fall'n am to decay.

F A B. 34.

Of the Birds and four-footed Beasts.



THE Birds had a Fight with the four-footed Beasts. There was Hope on both sides, Fear on both sides, and Danger on both sides. But the *Bat* deserting his Fellows, falls off to the Enemy. The Birds overcome, the Eagle being General and Leader; and they condemn the Renegado *Bat*, that he should never return unto Birds. and that he should never fly in the Day-time. This is the Reason that the *Bat* never flyeth but by Night.

The Moral.

He that denieth to be Partaker of Adversity and Danger with his Fellows, shall be without Prosperity and Safety with them.

BEtwixt the wing'd Inhabitants of the Air,
 And four-foot Beasts, fierce Wars incensed were,
 The Fight was fierce and doubtful; but the strong
 And active Beasts seem'd the best Warriours long.

For

For which the *Bat* forsakes her winged Crew,
 And treacherously into their Army flew.
 But when the Birds the Eagle chosen had
 To lead their Host, and him the Sov'reign made,
 The Birds o'erthrew the Beasts: So now the *Bat*
 Would fain again into the Birds retreat.
 But not admitted, they her guilty find
 Of highest Treason, and her straight confin'd
 From their Dominions, charging her no more
 On pain of Death by Day in Air to soar;
 But lurking from the Sight of them, by Night,
 When others go to rest, begins her Flight.

The Moral.

*No faithful Subject ought for Refuge fly
 From his own Country to an Enemy.
 For who his native Soil leaves in Distress,
 Ought ever to be barr'd her Happiness.*

F A B. 35.

Of the Wolf and the Fox.



A Wolf when he had sufficient Booty, liv'd in Idleness. The Fox cometh unto him, inquireth of him the Cause of his Retiredness. The Wolf perceiving that there was a Plot laid for him, dissembleth Sickness to be the Cause; desires the Fox to go to pray

pray unto the Gods for him. She grieving that her Deceit succeeded no better, goes to a Shepherd, acquaints him that the Den of the Wolf was open, and that the Enemy being secure, might easily be overthrown unawares. The Shepherd falls on the Wolf, slays him. The Fox enjoys both the Den and the Prey, But she had but a short Comfort of her Wickedness, not long after the same Shepherd taketh her.

The Moral.

Envy is a filthy Thing, and sometimes destructive, even unto the Author himself. Horace in his first Book of his Epistles,

The Envious Man repines, and frets to see
His Neighbour flourish in Prosperity.

A greater Torment than an Envious Mind,
Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find.

Gluttred with over-feeding in his Den,
The Wolf takes his Repose, whole Presence when
The Fox long mist, he straight suspects that he
Had some Provision gather'd secretly,
Which kept him in, desirous of a Share;
For which he strait doth to the Wolf repair,
And with fair Language greets him, asking, Why
So long they wanted his good Company?
The Wolf likes not his coming, and complains
A sore Disease his Absence now constrains,
Wishing the Fox his friendly Pray'rs to send:
To Jove for him, that his Disease may end.
So the deluded Fox departs, much griev'd
That he in's Expectation was deceiv'd:
And changing Grief to open Malice, flies
To call the Shepherd, shewing him where lies
The lurking Wolf. The Shepherd plac'd his Net
And kill'd the Wolf. Which done, the Fox did get
Possession of his House and Prey; But there
He long time staid not safe; for in that Snare

Which

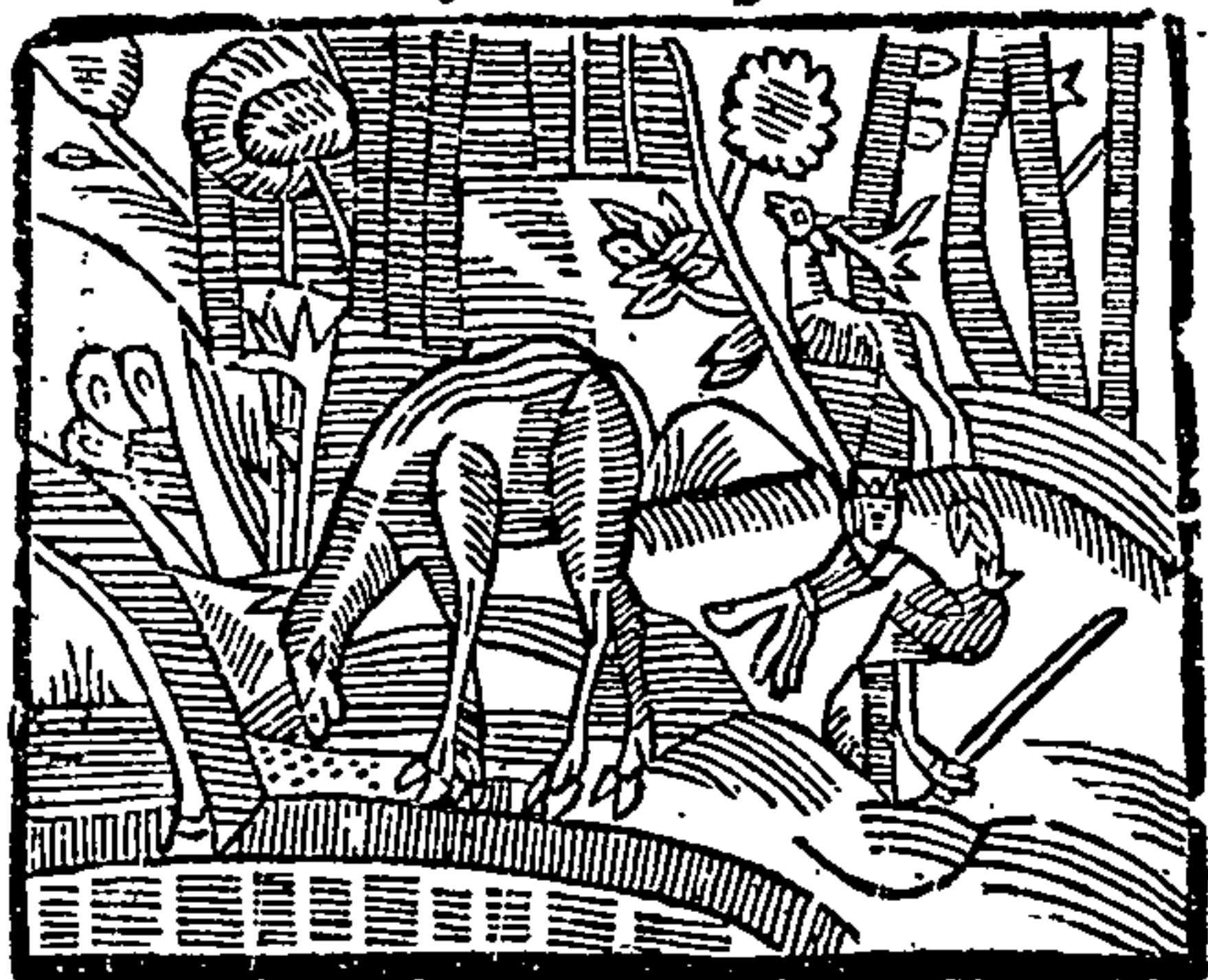
Which caught the Wolf, the Fox entangled lay,
And, for his Treachery, his Life did pay.

The Moral.

Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find
A greater Torment than an envious Mind;
Which gnaws the Heart until it does deprive
It self of Joy, to see another thrive.

F A B. 36.

Of the Stag.



A Stag beholding himself in a clear Fountain, commends the high and branching Horns of his Fore-head, but condemns the Smallness of his Shanks. By chance while he thus museth and judgeth himself, in comes the Hunter. The Stag fleeth more swiftly than Darts, and the East-Wind driving the Storms. The Dogs pursue him fleeing. But as he entred into a very thick Wood, his Horns were hamper'd in the Boughs; and then at length he commended his Legs, and condemned his Horns, which causeth him to be a Prey unto the Dogs.

The Moral. We seek Things to be shunned, and we shun Things to be desired. Those Things please, which hurt us; and those Things displease, which do us good. We desire Happiness before we know where it is: We seek the Excellency of Wealth, and the Highness of Honours: We think

Happiness to be plac'd in these Things, in which notwithstanding there is much Labour and Pain. That our Lyrick Poet signifieth notably.

Fierce Boreas rends the lofty Pine:

Ambitious Towers fall low:

Shafts that fly from Jove's Hand Divine,

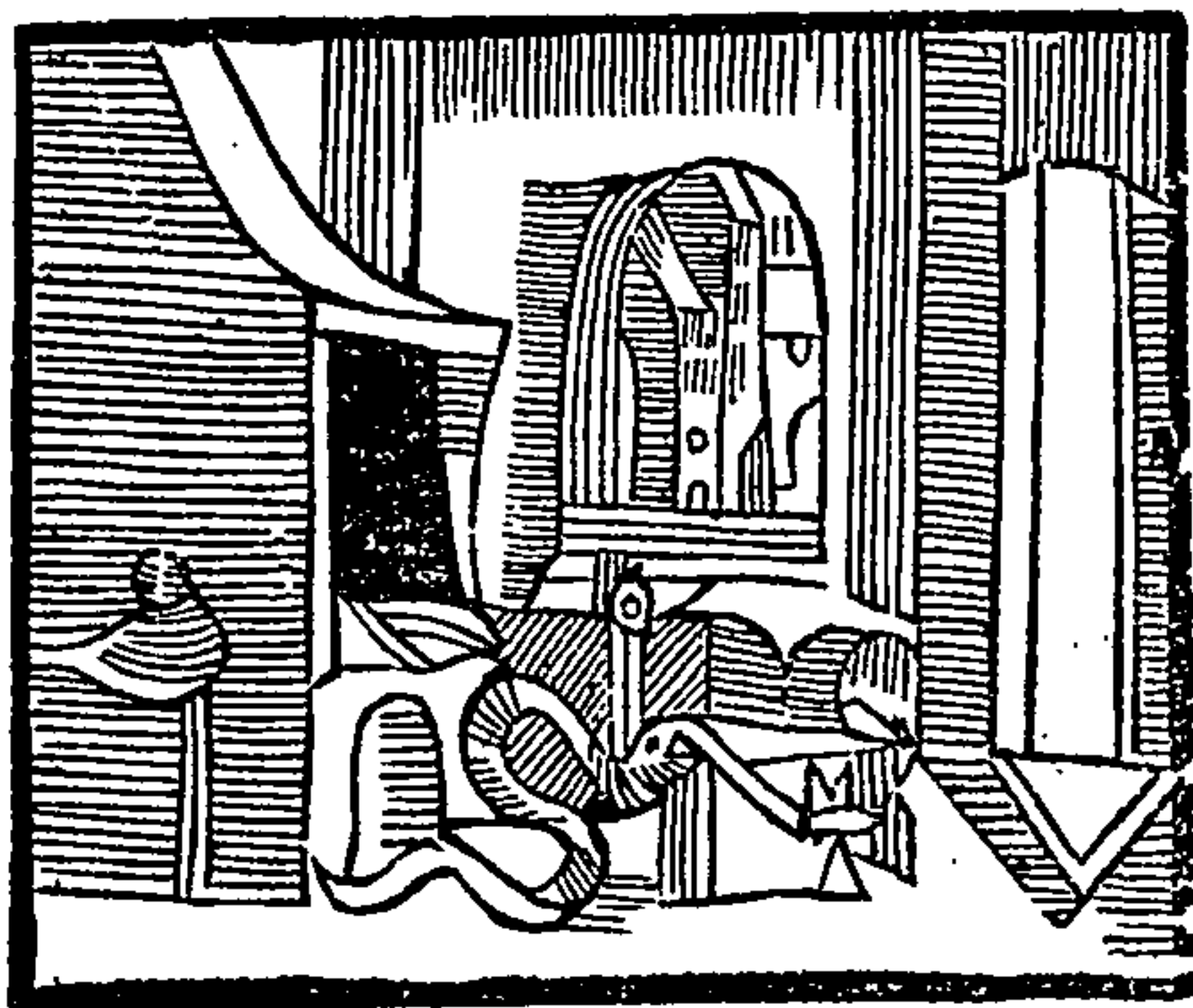
Easily the Mountains bow.

THE glorious Sun displays his Beams
Upon the fair and glittering Streams,
Whither the Hart repairs to drink;
And standing on the River's brink,
Grows proud to see the spreading Horns
Which his most stately Brows adorns,
But looking further, when he spies
His little Feet and slender Thighs,
Dismay'd he stands that they should be
Supporters of such Majesty.
While musing thus, at length he hears
The Noise of Hounds; when struck with Fears,
Away he posts, and takes the Wood,
Where he suppos'd most Safety stood:
But in his Flight his ragged Horns,
Still fast'ning 'mongst the thickest Thorns,
With-held his Swiftness, so that he
Became a Prey unto his Enemy.
Who thus complains before his Death,
Why, Boaster with unhallowed Breath;
Didst thou commend thy Branches so,
Which now do prove thy Overthrow;
And thy swift Feet more proudly scorn,
Which had'st thou kept the Plains, had born
Thee swifter than the whistling Wind,
And thy Pursuers left behind?

The Moral.

*So useful Things too often we reject;
Because not fair in show, but still respect
The World's gay Vanities, which rather throw
Destruction on us, than a good bestow.*

F A B. 37.

Of the Viper and the File.

A Viper finding a File in a Shop, began to gnaw it. The File smiled, saying, What Fool? What dost thou? Thou mayest wear out thy Teeth, before thou canst waste me, which am wont to bite upon the Hardness of Brasses.

The Moral.

Again and again see with whom thou hast to do. If you whet your Teeth against the more hardy, you shall not hurt him, but your self.

A Viper finds a hardned File; and gnaws. The same for Anger, 'twixt her pois'nous Jaws, To whom the smiling File replies, Fond Ass, What dost thou attempt? Thou mayest devour Brasses With far more ease than me; for strongest Steel Yields to my Strength; if it my Harshness feel.

The Moral.

Contend not rashly, lest o'ercome with Strength, Wholly the Harm redound to thee as length.

F A B.



ON a Time there was a League between the Wolves and Lambs, with whom by Nature there is Discord. Hostages were given on both Sides The Wolves gave their young ones; the Sheep a Band of Dogs. The Sheep being quiet and feeding, the young Wolves howl for desire of their Dams. Then the Wolves rushing in, cried out, complaining that they had broken Fidelity, and the League, and tore in Pieces the Sheep, being left destitute of the Guard of the Dogs.

The Moral.

It is a Folly, if in a Truce you deliver your Guard to the Enemy. For he that was an Enemy, hath not yet perhaps left off to be an Enemy: Yea; perchance he will take occasion to set upon you, being destitute of help.

WE often have by long Experience seen,
 What hate between the Wolves and Sheep hath
 But now a League is made, and Pledges are (been,
 On both sides given; lest a future War
 Unjustly might arise. The silly Sheep
 Deliver'd up their Dogs, were wont to keep
 Their Confines safe: The Wolves with willing Heart
 Unto the Sheep do with their young ones part:

So

So the Sheep walk to Pasture quietly.
 Who absent the young Wolves strait howl and cry,
 Wanting their Dames to suckle them. Which Noise
 When the Wolves heard, knowing their young one's
 They the unguarded Sheep at Pasture take, (Voice,
 And them a Prey to their Injustice make.

The Moral.

*When thou a League concludest with thy Foe,
 Consult what Pledges from thy part may go,
 Lest weakned by their Absence, thy base Foe,
 Make that Pretence to work thy Overthrow.*

F A B. 39.

Of the Wood and the Clown.



AT what Time the Trees spake, a Country-man
 came unto a Wood, desiring that he might take
 a Helve for his Hatchet. The Wood consenteth. The
 Countryman having fitted his Hatchet, began to cut
 down the Trees. Then, and indeed too late, it repent-
 ed the Wood of her easiness to yield. It grieved her
 that her self was the cause of her own Ruin.

The Moral.

*Beware of whom you deserve well. There have been
 many who have abused a Benefit received, to the Destru-
 ction of the Author.*

When

WHen Trees had Speech, 'tis said in time of Yore,
 A Countryman demanded from their Store,
 That they to him would one small Shrub afford,
 To make his Ax a Helve; the Trees accord.
 But he no sooner fitted had the same,
 When back again unto the Wood he came,
 And lopt down all the Trees: Who mournful cry,
 And weep for their too great Facility;
 That they by granting his Desire, had won
 Their own sad Ruin and Destruction.

The Moral.

*Beware to whom thou giv'st; for some there be
 That with ill Turns requite your Courtesie.*

F A B. 40.

Of the Members and the Belly.



ON a Time the Foot and Hand accuseth the Belly,
 that their Gains were devoured by its living idle.
 They command that either it labour, or that it desire
 not to be maintained. It intreateth once and again,
 yet notwithstanding the Hands deny Sustenance. The
 Belly

Belly being emptied by Hunger, when all the Joints began to fail, then at length the Hands would be officious, but now too late: For the Belly being weak, through lack of use, refuseth Meat. So whiles all the Members envy the Belly, they perish with the perishing Belly.

The Moral.

Even as it is in the Society of the Members, so it is in the human Society. One Member needs another; a Friend needeth a Friend. Wherefore we must use mutual Offices, and mutual Works. Neither Riches, nor the Top of Preferment, can sufficiently defend a Man. The only and chief Strength is the Friendship of many.

THE Hands and Feet the Belly did accuse
Of Sloth, and now to feed it do refuse,
Bidding her labour too, else she no more
Should that devour which they did labour for;
The Belly intreats earnestly, but they
The more deny; and her Complaints Gain say,
Until through want of Food she 'gins to faint,
While all the Members Sustainance do want:
Which Hands and Feet perceiving, and how Breath
Began to fail, for fear of hasty Death,
Their Folly they repent, and now would fain
Recover Strength, and fall to Work again.
But 'tis too late, for being at first deny'd,
The whole Decay can never be supply'd,
Since the chief Member dying, Hands and all
Supportless, must in the same Ruin fall;

The Moral.

*Look what Estate we in our Bodies see,
The same Concordance must in Kingdoms be:
Friends must their Friends support, and all unite,
T' uphold the Chief; lest while his Good they fight,
If in the State a Dissolution grow,
They pluck on them a gen'ral Overthrow.*

F A B. 41.
Of the Ape and the Fox.

THE Ape prayeth the Fox that she would give her part of her Tail to cover her Buttocks; because that was a Burden to her, which would be of Use and Honour to her. She answered that she had nothing too much, and that she had rather have the Ground swept with her Tail, than the Buttocks of the Ape should be covered.

The Moral.

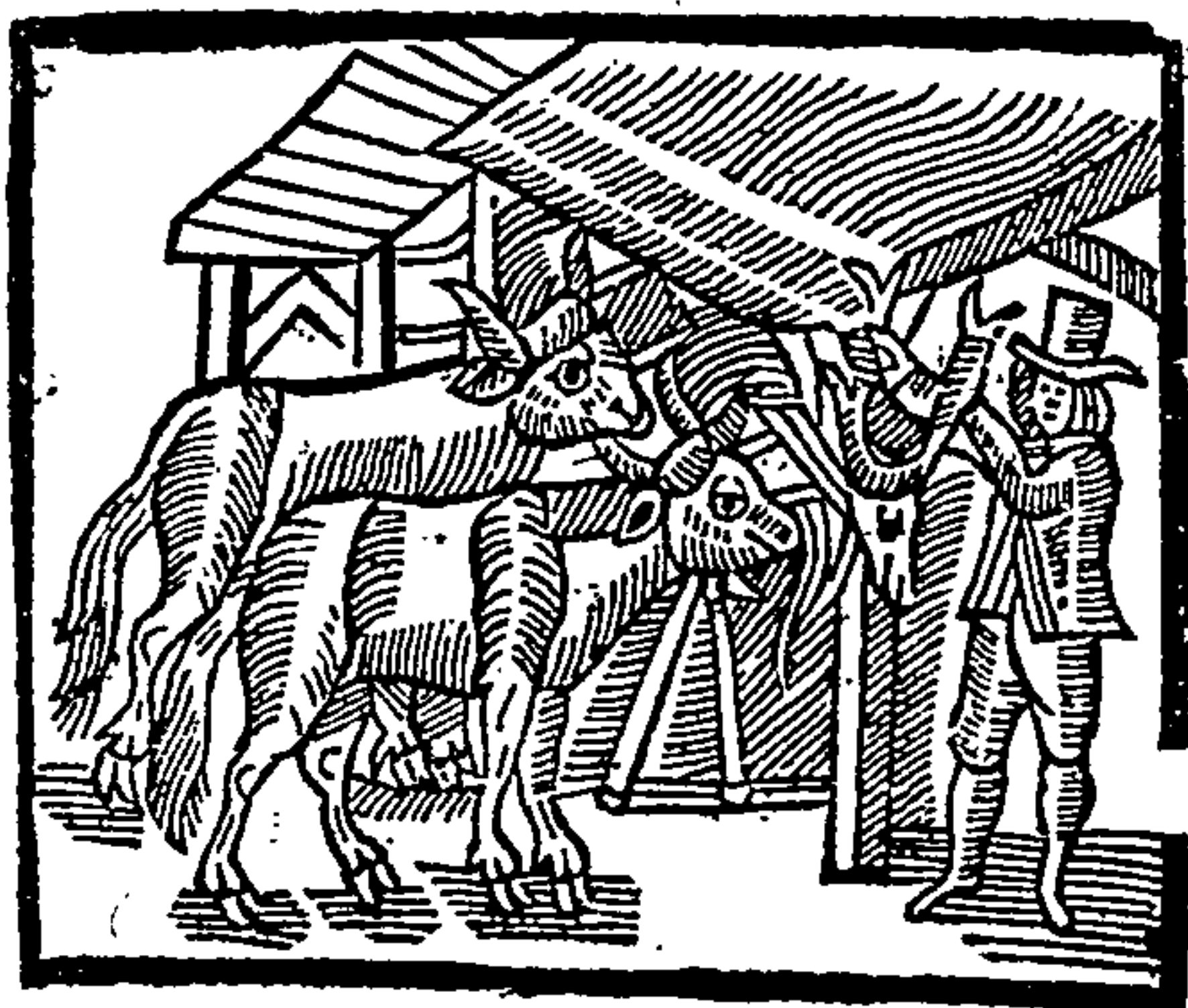
There are who need, there are others who have too much: Yet notwithstanding it is not the manner of the Rich to accommodate the Needy with their Superfluity.

A Tail-less Ape intreats the Fox, whose Tail, Bushy and great, upon the Ground did trail, To lend her part, since he some well might spare, Having too much, and not his Store impair. Friend, quoth the Fox, content thy self; for were My Tail twice bigger, thou gett'st not a Hair. Amonst the Dirt my Tail should rather slide, Than the least Scruple cover thy backside.

The Moral.

*Too many Misers so, e'er to the poor
They'll give a doit, will let them starve at Door.*

F A B, 42.

Of the Stag and the Oxen.

THE Stag flying from the Hunter, betook himself into an Ox-house. He prayeth the Oxen that he might hide himself in the Crib. The Oxen tell him, that he cannot be safe, for that the Master and Servant would be there anon. He saith, that he should be safe, so that they would not betray him. The Servant entreth in, seeth him not, being hid in the Hay, goeth out. The Stag began to be proud, and to fear nothing now. Then one of the Oxen, being grave both in Age and Counsel, saith, It was an easie thing to deceive him, which is a Mole, but that thou shouldst escape the Master, who is as quick-sighted as *Argus*, this is the Labour, this the Work. By-and-by after the Master entreth in; who that he may correct the Oversight of his Servant, viewing all things with his Eyes, and groaping the Crib with his Hand, layeth hold of the Horns of the Stag under the Hay. He cries out unto his Servants. They run unto him, inclose the Stag, and take him.

The Moral.

In adverse and perillous Cases, safe Shelters are hard to be found; either because Fortune doth still pursue Men in Misery, as it hath begun; or else because they being hindred by Fear, and void of Counsel, do betray themselves through want of Wit:

A Hunted Stag an open Barn espied,
And in he ran, in hopes themself to hide;
Praying the Oxen that their Crib might be
A Cover for him in's Extremity.
Free Leave they grant, but Safety they deny;
For that their Owner or his Hind would spy
His branched Head: The Stag with Thanks repays
Their Kindness, and in full Confidence lays
His Safety on their Secrecy. With this
Enters the Hind; who finding nought amiss,
Departs, the Stag unseen. Who now right glad,
As if the worst was past, did nothing dread.
To whom a grave wise Ox replies, Forbear
To be secure, when there's most Cause of Fear.
This Hind's a Mole; our Master's full of Eyes.
Soon after this, their Master comes, and pries
In every Place and Corner, to correct
His Servant's Carelessness, his Hind's Neglect.
Feeling the Crib, to learn what store of Hay
Was stuf't therein, his Hands he chanc'd to lay
On the Stag's Head: Then bid his Man appear.
To shut the Doors, and so they take the Deer.

The Moral.

*The Stag implies, what poor Shifts fearful Men.
Distracted trust to, still the first in Ten.
The Oxen, honest Nature do express,
Willing to succour any in Distress.
The Hind the usual Neglect implies
Of Servants, and the Husbandman that pries
And oversees each Corner, points unto
What each good thriving Husbandman should do.*

F A B. 43.

Of the Lion and the Fox.

A Lion was sick; the Beasts visited him: the Fox alone deferring her Duty, the Lion sends an Embassage unto her with a Letter, admonishing her to come: That the Presence of her would be most acceptable to him, being sick; neither should there be any Danger wherefore the Fox should fear. For first of all, the Lion was indeed most friendly to the Fox, and therefore desired to speak with her: and furthermore, that he was sick, and kept his Bed; that altho' he would do him harm (a thing that was not intended) yet he could not hurt. The Fox writeth back, That she wisheth that the Lion may recover his Health, and that she would pray for that to the Gods; but yet that she would not come to see him: That she was terrified with the Footsteps; which indeed since they were all towards the Lion's Den, none returning back, it was a Sign that many Beasts had entered in, but that none had come forth.

Horace

Horace. I will tell that which once the wary Fox
answered the sick Lion, Because the Footsteps terrifie,
all of them looking towards thee, none back again.

The Moral.

*Take heed how you trust Words. Unless you take good
heed, you shall oft be deceived. We are to take a Con-
jecture both of Words and Deeds; and by one to judge of
the other.*

A Royal Brute, through Age unapt to take
A Prey abroad, his Den a Trap doth make :
Feigns himself sick, and when the small Beasts came
On single Visits, he devour'd the same.
The wily Fox excepted, most Beasts went,
As bound in Duty. Then the Lion sent
An Embassy to *Reynard*, to request
A Visit of him, since he lov'd him best ;
And therefore long'd to see him. There's no dread
Of Violence ; for he was now ev'n dead
With Pain, and could not, if he would, offend ;
Nor would he, though he could, so dear a Friend,
Whom he desires to see without Delay :
Reynard sends word, That he to *Jove* will pray
For his Lord's Health ; though he too see him dare :
Not come : the Footsteps of those Beasts appear,
Teaching him Wariness, since all do go
Towards the Den, but few or none come fro'.

The Moral.

*Whereon you ground your Confidence beware,
Seeing fair Words are often but a Snare.*

F A B. 44.

Of the Fox and the Weasel.



THE Fox being slender with lack of Meat, by chance crept into a Corn-Chamber through a narrow Chink. In which when she had been well fed, and afterward trying to go forth again, her Belly being over-full, hindred her. The Weasel far off seeing her, struggling, at length admonisheth her, that if she desire to get out, she return to the Hole slender at which she entred in when she was empty.

The Moral.

You may see many to be merry and chearful in a mean Estate; void of Cares, without any Troubles of Mind. But if these shall become Rich, you shall see them to go heavily, and never to look merrily, full of Carking, and overwhelmed with Troubles of Mind. Horace in the first Book, Epist. 7. sets out this Fable thus:

By chance a gaunt Fox had crept thro' a narrow Chink into a Corn-Chamber; and being fed, assayed in vain to go forth again when her Belly was full.

To whom a Weasel far off, said, If thou wilt go hence, make thyself empty, so mayest thou pass thro' the narrow Cranny, which thou wentest in at, when thou wast empty.

A Fox

A Fox with fasting long; thin, lean and poor,
 Seeks Entrance at a Farmer's Grain'ry Door.
 But being lockt, at length he views a Place
 Broke in the Wall, which he might easily pass,
 And in he goes; where meeting his Desire,
 He stuf't his Gut so full, that to retire,
 When he attempted, he could find no way,
 His big swoln Belly did his Passage stay.
 Whom thus the Weasel counsels, if from thence
 He would depart, he must have Patience
 Until his Pauch as empty grew and thin,
 As 'twas at first when he there entred in.

The Moral.

*The Fable shews how glad and void of Care
 Many with mean Estates contented are :
 But stuf't with Wealth, what Troubles of the Mind
 And anxious Fear, rich Misers daily find.*

F A B. 45.

Of the Horse and the Stag.



THE Horse waged War with the Stag But being
 at length driven forth of the Pastures, he craves
 the help of a Man. Returns with the Man, goeth into
 the

the Field He that overcome before, now is made the Conqueror. But yet nevertheless the Enemy being overcome and brought under, the Conqueror himself must needs serve the Man: He bears the Rider on his Back, and the Bridle in his Mouth.

The Moral.

Many strive against Poverty, which being overcome by good Fortune and Industry, they oft-times lose their Liberty. For being indeed Lords and Conquerors of Poverty, they begin to serve Riches, are tormented with the Whips of Covetousness, and are checked with the Bridles of Niggardliness; neither yet do they keep any Mean in getting, neither yet indeed dare they (a just Punishment of Covetousness) make use of the Means they have got. Horace saith concerning this Matter in his first Book. Epist. 10.

The Stag being too hard for the Horse in fight, drove him from the common Pasture, until the Horse being too weak in that long Fight,

Implored the Help of Man, and taketh the Bridle.

So after the violent Conqueror departed from the Enemy,

He throweth not the Horse-man from his back, nor the Bridle from his Mouth.

So the foolish Man that feared Poverty, loseth his Liberty, which is better than Gold, and shall like a Wretch carry his Master.

And he shall be a Slave for ever, who will not be content to use a little.

THE Stag and Horse a single Combat fight,
 The Horse repuls'd, is driven t' open fight.
 Wherefore to get his Honour lost again,
 He humbly supplicates the Help of Man,
 Who mounted on his back, with Spear and Shield,
 His Presence makes the Hart forsake the Field,
 And fly amain. So he that was before
 Vanquish'd, is now become a Conqueror.

Yet

Yet not quite free, but as a Subject still
To Man, Man rides and rules him at his Will.

The Moral.

*As here the Horse suppress his mightiest Foe,
Yet still a Subject stands; so those that grow
To great Estates, from anxious Cares not free,
Live in an everlasting Slavery.*

"F A B. 46.

Of the two Young Men and the Cook.



TWO Young Men pretend to buy Meat at the Cooks. Whilst the Cook was otherwise busie, the one filching Meat out of the Basket, giveth it to his Fellow to hide under his Garment; the Cook when as he saw that a piece of Meat was stolen from him, began to accuse both of them of Theft. He that had taken it away, swears by *Jeve*, that he had none of it; and he that had it, forswears it likewise, that he took none of it. To whom the Cook saith, To me indeed the Thief is now unknown; but yet by whom you swear, he looked on him, he knows him.

The

The Moral.

If we have committed any Sin, Men do not presently know it; but God seeth all Things, who sitteth upon the Heavens, and seeth into the bottomless Deeps: which, if Men would consider, they would sin more sparingly, and more warily.

TWO crafty Knaves, well vers'd in flight of Hand,
 Into a Cook's Shop went, where they demand
 What Price Meat bears. But while the busie Cook
 Went to the Fire upon his Roast to look,
 One snatch'd a Piece of Meat, the which (to save
 His future Oath) unto his Mate he gave,
 Who had a Cloak his Knavery to hide.
 The Cook, returning to his Chapmen, 'spy'd
 Some Meat was gone: then ask'd them, Who 'twas took
 His Meat away that hung on such a Hook?
 The Thief raps out an Oath, That he had none
 Of the Cook's Meat, if any Piece was gone.
 And the Receiver dares as boldly swear,
 He then took none, if any such there were.
 Then quoth the Cook, The Thief I cannot learn;
 But that God knows, by whom you both have sworn.

The Moral.

*All secret Thoughts are open to God's Sight;
 And he that sees in Secret, will requite.*

F A B. 47.

Of the Dog and the Butcher.

When a Dog had stolen a Piece of Flesh from a Butcher in the Shambles, he presently ran away as fast as he could. The Butcher being troubled for the Loss of the Thing, at first held his Peace. By-and-by, recollecting his Mind, he thus cried to him afar off, O thou thievish Cur, run secure, thou may'st go scot-free; for thou art safe by reason of thy Swiftneſs; but hereafter thou ſhalt be looked unto more narrowly.

The Moral.

This Fable ſheweth, That for the moſt part all Men do become then at length more wary, after they have received a Loſs.

A Sly Cur in the Shambles had deſcry'd
 A buſie Butcher turn his Head aſide
 From his Stall's End, whereon a Calves-pluck lay;
 Off plucks he it, and therewith ran away.
 By this the Butcher turn'd his Head again,
 And ſees him run. But ſince he cannot gain
 His Pluck, he plucks up a good Heart, and ſays,
 Well, thou ſly Cur, for this time go thy ways:

But

But henceforth I will watch you, that you shall
 Snatch no more Calves-plucks from my once-robb'd
 (Stall.

The Moral.

*Some Men are careless, 'till by Damage taught,
 That by Experience Wit is dearly bought.*

F A B. 48.

Of the Dog and the Sheep.



A Dog sueth the Sheep, crying out, that she did
 owe him a Loaf which she had borrowed. She
 denied it. The Kite, the Wolf, and the Vulture are
 called in for Witnesses. They affirm the Matter. The
 Sheep is condemned. Being condemned, the Dog
 violently carries away, and teareth her in pieces.

The Moral.

*That very many Men are oppressed by false Witnesses, as
 every one knoweth, so also this little Fable most excellently
 sheweth.*

A Dog the harmless Sheep arraigns,
 Pretending she from him detains
 A Loaf of Bread by Bond long due;
 So Censure each way doubtful flew;

'Till Witnesses produced are
 On the Dog's Part, too potent far
 For th' injur'd Sheep, whose Innocence
 (Arm'd with an untain'd Conscience)
 Proof sufficient as she thought,
 No other Testate with her brought.
 When the Vulture, Wolf, and Kite,
 The Sons of Murder, Rapine, Spite,
 And Enemies to an honest Cause,
 (Too many such abuse the Laws)
 With execrable Oaths averr
 The Debt firm from the Dog to her.
 Fair Justice then, whose clearest Eye
 Through ev'ry Corner cannot pry
 Of perjur'd Souls, enforced stands
 With equal and impartial Hands,
 The Rigour of the Law to lay
 Upon the Sheep, who must obey,
 Though wrong'd, and subject to her Foe,
 Ev'n as he pleaseth, suffer; so
 No sooner was the Sentence past,
 But he with more than cruel Haste,
 (His Malice grown to Ripeness) flew
 The silly Beast, to feast the Crew
 That like to him in Blood delight:
 No present Friend to aid her right.

The Moral.

*The worst of Hate and Envy here is shown,
 When to the Height of Wealth the Rich are grown,
 That they, by bribing of false Witnesses, can
 O'erthrow the poor, tho' honest-dealing Man;
 And him not only into Prison lay,
 But often take both Life and Goods away.*

Of the Lamb and the Wolf.



THE Wolf meets the Lamb, accompanying a He-Goat; asketh him, Why (having left his Dam) he would rather follow the stinking Goat; and perswadeth him that he would return to the Dugs of his Dam, strutting out with Milk; hoping that so it would come to pass, that being led away, he might pull him in pieces. But, quoth the Lamb, O Wolf, my Dam committed me to this Goat; to whom the chief Charge of preserving me is given. I must obey my Dam rather than thee, who desirest to seduce me by those Words; and being led aside presently to tear me in Pieces.

The Moral.

Trust not all Men, for many, while they seem willingly to do others a Pleasure, in the mean time consult for themselves.

A Hungry roving Wolf met somewhat late
A Lamb that had a He-Goat for his Mate:
The Wolf feigns loving Counsel, asking why
The Lamb hath left his Dam, t'accompany
The rank He-Goat? advises him return
Unto his Dam's sweet Udder, which doth burn.

Surcharg'd with Milk, that when the Lamb should
His Guardian, he of Life might him bereave. (leave.
The Lamb replies, My Dam bad me attend
My Guardian, and not elsewhere to intend.

'Tis better to obey my Dam, than be
Seduc'd to Death by your feign'd Love to me

The Moral.

*Be not too light of Credit. Many feign
Good Will to others, for their proper Gain.*

P A B. 50.

Of a young Man and a Cat.



WHen as a certain young Man did take Delight
in loving a Cat, He wearied *Venus* with his
Supplications, that she should transform the Cat into
a Woman. *Venus* pitied him, and heard his Suit. There
is a Metamorphosis made, which wonderfully plea-
seth the doating amorous young Man; for she was al-
together plump, fair, and very pretty. At length they
go to their Bed-Chamber, they laugh and sport. And
not long after the Goddess, being very desirous to try
whether the Cat had, with her Body, changed her
Manners, sends in a Mouse thro' the Cranies. There-
upon

upon there falls out forthwith a Matter worthy of Laughter and Sport. The little Woman presently makes after the little Beast being espied. *Venus* being wroth with the Woman, changes her Face into a Cat: She changes her Hands into Feet, her Arms into Legs, and a Tail is added to her changed Body.

The Moral.

They that run beyond Sea change the Air, but not their Mind.

It is too hard a thing to leave Custom. Although you drive away Nature with a Pitch-fork, it will return again.

Cupid it seems had struck a young Man's Love,
As toward a Cat he did Affection move
So strong, that the Young Man to *Venus* flies,
And on the Knees unto the Goddess cries:
To hear his Suit, and suddenly estrange
The Cat's rough Form, and her to Virgin change.
Venus consents, and to the Young-man's Eye
The Cat was metamorphos'd presently.
Some time appointed for their VVedding was,
And all that Day in Joy and Mirth did pass.
To Bed they go: But long they staid not there,
When like kind Lovers, as they sporting were,
The Bride espies a Mouse, leaps from her Bed,
And, as when Cat she was accustomed,
Pursues the Vermine, and forsaketh quite
All right of Love, or conjugal Delight.

For which the Goddess angry, in disdain
Transforms her to her ancient Shape again.

The Moral.

*This Fable shews how hardly wicked Men
Their Nature leave, and not return agen :
And that although their States may alter, they
Retain ill Manners to their dying Day.*

F A B. 51.

Of the Husband-man and his Sons.

THE Husband-man had many Sons, and they disagreed among themselves, whereon the Father laboured to reconcile, putting a Bundle of Wands before them, commanded every one of them to break the Bundle, which was bound with a little short String. Their tender Age endeavours in vain. Their Father unties the Bundle, and gives to every one a Wand. Which, when every one according to his Strength easily broke; O, quoth the Father, my Sons, while you agree together, you are invincible; but if you will needs fall out one with another, and stir civil Discord, you will at length be a Prey to your Enemies.

The Moral.

This Fable shews small Matters increase by Peace, but great Things decay through Discord.

A Certain Man had many Sons; which he Perceiving very often Disagree, strove to compose them; to which End commands A Bunch of Rods bound up with Osier Bands Should unto him be brought, which being done, In order he presents it to each Son,

Bid

Bidding them try their Strength to break the same.
 The Lads essay by Turns, but all in vain.
 The Father doth unbind the Bunch, and reach
 Each Son a Rod, which soon are broke by each:
 So Lads, quoth he, if thus in Love you close,
 You'll thrive; if not, you'll perish by your Foes

The Moral.

*Weak Things grow strong by Unity and Love :
 By Discord strong Things weak and weaker prove.*

F A B. 28.

Of the Country-man and the Horse.



THE Country-man led forth an empty Horse and the Ass hard laden into the Way. The Ass being weary, intreats the Horse, if he wist him well, that he would ease him of his Burden. The Horse denies to do it. At length the Ass being over-laden with his Burden, lies down, and dyes. The Master lays all the Burden, and also the Hide of the dead Ass upon the Horse's Back; with which, when he was weighed down, Alas for me, quoth he, deservedly I am now thus tormented, who refused to help the poor laden Ass.

The Moral.

We are advised in this Fable to succour our distressed Friends. Our Country, saith Plato, challengeth a Part of our Birth to it self, and our Friends a Part.

AN over-laden Afs upon the Way,
 A lighter-burden'd Horse doth humbly pray
 To ease him of some Fardels which he bore;
 Then adds this Motive, That he is so sore
 And weary, he, without some present Aid,
 Must yield his Life, his Strength is so decay'd.
 The Horse refuseth help. The poor Afs straighe
 Falls dead, oppress'd with his sore loading Weight.
 The Owner forthwith loads the Horse with all
 That the Afs bore, his Burthen, Hide, and all.
 Wherewith he griev'd, said, he was justly us'd,
 That to relieve th' oppressed Afs refus'd.

The Moral.

*Help and relieve poor Men oppress'd and vext;
 For ought you know your Turn may be the next.*

F A B. 53.

Of the Collier and the Fuller.



THE Collier invites the Fuller to dwell with him
 in the same House. It is not, my good Friend,
 saith the Fuller, either Pleasure or Profit to me : For
 I greatly fear lest that the Things which I scour clean,
 thou wilt make as Black as a Coal. The

The Moral.

We are advised in this Fable to converse with unblameable Men. We are admonish'd to decline the Company of wicked Men, as the Plague it self. Company (saith Campanus) draws a Man; Commerce dives into Mens Manners; and just so every one becomes, as they are, with whom he Consorts.

THE Collier, living in a House alone
Intreats the Fuller, that he'll please to dwell
In part thereof. Nay, that can ne'er be well,
Replies the Fuller, for 'tis ten to one
But what I spend my Time and Pains to white,
Your Coals will black it like the Dev'l ere Night.

The Moral.

*Avoid debaish Society, lest the Shame
Of noted Vice thy better Deeds defame.*

F A B. 54.

Of the Fowler and the Stock-Dove.



THE Fowler goes a birding; spies afar off the Stock-Dove building in a high Tree: he hastens to him, and devises Plots against him. By chance he treads upon a Snake. The Snake bit him. He being

ing on the sudden affrighted with the Mischief,
Wretch that I am, quoth he, while I lay in wait for
another, I my self am undone.

The Moral.

*This Fable shews, That sometimes they are circumvented
with their own Devites, who plot new Designs.*

A Fowler aiming at a Stock-Dove, which sat
Nestling upon a Tree, it was his Fate
To tread upon an Adder underneath.
The Leaves, whose Sting gives to the Fowler Death.
He now expiring, makes his grievous Moan,
Ah me! poor Wretch! thro' haste I loose my own,
Seeking another's Life. My Heart-strings feel
I aim'd not with my Eye, but with my Heel.

The Moral.

*Oft-times we bear the Evil we contrive
For other Men. In Thoughts thus justly thrive.*

F A B. 55.

Of a Trumpeter.



A Certain Trumpeter is taken by his Enemies, is
led away: he trembles; desires, that being in-
nocent, they will spare him, professing, That he bear-
ing

ing no Arms, but a single Trumpet, neither would nor could kill any Man: They on the other side, thunder at him with fierce Language and Blows: Thou pleadest nothing, thou Villain! thou art most obnoxious, and here forthwith shalt be tortured, that seeing thou, according to thy own Confession, art unskilful in military Matters, with that thy Trumpet dost stir up and provoke the Courage of others.

The Moral.

Some Men offend grievously, who advise Princes, who are otherwise prone enough to do Mischief, to do unjustly. Why dost thou doubt? say they, Hast thou forgotten that thou art a Prince? It is not lawful for thee to do what thou wilt? Thou art above the Laws. The Name of Law-breaker cannot be imputed to thee, who hast a Sovereignty over the Laws themselves. Thy Subjects enjoy nothing but what is thine. Thou canst both save and destroy. It is in thy Hands to augment in Wealth and Dignity whomsoever thou plearest. Where thou plearest, thou hast Power to take away: Some Things condemn or commend other Men. Every Thing will be commendable for you.

A Captive Trumpeter requests the Foe,
To spare an Innocent, and let him go;
Urging, That he the Life of no Man fought;
He still unarmed was, nor ever fought.
Slave! said the Foe, thou didst far greater Ill;
That unprovok'd, sett'st others us to kill.

The Moral.

*Those Men most guilty are, whose dry Commands:
And evil Counsels kill with others Hands.*

F A B. 56.

Of the Wolf and the Dog.

THE Wolf, by Accident, meets the Dog in the Wood before Day. He salutes and welcomes him; finally asks him, how it comes to pass he is so spruce? To whom he replied, It is my Master's Care that does it: When I fawn upon my Master, he makes much of me; I am fed from my Master's sumptuous Table; I never sleep in the open Air. It is unspeakable how acceptable I am to the whole Family. Verily (saith the Wolf) thou art most happy, O Dog, who hast got so bountiful and courteous a Master, O that I might dwell with him; I should esteem no Creature alive more fortunate. The Dog perceiving the Wolf extremely desirous of a new Condition, promises to bring it about, that he should be a Retainer of his Master, if so be he would abate somewhat of his former Fierceness, and would be content to become a Servant. It is determined; and it was the Pleasure of the Wolf to walk to the Village. They have a great deal of very pleasant Discourse upon the way. A little after, when it was break of Day, the Wolf seeing the Dog's Neck to be worn; What is the Meaning of it, O Dog, (saith the Wolf) that I see thy Neck without Hair? It was my wont

wont, saith the Dog, being somewhat fell, to bark at, and sometimes to bite both Friends and Foes. My Master taking that ill, gave me many a Blow, forbidding me to set upon any besides the Thief and the VVolf: and so by cudgeling I am subdued, and become more tame, and this is a Badge of my native Churlishness. Which the Wolf hearing, I will not, quoth he, purchase the Favour of your Master at so dear a Rate. Farewell therefore, O Dog, with that thy Servitude; I think my Liberty much better.

The Moral.

It is a more desirable Thing to be a Master of a mean Cottage, and to live upon brown Bread, than to live in Fear and Danger, tho' in a King's Palace, and to enjoy the most costly Fare: For Liberty is banished out of the Court, where Wrong must be taken, and passeth out with Silence.

E'ER full broad Day, a Wolf and Dog do meet
 Within a Wood; each kindly other greet,
 The Wolf ask'd how the Dog so smooth and fair
 Became? He says, 'Twas his Lord's Love and Care,
 Who from his Trencher feeds him, and oft strokes
 His fawning Sides, the like do all the Folks:
 The Wolf this hearing, for such Bliss doth long,
 Thinks happy he, could he to such belong:
 A Place is promis'd, if he will but serve,
 And somewhat from his wonted Fierceness swerve.
 Agreed, to Town they march. By this, broad Day,
 The Dog's gall'd Neck doth to the Wolf display:
 Whose Reason ask'd, My Fierceness, quoth the Dog,
 Intitled me unto a weighty Clog.
 I being curst alike to Friends and Foes,
 My Master honour'd me with many Blows;
 Giving me Charge no living thing to bite,
 But Wolves and Thieves, who rob both Day and Night.
 Thus was I tam'd: Yet still about I bear
 This Mark of innate Curstness ev'ry where.
 The Wolf this hearing, said, I will not buy
 Your Master's Friendship with my Liberty.

Then

Then bids the Dog farewell, Go serve thy Friends;
For my hard Fare, my Freedom makes Amends.

The Moral.

*Great Mens Acquaintance and their dainty Chear,
Exchang'd for Liberty, are bought too dear.*

F A B. 31.

Of the Husband-man and his Dogs.



THE Husbandman when he had wintered certain Days in the Country, began at last to want Necessaries. He slaughters the Sheep, and afterwards the Kids, and last of all he slays the Oxen, that he might have wherewithal to support his thin Body, almost consumed with Want. The Dogs seeing that, resolve to provide for their own Safety by running away, thinking with themselves that there was no living long, when the Master spared not the Oxen, which were so useful for all Country Employments.

The Moral.

Be wary unto what Family thou sellest thy self for Gain. Some Masters are most inhumane. For many at present are grown to that Madness, that by Misfortune, Mischief and Detriment, they wilfully kill their Servants.

AN Husband-man besieg'd with Frost and Snow;
 To Market for Provision could not go.
 In this Distress full many Days he past,
 Winter still lasting, he was forc'd at last
 To kill his Sheep and Goats, and they being spent,
 His Oxen too, to give his Guts content.
 This his Dogs seeing, ran for Life away;
 Not daring till the Beeves were eaten, stay,
 Though they should share the Bones: For if he kill
 His Steers, say they, who us'd his Ground to till,
 His Sheep that cloath'd him, will our Master spare.
 Our Lives, who useless and devouring are?

The Moral.

*Ill-natur'd Men make all their Servants Slaves,
 With whom the best no better Fare than Knaves.*

F A B. 58.

Of the Fox and the Lion.



THE Fox, which saw the unusual Fierceness of the
 Lion, viewing by chance that kind of Creature
 once and again, trembled at him, and shunned him.
 When as now the third time she met the Lion, the
 Fox.

Fox was so far from fearing any thing, that she confidently went to him and saluted him.

The Moral

Custom makes us all more venturous, even with those whom before-times we scarcely durst look upon.

THE Fox, that never in his Life before
Had seen a Lion, nor what awe he bore.
In his dread Countenance, at first dismay'd,
Durst not approach him, ev'n to Death afraid :
The second time he meets him, whose fierce sight
The trembling Fox did, in some Measure, fright:
But not so much as first. But when that he
The third time met him, his Timidity.

Quite shaken off, the Fox was grown so bold,
That he durst Conference with the Lion hold.

The Moral:

*So Custom makes Men fearless, and what were
Dreadful before, become familiar.*

F A B. 59.

Of the Fox and the Eagle.



THE Fox's Whelps ran abroad; which being taken
by the Eagle, implore the Help of their Dam.
She runs to succour them, and intreats the Eagle to
let

let go the captivated Whelps. The Eagle having gotten her Prey, flies to her young ones. The Fox taking a Fire-brand, follows her, as if she would burn up her strong Holds. VVhen now she climbed up the Tree, the Fox said, Now defend thy self, and thy young ones, if thou canst. The Eagle trembling whilst she feared burning, saith, Spare me, I pray thee, and my young ones, and whatever I have of thine, I will restore thee.

The Moral.

By the Eagle understand such Men who are powerful and of a daring Spirit: By the Fox understand poor Men, whom wealthy ones study to oppress with Calamities and Reproaches. But sometime even the Ants have their Gall, and the most impotent have sometime a Power to right an Injury received.

A Brooding Eagle for her Eaglets stole
 A young Fox-Cub, that strayeth from his Hole.
 The Bitch-Fox hearing her distress'd Cub cry,
 Forth of her Hole came running hastily.
 Praying the Eagle she would let him go,
 VVhich when the mounting Eagle would not do,
 The Dame a Fire-brand takes, and vows that she
 Will burn the Nest. VVith that she climbs the Tree;
 The Eagle seeing that, Let me alone,
 She says, and I will render thee thine own.

The Moral.

*Wrong not the Poor for thine own wellfare sake:
 There's none so mean, but due Revenge may take.*

F A B. 60.

Of the Husband-man and the Stork.

THE Cranes and Geese eating up the sowed Corn the Country-man spread his Net. The Cranes are caught, likewise the Geese, as also the Stork. She begs Pardon, proclaiming her Innocency, and withal professing, that she was neither the Crane nor the Goose, but the best of all Birds, because she us'd to be dutiful to her Parents, when they were very aged. The Husband-man answers, None of these I regard. Seeing I have taken thee with Offenders, with them shalt thou also die.

The Moral.

He that commits a Fault, and he that adjoyns himself to wicked Companions, shall suffer the Punishment with them.

A Farmer pitch'd a Net for Cranes and Geese, That fed his new sown Seed; but among these A Stork caught, likewise humbly doth implore For Life; since she was never there before. She a poor Stork (that doth her Parents feed And succour, when distrest with Age or Need) No Goose or Crane is; therefore feed may be, If not for Pity, for her Piety.

The

The Farmer says, Altho' nor Goose nor Crane
You be, you die, since you with such are ta'en.
The Moral.

*Hence pliant Natures may learn to descry,
And shun the Danger of ill Company.*

F A B. 61.

Of the Cock and the Cat,



THE Cat came to eat the Cock, and having no Cause sufficient to wrong him, began to accuse the Cock, saying, that he was a clamorous Bird, and that with his shrill Voice he awoke Men sleeping in the Night. He pleads himself innocent, seeing that he called up Men to their Work. The Cat in the meanwhile thunders at him, saying, Thou Varlet, thou hadst as good say nothing; thou hast to do with thy Mother, neither dost thou contain thy self from thy Sister. When the Cock endeavoured to clear himself in that, Neither shall this avail, quoth the Cat, still fuming, I will forthwith tear thee asunder.

The Moral.

It is an old Saying. saith William Gaudanus, It's an easie Matter to find a Cudgel to beat a Dog. A wicked Man right or wrong will ruine thee.

A Cat upon the Cock lays violent Hands,
 With full Intent that watchful Bird to kill,
 Of whom the Cock before his Death demands,
 Why so unjustly she his Blood would spill?
 The Cat replies, Villain, when Men should rest,
 And undisturbed in their Houses lie,
 Thy Nightly Crowing their sound Sleep molest;
 Which to prevent, thou instantly shalt die.
 Alas! quoth *Chanticleer*, my Voice affrights
 Not any, but more helps than damnifies.
 By that Men know the Wasting of the Nights,
 And with the early Morning when to rise.
 Admit, quoth *Puss*, I grant thee this Excuse,
 Yet greater Crimes than that hang o'er thy Head,
 Thy Kindred thou incestuously dost use,
 Not sparing those are nearest, but dost tread
 With equal Lust thy Sisters, and ev'n her
 Who hatch'd and gave thee Being; does not then
 This merit Death? No, answers *Chanticleer*;
 Nature confines not us, as she doth Men,
 Wholly to one. Tush, quoth the Cat, I see
 You're frequent in your Babbling, when you please,
 Thy empty Pleadings nothing profit thee,
 Nor to my eager Appetite give Ease.
 Thy Life I covet, and 'tis that alone,
 Without Excuse, which I must seize upon.

The Moral.

*So Great Men crush the Poor, and make their Will
 The only Cause of their Oppression still.*

F A B. 62.

Of the Shepherd's Boy and the Husbandman.

A Certain Boy fed his Sheep in an open Meadow and three or four times in jest crying out, That the Wolf was coming, raised the Husbandmen round about. They being often in this manner deluded, when they were called in earnest, came not. In the mean time, the Sheep are made a Prey to the Wolf.

The Moral.

If a Man accustom himself to Lying, he is scarcely believed when he tells the Truth.

A Shepherd's Boy with many Mocks did keep
On higher Grounds a scatter'd Flock of Sheep;
He jesting oft, as if the Wolves were nigh,
Cry'd out for Help, as in Extremity,
To neighb'ring Plough-folk; they their Work leave off,
To help the Knave, who thanks them with a Scoff.
At last the Wolves indeed come; then the Boy
Cries, Neighbours, help, the Wolves my Sheep destroy;
The oft-deluded Plough-men now refuse
To help, lest he again their Help abuse,
And so the Sheep the Wolves Prey die; whilst he
In Earnest grieves his jesting Mockery.

The

The Moral.

*A constant Liar shall not find Belief,
 Though Truth he tell. The Cripple no Relief
 (That once was known to counterfeit) shall find,
 Although he ne'er so accurately bind
 His pliant Leg to his most supple Thigh;
 Nay, though it broken were, and lame he cry,
 By Jove't feign not! and shed many Tears;
 Yea, though by dread Osiris self he swears
 Himself a Cripple. All will answer thus,
 Think not to purchase double Fools of us;
 We have been fool'd already: Would you speed?
 Seek Strangers to believe you, if you need.*

F A B. 63.

Of the Eagle and the Crow.



THE Eagle flies from an high Rock upon a Lamb's Back; the Crow seeing that, Ape-like, desires to imitate the Eagle, lights upon the Ram's Eleece; alighting is hindred; being hindred, is caught; being caught, is thrown to the Boys.

The Moral.

*Let no Man value himself by the Vertue that is in others,
 but his own. Measure thy self, saith Horace, by thy
 own Foot; desire that, and attempt that which thou
 art able to perform.*

The

THE Eagle seizes on a Lamb for Prey,
 And mounting, lightly beareth it away:
 Which th' apish Crow perceiving, thinks that she
 Might as advent'rous as the Eagle be;
 And with as good Success, and equal Pow'r,
 Seize on another Lamb, and that devour.
 With which Surmize puffed up, she swiftly flies,
 And with loud screaming, shrill and hideous cries,
 Intrangled in her Claws within the thick
 Rough curled Wool, and there so fast did stick,
 That rising, as she thought, to bear with her
 The Lamb aloft, she neither it could stir,
 Nor yet her self get loose: Which Conflict straight
 The Shepherd sees, and hastes to terminate.
 Seizing the vainly guilty, takes the Crow,
 Then clips her Wings, and to his Boys did throw
 The silly Bird, who with her sport and play,
 While she from them cannot escape away;
 But thus lamenting cries, O now I see
 That simple Crows will never Eagles be.

The Moral.

*So Men who vainly 'bove themselves aspire,
 E'er they possess the Height of their Desire,
 Not only fail in their Attempts, but fall
 Beneath themselves, inferior to all.*

F. A. B. 64.

Of the Envious Dog and the Ox.

THE Dog lying down in the Manger full of Hay, the Ox came to feed; the Dog rousing himself prohibits him. A Mischievous go with thee, quoth the Ox, with that thy Envy, who wilt not eat Hay thy self, nor suffer me.

The Moral.

Many are of that Disposition, that they envy others in what they themselves, thro' Inability of Mind, are not able to attain.

AN envious Dog; that sleeping lay
 Upon a Bundle of fresh Hay,
 Snarles at the Ox, which thither came
 Hungry to feed upon the same,
 And drives him back: whereat the Ox
 This Curse upon the Dog invokes,
 May the Gods so punish thee,
 As thou with Spleen opposhest me;
 Who that whereon thou canst not feed,
 With-holdest from me in my Need.

The

The Moral.

*Th' World too many such like Men there are,
Who rather than they'll ought to others spare
For their Relief, will to themselves detain
Things of small Use, perhaps of smaller Gain.*

F A B. 65.

Of the Jack-Daw and the Sheep.



THE Jack-Daw chats upon the Back of the Sheep: the Sheep saith, If thou shouldst so chatter to a Dog, thou shouldst have some Mischief done thee. But, saith the Jack-Daw, I know over whom I may insult; I molest them that are quiet, and am courteous to them that are spiteful.

The Moral.

Bad Men are always ready to contest with a weak and honest Man. Every one that is most Innocent, is dashed against the Ground; but no Body cries out against a mischievous and hasty Man in his own Hearing.

A Jack-Daw on a Sheep's Back proudly stands,
 And seemingly the harmless Beasts commands,
 With a harsh Voice. To her thus spake the Sheep,
 Wherefore dost thou such hateful Noises keep,
 And me disturb? If here a Dog were nigh,
 You durst not lift your Voice up half so high.
 That's true, replies the Daw, I domineer
 Only o'er them that dare do nought but fear.

The Moral.

*This Fable shews, that honest harmless Men
 Oft greatest Injuries do suffer; when
 A dogged wrangling Neighbour lives at Rest,
 As if none durst disturb, or him molest.*

F A B. 66.

Of the Peacock and the Nightingale.



THE Peacock complains to Juno the Sister and
 Wife of the highest Jove, that the Nightingale
 sung sweetly, and that she was derided by all for her
 Hoarseness. To whom Juno replied. Every one hath
 his peculiar Gift from above; the Nightingale in
 sing.

singing, thou in thy Plumes incomparably surpassest.
It becomes every one to be content with his own Lot.

The Moral.

That which the Gods bestow, let us receive with a thankful Mind; and let us not pursue greater Things. The Gods do nothing rashly.

THE Peacock hearing the melodious Strains
Of the sweet Nightingale, sadly complains
To Jove's great Sister, that his squeaking Voice
Yielded no Sound, but a harsh hateful Noise,
Scorned by every Man: While that small Bird
With ravishing Notes so much the Affection stir'd
Of all her Hearers, that they'd list'ning stand
To her tun'd Song; his screaming was disdain'd.
To whom thus Juno answers, hath not Jove
To thee given stately Feathers, far above
The glory of other Birds? then rest content.
As she in Voice excels, in Ornament.

You her surpass: And Jupiter bestows
His several Gifts as from his Pleasure flows.

The Moral.

*Men ought not with cross murmuring repine
Against the Justice of the Power Divine;
Nor envy others Gifts, for none can be
Possess of every Thing, but as we see
Some Men 'bove others unto Honours rise:
In poorer Men, God that defect supplies.*



THE Weasel, by reason of old Age, decaying in Strength, was not able to pursue the Mice as formerly. She begins to use her Wits, and lurks in the Meal heap, hoping by that means easily to hunt. The Mice run together, and while they eagerly fall to the Meal, are every one devoured by the Weasel.

The Moral.

Where one is destitute of Strength, he had need of Wit. Lyfunder the Lacedæmonian used to say, the Foxes Skin is to be pieced, where the Lions Skin cannot reach: Which may be spoken more clearly thus, Where Virtue fails, make use of Policy.

A Weasel, Weak through Age, could not pursue, Nor hunt the Mice, as she was wont to do: Therefore she thus contrived to conceal Her self close cover'd in a Tub of Meal, Whether whole Regiments of Mice did use Still to repair, as to their Rendezvous.

The Weasel which lay there perdue, now riseth From thence, as from an Ambush, and surpriseth The Captive Vermine, and by this Device Vanquish'd whole Troops, and slew them in a trice.

The

The Moral.

*When Weapons cannot, Wisdom may prevail,
Where th' Lions Skin is scant, the Foxes Tail
Well piec'd doth well; 'tis Prudence to unite
Counsel with Courage, Policy with Might.*

F A B. 68.

Of the Country man and the Apple-Tree.



THE Country-man yearly gathered most pleasant Apples, from a Tree which he had in the next Field, and when he had gathered them, he presented the choicest to his City Landlord; who was so taken with the incredible Pleasantness of the Apples, that at length he removed the Tree to his own Field, which being very old, presently withered, and so the Apples and the Tree in like manner perished. Which when it was told to the Master of the House; alas, quoth he, it is a difficult matter to transplant an old Tree. It had been sufficiently enough (had I known how to have bridled my Appetite) to have gathered the Fruit.

The Moral.

*Those who are over wise, and pursue unlawful Things,
are too foolish. He that can bridle his Desires, is the wisest
Man.*

A Country Swain i' th' Country every Year
 Gathered sweet Apples from a Tree h' had there,
 With these he posts to th' City, where he sought
 His Landlords Friendship with the Fruit he brought.
 His Landlord much delighted with the taste
 Of these delicious Fruits, contrives in haste
 How to remove the Stock and all; the Fruit
 Could not suffice, unless he see the Root.
 No sooner was the Stock digg'd from the Station,
 But dies and withers in the Transplantation.
 Which when the Landlord heard, he thus did sigh,
 Uttering these sad Complaints, What Fool was I,
 That with the Fruit could not contented be!
 I've lost the Apples, while I sought the Tree.

The Moral.

*These rash and hair-brain'd Men that won't be rul'd
 By the Advise of others, oft are fool'd
 In their Attempt. The moderate Man's the sole
 Subject of Wit, Discretion wins the Goal.*

F A B. 69.

Of the Lion and the Frog.



THE Lion seeming to hear a Voice, started up:
 He stood still, not without Fear, expecting some
 great

great things. At length a little Frog came out of the Water. The Lion laying aside all fear, made haste and spurned the little Beast with his Feet:

The Moral.

This Fable forbids vain Fears; as that Fable which was made by William Gaudanus, concerning the Mountains bringing forth.

A Lion at the croaking of a Frog,
 Stood just as if he were become a Log,
 With great Amazement, wondring at the Cause
 Or mystick Meaning of his hideous Voice.
 At length (as thus he long time pausing stood)
 A little Frog came crawling from the Mud;
 Whom when his re-erected Thoughts did meet,
 With Scorn he spurn'd, and trampled under Feet.

The Moral.

*The Fable of the Mountain that did seem
 And travell'd with a Mushrome Mouse, doth seem
 An Hieroglyphick of the Fear of those
 Who are affrighted e'er they see their Foes.*

F A B. 70.

Of the Pismire, Fowler, and Dove.



THE Pismire being a-thirst, came to the Fountain to drink. By chance she fell into the Well;

well; a Dove helped her afar off by a Bough that was cast off from a Tree. The Pismire crawling up the Bough, is saved. The Fowler is at hand to take the Dove; but the Pismire doth not suffer him, biting him by the Heel. The Dove flies away.

The Moral.

This Fable elegantly teacheth us to give Thanks to them that deserve it.

THE little Pismire thirsty, goes to drink:
 Where, as she sippeth at the Rivers brink,
 A floating Wave o'erwhelms her, nor could she
 Escape its Force, till from a neighbouring Tree
 A gentle Dove crops off a tender Twig,
 And dropt it in the River: On which Sprig
 The half drown'd Pismire crawls, and 'scapes to th'
 Safe from the Danger she was in before. (shore,
 This done, a crafty Fowler, viewing where
 The Dove fate pearch'd, approacheth her, and there
 Begins to place his Nets; the Ant descries
 His cunning Practice, and for Courtesies
 Receiv'd, that he might not ingrateful prove,
 Thus plots a Way to free the harmless Dove:
 The Fowler being busie at his Work
 (Though closely from the Pidgeons Sight he lurk)
 The little Pismire, bites him by the Heel:
 Which sudden smarting, when the Man did feel,
 Losing his hold, the Nets fall from his hand;
 The Noise whereof makes the Dove understand
 The Fowler's Mischief, and with winged speed
 Fly swiftly thence, from so great Danger freed.

The Moral.

*If Things irrational so grateful be,
 Learn, Man, what Duty doth belong to thee;
 For if thou any Man ungrateful call,
 Of bad thou givest him the Titles all.*

F A B. 71.

Of the Peacock and the Pye.

A Flock of Birds as they freely roved up and down, wished themselves a King. The Peacock thought himself first worthy to be chosen, because he was the most beautiful. He being made a King, O King, says the Pye, if, while you reign, the Eagle should begin to pursue as strongly as he was wont, how couldst thou drive him away? how couldst thou save us?

The Moral.

In a Prince not so much his Form, as his Fortitude of Body, is to be marked; and there is need of Wisdom.

THE winged Nation, that of old flew free,
By all Means govern'd by a King would be:
Valentine's Day th' appoint with one Consent,
To chatter their diurnal Parliament.
The set Day dawning, every Bird his Mate
Selects, secluding none to agitate:
In well fill'd Senate, up the Peacock starts,
And more to take his Auditors, he parts,

And

And spreads his gaudy Train; then strutting, thus
 Speaks to the rest, Since 'tis agreed by us
 This Day a King to chuse, 'tis fit you know
 His full Endowments, on whom you do bestow
 Our Sovereignty. Know first, our King must have
 A graceful Form and Personage, to behave
 Himself like other Princes, without these,
 His other Parts are but Deformities.
 This being voted by the Birds, again
 The Peacock struts, and more displays his Train,
 King in Conceit already, thus renews
 His Oratory: What Bird here that views
 The Beauty of our Personage and Gate,
 Tho' ne'er so proud, will think himself our Mate;
 With this, the Birds Eyes blinded, pass their Votes
 He should be King, and with their various Notes
 Sound out his *Vivat*. But the wiser Pye
 Makes to the King this short, but sharp reply;
 If in thy Reign (as 'tis most like) some Foe
 Assault us, Where for Succour shall we go?
 Can that gay Brav'ry, when for Aid we fly
 To hide us there, repulse the Enemy?

The Moral.

*When Princes are Elective, one endu'd
 With Prudence, Vigilance, and Fortitude,
 Ought to be chose, and not whose outward Form
 Doth promise much, and nothing can perform.*

FAB. 72.

Of the Sick Man and the Physician.

THe Physician had a sick Man in Cure; at length he dies: then the Physician says, He hath perished by Intemperance.

The Moral.

Unless every one leave Drunkenness and Lust when he is young, he shall never come to old Age, for he shall have a very short old Age.

A Rare Physician had a Man in Cure,
 That a long time did grievous Pain endure,
 His Malady unknown: Yet still the Sot
 Ply'd him with Purges, Clysters, and what not?
 That he might learn (such is the Use of those
 Hedge Doctors still) the Nature of each Dose,
 Unknown to him before, and try which Pill,
 What Drug is hot or cold, doth ease or kill.
 The Man, this tampering, to a Fever brought,
 Whereof he dies. But when his Kindred sought
 What his Disease was; the Doctor reply'd,
 Thro' some Intemperance 'twas your Kinsman dy'd.
 The

The Moral.

*Intemperance effeminates the Soul
And Body both, and doth destroy the whole
State of Mans Life, by hast'ning an old Age,
Stopping our Journey ere we've rid a Stage.*

F A B. 73.

Of the Lion and other Beasts.



THe Lion, the Ass, and the Fox go a hunting. A great Prey is taken; it is commanded to be divided. The Ass, laying to every one their Parts, the Lion roars: he takes hold of the Ass and tears him. Afterward he committeth that Business to the Fox, who being more crafty, when a great deal the best part was laid before the Lion, he reserveth scarce a little part for himself. The Lion asked by whom he was so taught? To whom he answered, The Calamity of this taught me, shewing him the dead Ass.

The Moral.

He is happy whom other Mens Harms do make to beware.
THe Royal Lion, Fox, and Ass do make
A Hunting Day, an ample Prey to take.

A well-grown Calf, which in three equal Parts
 The Afs divides, and each to each imparts.
 The Lion raging, roar'd to see his Share
 No more than those of his mean Subjects are;
 And in Contempt, the stupid Afs doth flay,
 Bidding the Fox divide the doubled Prey.
 The cunning Fox but two Shares made of all;
 The Lions very great, his very small.
 And being ask'd who to divide him taught;
 Reply'd, The Justice on the Afs was wrought.

The Moral.

*That Man is Provident and Wise alone,
 By others Dangers that avoid his own.*

F. A. B. 70.

Of the Kid and the Wolf.



THE Kid looking out at the Window, durst pro-
 voke the Wolf with Railings, as he passeth by.
 To whom the Wolf said, Thou dost not rail
 on me, thou wicked Creature, but the Place.

The

The Moral

Both the Time and Place always give Boldness to a Man.

A Kid safe hous'd, out of a Window spies
 A Wolf pass by, which with foul Obloquies
 He doth salute, of which the worst and chief
 Were harmful, useless, glutton, Butcher, Thief.
 The Wolf replies, A Wretch, 'tis thy strong Place,
 And not thy Valour, doth me thus disgrace.
 Come forth; and to your Skin I'll wage a Groat,
 I'll teach your ill-tun'd Tongue a better Note.

The Moral.

*In Times and Places privileg'd some dare
 Speak big; and they most often Varlets are.*

F. A. B. 75:

Of the As.



THE Ass complaining of the Cruelty of the Gardener, prays *Jupiter* to give him another Master. *Jupiter* hears the Prayers of the Ass, and gives him a Tile-Maker; with whom when he carried Tiles and heavier Burthens upon his back, he came again

to Jupiter, intreats him to give him one that was more mild. Jupiter laughed. But he did not desist to be instant, and to pray whilst he had forc'd him. He gave him a Tanner, whom when the Ass knew, he saith, Woe is me, who whilst I am content with no Master, have at last happened upon him who will not spare my very Hide, as I suppose.

The Moral.

We always dislike those things which are present, and desire new, which (as the Proverb is) are no better than the old ones.

A Gard'ners Ass, that carried each Day
Some Things to Market, unto Jove did bray,
Entreating for another Master; he
Held his then Owners Usage Cruelty.
This Suit is granted, and a Tile-man giv'n.
But now alas! the grumbling Ass is driven
A longer way with greater Loads. Again
Therefore the Ass doth unto Jove complain,
A milder Owner begging. Jove says nay.
Yet since the Ass incessantly doth bray,
A Tanner given is; whom when the Ass
Had perfect notice of, reply'd, Alas,
Those I refus'd were mild ones, but this Man,
When I am dead, my very Skin will tan.

The Moral:

*Who with their present State are not content,
Still worse find for their just Punishment.*

Of an Old Woman and her Maids.

A Certain old Woman had many Maids in her House, whom every day before it was light, at the crowing of the Cock which she kept in the House, she called up to their Work. The Maids at length being moved with the daily Tedioufness of their Work, kill the Cock, hoping that he being killed, they should sleep till Mid-day. But this hope was frustrated, for the Mistress when she knew that the Cock was killed, commanded them afterwards to rise at Midnight.

The Moral.

Many whilst they study to shun one grievous Evil, fall into a worse; it is a common Saying, He falls into Scylla, who would shun Charybdis.

AN aged Worldling many Maids did keep,
Which never could beyond Cock-crowing sleep,
For then their Beldam chim'd them up, whilst they
Stretching, as they reach'd for Sleep, would say
Hey ho for Husbands, that we longer might
Lie in our Beds, nor rise before the Light.
At length the Maids, tir'd with their daily toil,
Behead the Cock, and his alarm quite spoil;

Hoping

Hoping without Disturbance they should rest
Till broad Day had Obscurity suppress.

The Cock's remov'd, but see what Change befel
Their Dame thence-forth at Midnight rings a Bell.

The Moral.

*When you would shun a thing distastful, see
You don't incur a worse Calamity.*

*Fools to one Vice, when they another shun,
As from one Gulf, into another run.*

F. A. B. 77.

Of the Ass and the Horse.



THE Ass thought that the Horse was happy, because he was fat and lived in Idleness, but he said, That he was unhappy, because he was lean and poor, and every Day was used by his cruel Master to carry Burdens. A while after they called to arms; then the Horse could not keep the Rider from his Back, nor the Bridle from his Mouth, nor the Darts from his Body. The Ass seeing this, gave great Thanks to the Gods, that they had made him an Ass, and not a Horse.

The Moral.

*They are miserable whom the Vulgar account happy;
and there are not a few happy who think themselves miserable.*

nable. The Cobler says that a King is happy, whom he
 seek to have all Things at his Will: not considering in how
 great Matters and Troubles he is employ'd, when in the
 mean Time he is merry with his Poverty.

A Poor lean Ass, who daily underwent
 Great loads, was with that course of Life content;
 But meeting with a War-Horse full of ease
 And pamper'd Flesh, ('twas then a time of Peace)
 Ah then unhappy him; but richly blest
 He thought the Horse, because he then had Rest.
 Soon after this the Horse to War was sent,
 Where Wounds and Toil he had, small Nourishment.
 Whom when returning lame, the Ass doth see,
 He's well content with his lean Drudgery.

The Moral.

*Clowns envy Kings, their state and dainty Fare:
 When they in happier Conditions are:*

*Great Cares to sober Sadness drive the King,
 When every Clown in Jollity doth sing.*

F A B. 78.

Of the Lion and the Goat.



BY chance the Lion seeing the Goat walking up-
 on a high Rock; admonisheth him that he
 would

would rather come down into the green Mead. The Goat answereth, I would perhaps if thou wert absent who dost not perswade me that I should take any Pleasure from thence, but that thou mightest have something that thou mayst devour, being ready to starve for hunger.

The Moral.

Trust not all Men, for some give thee Counsel, not for thy Profit, but for their own.

A Lion seeing on a Mountain steep
A shaggy Goat her safer Mansion keep,
Above his Reach, plots how he may betray
Or bring her down, to make her so his Prey;
And thus begins, Why, Fondling, dost thou feed
On barren Rocks? these fruitful Meadows breed
More sweet and pleasant Herbs for Taste or Scent,
And much more useful for thy Nourishment;
When upon Rocks grows none but wither'd Grass,
Scorched with Heat. The Goat replies, Alas!
'Tis my ill Hap: but there secure I live,
Nor to thy Flatteries will Credit give.
Should I come down to feed one Hour with thee,
I scarcely should another Minute see.

The Moral.

*Let not fair Words perswade you, 'till you know
the Causes whence such guile-full Speeches flow.
If we intend well, good Deeds shall supply
Their Place; if ill, Malice and Enmity.*

F A B. 79.

Of the Vulture and other Birds.

THE Vulture makes as if he would celebrate his Birth-day: He inviteth the Birds to Banquet; for the most Part they come: He entertains them coming with Joy and Favour; but the Vulture tearcth them, being entertained.

The Moral.

They are not all Friends who speak one fair, or bear us in Hand, that are willing to do us a Courtesie. Hereupon saith Ovid, Oftentimes Poison lurks under the Hyblean Honey.

THE Vulture makes a solemn Festival,
 And to that sumptuous Feast inviteth all
 The Birds. They, not mistrusting Danger, come.
 The Vulture leads them to a spacious Room;
 Which enter'd, straight she maketh fast the Door,
 And surely locking them within her Pow'r,
 Beyond the Expectations of her Guests,
 Instead of them, herself alone she feasts,
 And murders all, not sparing one to be
 The sad Relater of this Tragedy.

The

The Moral.

*'Tis dangerous to trust professed Foes ;
For by fair Words gilt o'er with feigned Shows
Of seeming Love, more Blood they do devour,
Than twenty Battles fought with equal Pow'r.*

F A B. 80.
Of the Geese.



THE Geese together with the Cranes spoil a Field, who being heard, the Country-men come out presently upon them. The Cranes seeing the Country-men, fly; the Geese are taken, who being hindred by the Heaviness of their Body, could not fly away.

The Moral.

When a City is taken by the Enemies, a poor Man easily gets away ; but a rich Man being taken, is made a Slave. In War, Riches are rather a Burthen, than for Use.

A Flock of Geese, with certain Cranes, did waste A Clown's Corn-field, when leaving all in haste, To them with all his Servants maketh speed. The watchful Cranes soon by their Flight were freed, But the dull Geese, clog'd with their Bodies Weight, Their Foes, pursuing, quickly ruinate,

The

The Moral.

*When Towns in War are taken, poor Men may
Withdraw themselves, the Rich remain for Prey.*

F A B. 81.

O' Jupiter and the Ape.



Jupiter being very desirous to know who of all Mortals brought forth the most beautiful young ones, commandeth to call every Creature from every Place, They go to *Jupiter* from every Place. Now all kinds of Birds and Cattle are present, among whom when the Ape came carrying her deformed young ones in her Arms, no body could forbear to laugh; also *Jupiter* himself laughed greatly. Then immediately the Ape her self said, Yea, and *Jupiter* himself knoweth, who is our Judge, that my young ones do excell all, as many as are here present.

The Moral.

Every one thinks his own the Fairest, as the Proverb hath it. And elsewhere in *Theocritus* in his Idyls, Those Things that are not fair, seem fair to one that loves.

Jove calls the Beasts, and wills them all to stand
For Censure which is fairest. His Command
They all obey; the watry Fishes too,
And Birds of the Air to that Assembly flew.

None

None absent but the Ape; yet she, tho' late,
 Comes with her young one, imitating State
 Of the most Noble; but her antick Gests
 Raise but a Laughter among all the Beasts,
 To scoff her naked Buttocks. Friends, no more,
 Quoth the old Ape, I doubt not but before
 From hence we part, you all abash'd will stand,
 When *Jove* to me and mine gives th' upper-hand
 For Feature and rare Form, for in my Sight
 None of you equal us, if *Jove* judge right.

At which a second Laughter rose through all
 The Beasts; and *Jove* into like Mirth did fall;
 Replying, Foolish Ape, this fond Applause
 Of thy own self, Derision from us draws:

Hence then, and better learn thy self to know,
 For who extol themselves, their Folly show.

The Moral.

*Most think their own by Nature fairest are,
 Which if with Judgment to others they compare,
 Appear but mean. 'Twill prove the safer then
 To leave the Censure to judicious Men;*

*Lest, Ape-like, we, while our selves we praise,
 The common Scorn of every Jester raise.*

F A B. 82.

Of the Oak and the Reed.

THE Oak in times past being full of pride and Insolency, set upon the Reed, saying, If now thou hast a courageous breast, go to, and come and fight with me, that the Event may shew which of us two excelleth in Strength. The Reed nothing wondering at such great Exultations of the Oak, and vain cracking of his valour, answered thus, I refuse now the Combat, neither doth it grieve me for my Lot. For although I am moveable on every side, yet I overcome the shrill sounding Tempests: You, if that King *Æolus* shall send forth once his struggling Winds out of his Cave, will fall down, and shall then be laughed at by me.

The Moral. This Fable declares that they are not always the most valiant who insult over others, being provoked by no Injury.

WHILE the Oak-Tree and Reed a Conference held,
Which stood most firm and strong, or low did
To forcing Winds, the unmoved Oak-Tree (yeild
Deriding the Reed's Flexibility,
To see it like a Wave tost ev'ry way
To each small blast; when at one constant stay
She

She still remain'd. The Reed gives not Reply,
 But stands quite mute, 'till the Wind rising high,
 A violent Gust came tumbling o'er the Field,
 And past the bending Reed, but soon compell'd
 The Oak to stoop, and from the Ground did tear
 Her Roots that erst so strongly grounded were.

The Moral.

*Men like the Reeds, whose easie Nature wind
 And wheel about, as they Occasion find
 To meet their own Ends, endure longer far
 Than those who Stubborn and Contentious are.*

F A B. 83.

Of the Fisher-man and the little Fish.



THe Fisher-man having cast his Hook, that was covered with a Bait, into the Water, pulled out a little Fish; the captive Fish beseecheth and entreateth, that he would suffer him, being a little Fish, to escape and depart, that he might grow bigger, that so he might enjoy and have him when he was bigger. The Fisher-man answereth, I buy not Hope with Money; for I was always of that Disposition, that whatsoever I could catch, I had rather take it away presently.

The Moral.

This Fable admonisheth us that we should not let go certain Things for the Hope of uncertain; for what is more foolish, as it is in Cicero, than to grasp Things uncertain for certain?

AN Angler caught a small Fish; him the poor And little Creature sadly does implore, That he would spare her Life, since useless she Was not yet grown to full Maturity Of Years or Greatness; but if he would please To let her taste the Pleasure of the Seas, And feed but for one Year, she willing then, Grown bigger, would return to's Hook agen. No, quoth the Fisher, I will never buy My Hope at such a Rate, uncertainly To wish hereafter that I now possess, And so bemoan my own dull Foolishness.

The Moral.

*The Proverb says, One Bird in Hand.
Is worth Two which in Bushes stand.*

F A B. 84.

Of the Ant and the Grasshopper.



THE Ant was carrying a Grain of Corn into the Floor to the Sun. The Grasshopper seeth, runneth, and asketh for a Grain. The Ant saith, Why do not you, after my example, gather to you whatsoever

ever you can in the Summer, and add to your Heap? She answereth, That the Time was passed over by her in singing. The Ant laughing, If, saith she, you are wont to sing in the Summer, deservedly now you must suffer Hunger.

The Moral.

We are admonished by this little Fable. whilst the Strength of the Body is present with us, to seek those Things by which our weak Old Age may be satisfied; by Winter understanding Old Age, by Summer Youth and the Flower of Age.

THE Grasshopper in Winter feeling Want,
Goes for Relief unto the painful Ant;
Who answers thus, How comes it that you are
So needy grown? Was not the Summer fair,
And seasonable too, cloathing the Ground
With Fruits that did most plenteously abound?
And couldst thou then neglect to gather Store
For Winter, that thou wantest now, before
That Season half is spent? T' whom this Reply
The Grasshopper returns: In Summer, I
With my shrill Voice did pleasant Musick make
For Mens Delight, when as abroad to take
The Pleasure of the Fields they walk — If then,
Answers the Ant, you so could pleasure Men
With your shrill Notes and Songs in Summer's Prime,
You best were now to dance in Winter Time,
Lest if it chance to freeze, the Winter's Cold
Upon your half-starv'd Carcase take such hold,
That should you get a Cough, your hoarser Throat
Next Summer scarce would yield so sweet a Note.

The Moral.

*Our careless Epicureans so, not mindful to prepare
For future Times; but wasting all, to Begg'ry driven are;
And pine with Hunger, and with Want oppress'd,
When the Industrious Man with Store is blest.*

F A B. 85.

Of the Lion and the Bull.

THE Bull fled from the Lion, and falls upon the Goat. He with his Horns and ruffled Forehead threatened him. Unto whom the Bull, full of Anger, saith, Thy Forehead contracted into Wrinkles frighteth me not ; but I fear the great Lion, who unless he were upon my Back, thou shouldest know that it is no small matter to fight with a Bull, and to swallow the Blood out of my Wound.

The Moral.

Calamity must not be added to those that are in Calamity. He is sufficiently miserable, who is once miserable.

PUrsu'd by th' Lion, th' Ox his Life to save,
 Maketh his Flight for Shelter to a Cave:
 To whom the Goat an Entrance doth deny,
 And with her Horns withstands him enviously.
 For which the angry Bull, with bellowing Throat,
 Thus vents his Threats against the shaggy Goat:

Though

Though basely now thou dost oppose my Flight,
 Were the pursuing Lion out of Sight,
 Whose Rage I shun, and therefore dare not stay,
 My Fury should inforce thee to give way:

But Time will come, when I, reveng'd of thee,
 Shall punish this thy abject Scorn of me.

The Moral.

*As here the Goat not only Aid denies,
 But seems to add to the Bull's Miscries;
 So Men oft do: But 'tis as often seen,
 Time changing, that such have requited been,
 When these who were oppress'd, have rais'd their State,
 And who oppos'd them, fall'n below their Hate.*

F A B. 86.

Of the Nurse and the Wolf.



THE Nurse threatens the crying Child, Unless he holds his Peace, she would throw him to the Wolf. The Wolf accidentally hears that, and in hope of a Prey, tarrieth at the Door. The Child, Sleep coming upon him, is presently quiet. The Wolf returns to the Wood fasting and empty. The Fox inquires

of him, where his Prey was? He sighing, answered,
He was cheated; the Nurse threatned to cast the
crying Child to me, but deceived me.

The Moral.

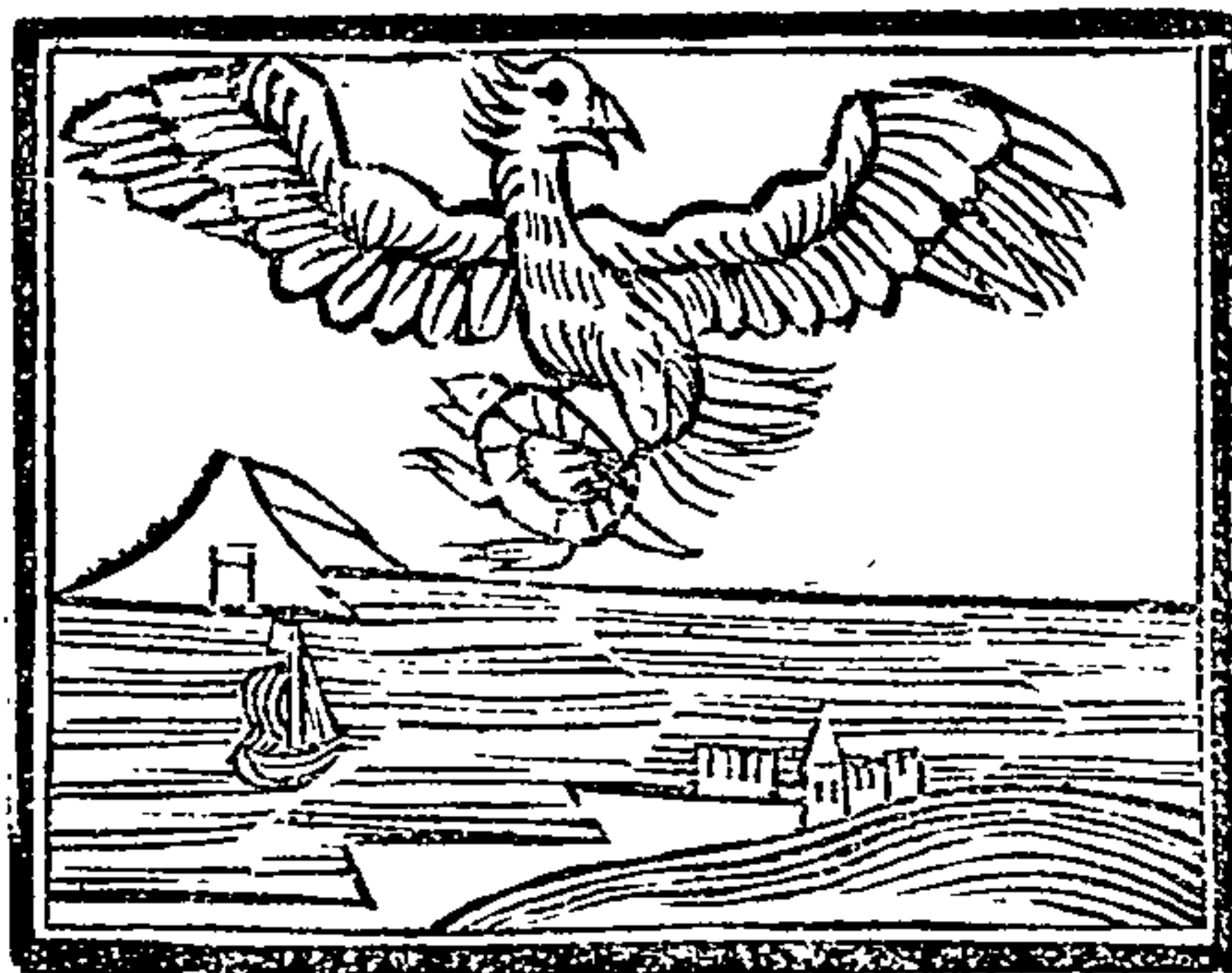
There's no Belief to be given to a Woman.

A Hungry Wolf walks forth to seek a Prey,
And by meer Fortune hears a Woman say,
Chiding her froward Child, Forbear to cry,
Or to the Wolf I'll throw thee presently.
Glad of this News, the Wolf expects the Child,
And waiteth at the Door; but straight with mild
Fair gentle Stroakings, and sweet Lullabies,
The Infant clos'd his Tear-bedewed Eyes,
And fell asleep; which when the Wolf perceiv'd,
And of his Expectation quite bereav'd,
With Blushes he returns unto the Wood,
To seek among the Trees some other Food.

The Moral.

*This Fable may this Use to us afford;
How little Trust is in a Woman's Word;
The various Affections of whose Mind
More often changeth than th' unconstant Wind.*

F A B. 87.

Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.

THE Tortoise began to be weary with creeping, and if any one would lift her up into the Air, she promiseth Pearls of the Red-Sea. The Eagle lifts her up, requires a Reward; she not having any thing, the Eagle scratcheth her with her Claws: So the Tortoise which desired to see the Stars, left her Life among the Stars.

The Moral.

Be content with thy own Condition; some there have been which if they had continued lowly, might have been safe; being exalted, have fallen into Danger.

ON Promise that the Tortoise should descry Jewels that did upon some Mountains lie, The greedy Eagle with the Tortoise flew So high, that neither Earth beneath them knew; But the dull Tortoise failing Promise, she Turning her fleshy Part, outrageously Without all pity kill'd her, and that Hour The vainly-boasting Tortoise did devour.

The Moral.

*He undisturb'd with Storms and Tempests rides;
 Whose un aspiring Bark by th' calm Shore glides;
 When those who proudly plough the troubled Main,
 Lie ship-wreck'd, and their Anchors cast in vain;
 So Man, who lifts his Thoughts 'bove his Estate,
 Fails in th' Attempt, and hastens his own Fate.*

F A B. 88.

Of the Crab, the Mother and the Son.



THE Mother advised her Son that went backwards,
 that he would go forwards. The Son answereth,
 Mother, go before, and I shall follow after.

The Moral.

*Reprehend no Man for his Faults, whereof that thy self
 mayst be reprehended.*

Between two Crabs, the Mother and the Son,
 A Conference held; the Mother thus begun.
 To check her young one, that he did not go
 A comely Pace, but waddled to and fro.

To whom the Son reply'd, Mother, I pray,
 Mend your Gate first, and I shall find the way.

The Moral.

*First set thy Self upright, and then
 Thou boldly mayst cheek other Men.*

F A B.

F A B. 89.

Of the Sun and the North-Wind.

THE Sun and North wind contend which is stronger; they agreed to try their Strength upon a Traveller, and he should be the Conqueror which made him throw off his Cloak. The North-wind with a horrible Blust'ring set upon the Traveller; he notwithstanding doth not desist to go on, and foldeth his Garment about him. The Sun assumes his Force, who (the Storms by degrees being overcome, casts forth his Beams. The Traveller begins to wax hot, to sweat and blow; at length, being not able to go forwards, takes the cool Air, and casting away his Cloak, sits down under the shady Grove. So the Sun got the Victory.

The Moral.

Beware diligently with whom you contend; for although thou art strong, yet perhaps another may be stronger; or if not stronger, yet more cunning; and so with his Policy overcome thy Strength.

THE Sun and Wind in Emulation 'rose,
 Which of their Powers were of greater Force,
 At length with one Consent they do agree,
 A Traveller's Coat should try the Mastery.
 The Wind forthwith his Blusterings began,
 With dreadful Noise assaults the trembling Man;
 Who still about him casts his Coat in Folds,
 And more the Wind doth struggle, more he holds.
 The Wind appeas'd, the Sun his Beams applies,
 While in dissolving Sweat the poor Man fries;
 Fainting with Heat, he to the cool Shade makes,
 To rest himself, and there his Coat forsakes.

The conqu'ring Sun so calmly clos'd the Day,
 While the rash Wind ashamed, shrunk away.

The Moral.

*So violent Threats and Rigour often fail,
 Where milder Courses oftentimes prevail.*

F A B. 90.

Of the Ass in a Lion's Skin.



THE Ass comes into the Wood, finds the Lion's Skin, which he puts on, and returning to the Pastures, affrighted the Flocks and Herds, and makes them run away. He that lost him cometh, and enquireth

quireth for his Afs. The Afs feeing his Master, runs to meet him, yea, and comes upon him roaring, But his Master perceiving his Ears, which stood out, Others, quoth he, thou mayest deceive; but, O my Afs, I know thee very well.

The Moral.

Pretend not to what thou art not; boast not thy self to be learned, when thou art not; nor rich and noble, when thou art poor and base; for when the Truth is found out, thou wilt become a Laughing-stock.

THE fordid Afs had found a Lion's Skin,
And wraps himself unfeemingly therein:
At which unusual Sight the trembling Herd
Of Beasts amaz'd, are with his Presence scar'd,
And fly amain; but when his Master came
Into the Fields, the Afs retires with Shame:
For though a Lion he on every side
Appear'd, the Skin too short his Ears to hide,
Display'd him but an Afs; who at the Sight
Of's Master, turns his Slowness into Flight,
To shun his Presence, which beheld, the Man
Cries after him, Friend, pray return again,
Thou seemest as thou art to me; though here
Thou dost thy fellow Beasts with Terrour scare.
VVith that corrects his Folly with a Blow,
That he no more may so presumptuous grow.

The Moral.

*Seem what thou art, and not with borrowed Shapes:
Adorn thy self, like other worldly Apes.
If learn'd, dispute; if rich, or nobly born,
So bear thy self that thou deserve not Scorn.*

F A B. 91.

Of the Frog and the Fox.



THE Frog going out of the Fen, professeth Physick to the wild Beasts in the Woods. He saith, That he would not give place either to *Hippocrates* or *Galen*. The rest believing him, the Fox laughs at them; Shall this Frog be accounted skilful in Physick, saith he, whose Countenance is so pale; but let him cure himself. So the Fox laughs at him; for the Face of the Frog is of a wan Colour.

The Moral:

It is a foolish and ridiculous Thing to profess that which thou hast no Skill in.

Forsaking quite the Fens, the Frog would dwell Among the Beasts; does with Ambition swell, And boast her Skill in Physick, with what Art She Help to cure Diseases could impart, How dangerous foe'er. Most Beasts believe, Except the Fox, who will no Credit give To her proud Words, but questions, How can ye Think this vain Boaster's Skill exact to be, Whose Colour is so pale? First let her try To cure her own wan Look, e'er she apply

Phy-

Physick t' others. Doctors approv'd, we know
Those are, whose Cures not Words but Art can show.

The Moral.

*As empty Vessels give the greatest Sound,
So Men least knowing, with most Brags abound.*

F A B. 92.
Of the Curs'd Dog.



THE Master bound a Bell about the Dog which bit
Men ever and anon, that they might take heed of
him. The Dog thinking this was hanged about him
as an Ornament for his Goodness, began to con-
temn his Fellows. There came one that was grave in
Age and Authority to the Dog, and advised him not
to mistake: For, quoth he, that Bell is hanged about
thee as a Disgrace; not for any Credit.

The Moral.

*A Boaster many times repures that to make for his Com-
mendation, which tends to his Discredit.*

A Leering Cur did slyly unaware
Oft bite before he bark'd; his Master's Care
Hanged a Bell on him, that Men might know
His currish Nature, and prevent him so.

The

The Dog grows proud, and thinks his Bell to be
 Some Badge of Honour or high Dignity,
 Which his kind Master had on him bestow'd,
 But no such Favour to his Fellow show'd.
 At whose vain Pride one wiser than the rest,
 Thus checks him, Fool, what Fancy has possess'd
 Thy idle Brain, with Gladness to embrace
 That for thy Honour, giv'n for thy Disgrace.

The Moral.

*Such are the Babblers of these Times, that boast,
 And in Acts glory, them dishonour most.*

F A B. 93.

Of the Camel.



THE Camel grieving within himself, complained
 that the Bulls went brave with two Horns, and
 that himself unarmed was expos'd to other Beasts.
 He prays *Jupiter* to give him Horns. *Jupiter* laughs
 at the Folly of the Camel, and does not only deny
 his Desire, but shortens the Ears of the Camel.

The Moral.

*Let every one be content with his Fortune; for many
 having pursued a better Condition, have met with a worse.*

THE

THE Camel sadly doth to Jove complain,
 That all the Beasts deride him in disdain;
 Because no Ornament ador'd his Head.
 When th' Ox, and many more were honoured
 With comely Horns their Fronts to beautifie.
 To whom the angry God gave this Reply,
 Since, Fool, thy Folly leads thee to despise
 Our Gifts, and covet others Dignities,
 Henceforth we'll curb thy Pride, and thou shalt bear
 No Horns, nay less, upon thy Head no Ear.

The Moral.

*How mean soever thy Estate,
 Contented rest, nor emulate
 Another's Good; the Pow'r above
 Knows best where to dispence his Love.*

F A B. 94.

Of two Friends and the Bear.



TWO Friends take a Journey : a Bear meets
 them on the Road. One of them climbing up
 a Tree, avoids the Danger ; the other, seeing
 there was no Hopes of escaping, falls flat on the
 Ground. The Beast cometh to him, and touches
 him as he lay, and smells at his Mouth an his Ears :
 The

The Man holding his Breath and Motion, the Bear, which spares the Dead, thinking it to have been a dead Carcass, departs without doing him any Harm. His Companion afterward demanding, What the Bear spake to him in his Ear? He adviseth me this, quoth he, that I never travel with such a Friend as you again.

The Moral.

Faithfulness is a rare Bird in the World, and like a black Swan. Adversity and Danger evidence a true Friend,

TWO Men together travelling, met a Bear,
 At Sight whereof they much affrighted were;
 And doubtful what to do, straight one with speed
 Climbs up a Tree, and from the Danger freed,
 Becomes regardless of the other quite:
 Yet he not void of Shifts, invents a Slight
 To save his Life, and on the Ground doth fall
 Flat on his Face, holding his Breath with all:
 The Power he had, to whom approach'd the Bear,
 And round about survey'd him every where:
 But still he held his Breath. The Bear therefore,
 Which seldom feeds on Carrion, forbore
 To search him further, and so onward bends;
 Who gone, the other from the Tree descends,
 And thus salutes his Fellow, Friend, what Chear?
 What did the wild Beast whisper in thine Ear?
 The other answers, He forewarned me
 To travel more with one so false as thee.

The Moral.

*Upon the Earth true Friends we find are rare
 As black Swans in the silver Rivers are.*

F A B. 95.

Of the Bald Knight.

THE bald Knight tied a Peruke to his Bonnet. He comes into the Field, while the sharp North Wind blew, and when he did not well heed his Peruke, on a sudden his Baldness appears. The Company loudly cry'd out, as also he himself laughs. What a Matter is it, quoth he, that borrowed Hair flies away, whereas heretofore mine own Hair is flown?

The Moral.

The Knight did well not to be angry, but to laugh with them that laughed. Socrates when he had received a Cuff on the Ear in the open Market, answers thus, It is a vexatious Thing for Men not to know when they ought to walk forth with their Helmets.

A Bald-pate Knight through Age or Accident,
 With Art supply'd that Heeting Ornament;
 And wore a Peruke. Walking, he beheld
 A Troop of Youths were sporting in a Field.
 Approaching them to view their harmless Play,
 His Cap of Hair forthwith was blown away.
 This mov'd the Youths to Laughter, whereat he
 Was tickled too, and laugh'd for Company:

Saying

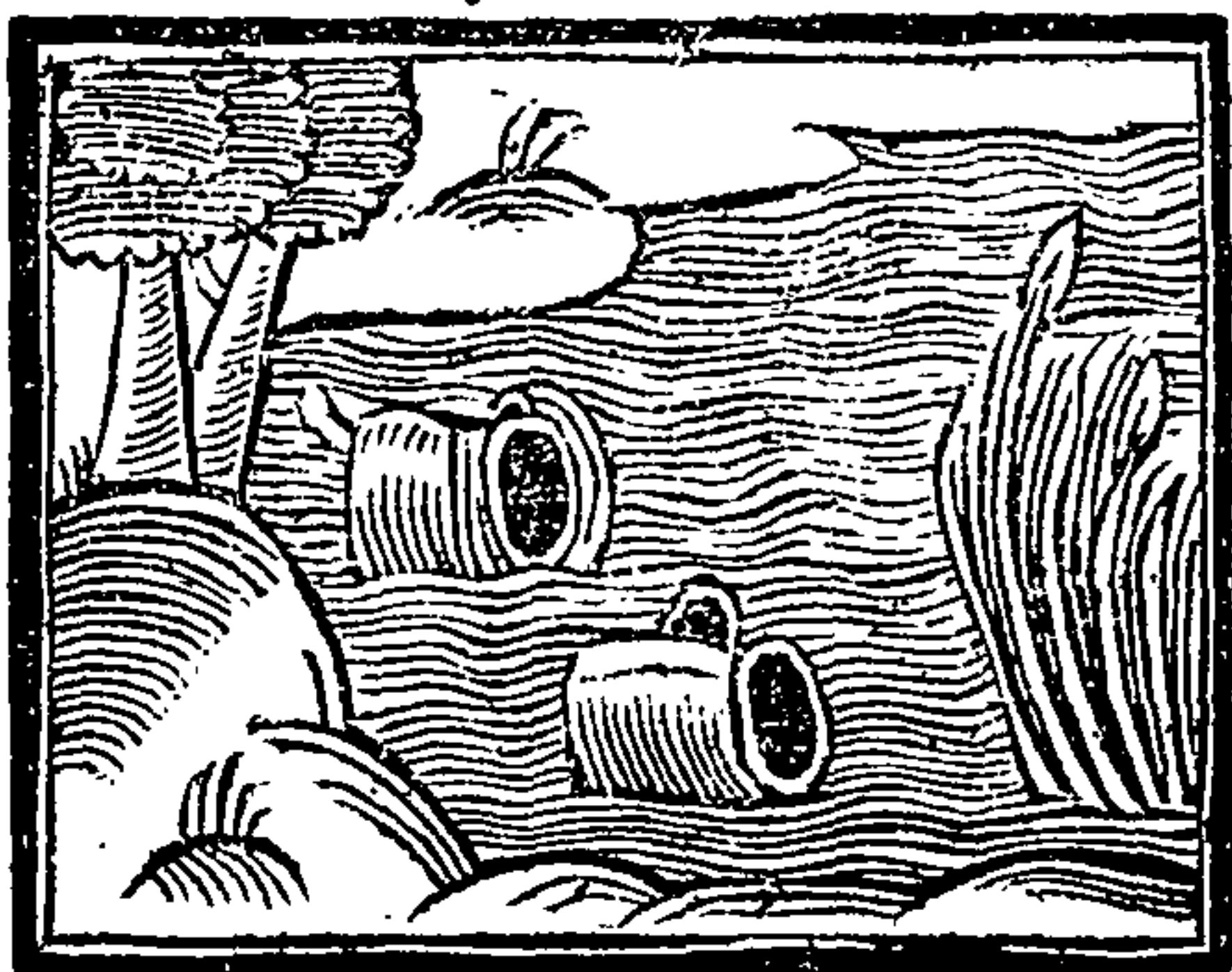
Saying, No wonder strange Hairs off are blown,
Since they could not keep on which were my own.

The Moral.

*When Men are jeer'd, it is the wisest way
To jest it off, not to commence a Fray.*

F A B. 96.

Of two Pots.



TWO Pots stood on the Bank, the one was of Clay, the other of Brass. The Force of the Stream carries both away. The Clay-Pot fearing to be broken, the Brass-Pot bid it not fear, he would take sufficient Care that they should not be broken. Then the other answered, Whether the River dash me against thee, or thee against me, which way soever, I shall be in the Danger; wherefore most certainly I will divide from thee.

The Moral.

It is better living with an equal Companion, than with one that is more potent; for by the more potent thou may'st be prejudiced, but not he by thee.

Within a Pool two Pots together meet (fleet
One Earth, the other Brass; but the Earth too
For the slow Brass, is swiftly born away:
The Brass-Pot calls, and prays the Earthen stay,
That

That they might ride together. No, replies
 The Earthen Pot, great Danger in it lies:
 For should I float near thee, thy harder Side
 Jostled 'gainst mine by the unconstant Tide,
 Would crush my brittle Ribs, and therefore I
 At Distance hold the most Security.

The Moral.

*Scorn not thy Equals, nor associate
 Thy self with those whose Pow'r exceeds thy State;
 For if thou chance with such to disagree,
 Thou canst not them, but they may injure thee.*

F A B. 97.

Of the Country-man and Fortune.



THE Country-man while he was at Plough, found a
 Treasure in the Furrows; he gives Thanks to the
 Ground which had brought it forth. Fortune per-
 ceiving that no Worship was given to her, thus spake
 to her self, This Fool having found a Treasure, is
 not thankful at all, but when he hath once lost it, he
 will with Cries and Prayers sollicite me first of all.

The Moral.

*For a good Turn received we are thankful to him that
 merits well of us; but Ingratitude deserves to be deprived
 of that Good he hath received.*

A Man whose Plough-share had encountered
 A Pot of Gold, Thanksgiving offered
 Unto the Goddess of the Earth, and rears
 A green Turf Altar, which her Image bears;
 Returns to plough, without Devotion paid
 To Fortune. Whereat she offended, said,
 I have no Thanks, by whom this Treasure came;
 But when 'tis lost, I shall bear all the Blame.

The Moral.

*To those who Thanks deserve, still thankful be,
 Lest you want Help in worst Extremity.*

F A B. 98.

Of the Peacock and the Crane.



THE Peacock and the Crane sup together. The Peacock boasts of himself, spreads his Tail, flights the Crane. The Crane confesseth the Peacock had fine Feathers; but he, while the Peacock scarcely could fly up to the House-top, with gallant Flight could pierce the Clouds.

The Moral.

Let no Man under-value another; every one hath his Lot, every one his Vertue. He that wants what Vertue thou enjoyest, possibly may have what thou wantest.

THE

THE gay-plum'd Peacock, with a coy Disdain,
 Slights the *mean* Cloathing of the long-beak'd Crane,
 And tells her, she much of her State did want,
 And costly Rayment. Quoth the Crane, I grant
 Thy Outside's fairer ; but what Use, I pray,
 Serve thy fine Plumes for ? Mine inforce a Way
 Thorow the purer Air, when thou alone
 Stalk'st on the Earth for Boys to gaze upon.

The Moral.

*Despise not thy Inferiours, because they
 Walk in a Homely Black, or Country Grey,
 While thou art clad in Silks : Their Minds may be
 Richer than all thy Golden Pedigree.*

F A B. 99.

Of the Oak and the Reed,



BY a strong South-wind the Oak is shattered and
 cast into the River ; and while it floated, some
 of the Boughs hang upon the Reed, wonders that the
 Reed in so great a Wind stood safe : She answers, By
 yielding and giving way, I rest secure : I bend to the
 South and North-wind, yea, to every Wind ; and no
 wonder that the Oak goes down, which is ambitious
 to oppose and resist.

The

The Moral. Resist not him that is more potent; but overcome him by giving way and yielding: Which the most eloquent Poet Virgil teacheth elegantly:

O Sir! let's follow Fate, whate'er's our Doom:
By Patience all Things we shall overcome.

A Fierce strong Wind an Oak top-heavy blew
Into a River, on whose Bank it grew,
Which floating, spies a Plat of Reeds that stood
And grew in despite of the Wind and Flood;
The Oak then wond'ring at it, doth demand
How a weak Reed 'gainst Wind and Stream could stand
The Reeds return an Answer, brief, but plain,
By moving I thus un-remov'd remain;
And I admire not that your hold you mist,
Since you refus'd to yield, and would resist.

The Moral.

Contend not with the Potent, but give way;
Their Rage and Fury will in Time decay.

F A B. 100.

Of the Tiger and the Fox.



THE Huntsman pursues the wild Beasts with Arrows. The Tiger bids all the Beasts stand away, he alone would maintain the War. The Huntsman goes on

on to shoot. By-and-by the Tiger is wounded; the Fox seeing him fly out of the Battle, and drawing out the Dart, asked him, Who had so cruelly wounded so stout a Beast? He answers, He knew not the Author of his Wound; but by the Largeness of the Wound, he guessed it was some Man.

The Moral.

Valiant Men are most commonly Rash, whereas Art overcomes Strength, and Policy Fortitude.

AN Archer wounding many Beasts, the fierce Andrav'nous Tiger thinks no Shaft can pierce His speckled Skin; and bids them no more fear, He'd guard them safe from any Danger near. Which scarcely spoke, the Archer him espy'd, And lodg'd a deadly Arrow in his Side. Whereat amaz'd, the Tiger 'gins to start, And flying, breaks in two the wounding Dart. Whom the Fox meeting in his Flight, requests, That he would tell him among all the Beasts, Which gave him that sore Wound? The Tiger cries With fainting Voice, His secret Enemies: He not descry'd when he receiv'd the same, But surely thought it from some Archer came.

The Moral.

Some rashly so, with Valour spurr'd, pursue Their fatal Ends, which Policy might eschew.

F A B. 101.

Of the Bulls and the Lion.

T Here were four Bulls who resolv'd to live and die one with another. The Lion saw them feeding together, and altho' he was an hungry, yet while they were united, he was afraid to set upon them. First he endeavours by deceitful Words to divide them, then he tears them in pieces, being divided.

The Moral.

Nothing more firm than Concord. Discord renders even those that are valiant, feeble.

F Our Bulls at Pasture undisturbed feed,
 By Beasts of Prey, while they within the Mead
 Together keep; nor did the Lion dare
 To seize on them 'till they divided were,
 And by his Policy afunder led;
 Then one by one upon each single Head
 He violently flew, and piece-meal tore
 Those whom he durst not venture on before.

The Moral.

*Nothing's like Concord firm; but if they break
 That Knot, the strongest Kingdoms become weak.*

F A B.

F A B. 102.

Of the Fir-tree and the Bush.



THE Fir-tree is reported once to have despised the Shrubs. She boasts that she was tall, and was used in Buildings, and stood with a Sail in Ships, and that the Shrubs were low, base, and useless, whose Answer was this, Thou indeed, O Fir-tree, boastest of thy Goodness, and insultest over our Unhappiness; but withal, neither dost thou relate thy own Mishap, and omittest our Benefit. When thou shalt be cut down with a sounding Ax, how would'st thou wish to be like us which are secure?

The Moral.

The highest Condition hath its Unhappiness; and the lowest Condition its Benefit. To say no more, This State is secure and safe; that, not without Fear nor Danger. Hercules sings in his Lyrics,

The loftiest Towers are brought under:

The highest Mountains struck with Thunder.

A Stately Tree with tall aspiring height
Swoln proud, begins a little Bush to flight;
With these disdainful Words; Dost thou not see,
Deformed Shrub, my State excelling thee?
How useful now I am, and can support
The stately Palace of a Prince's Court,

When useless thou rejected stand'st, of none
 Regarded, but to feed the Fire alone ;
 This said, a Labourer with his keen Bill
 Hews down the Tree, the Bush stood growing still ;
 Who answers thus in Scoffs, If this be all
 Thy State, rare Tree, so suddenly to fall,
 I thank Dame Nature, who hath made me low,
 And after you to let me stand or grow.

The Moral.

*Ambition, here described by the Tree,
 Shews how unconstant worldly Honour be.
 The Bush declares a mean Estate, content
 Still with its own, not t' envy others bent.
 The Labourer true Justice, which plucks down
 Ambitious Pride, e'er to full height 'tis grown.*

FAB. 103.

Of the Lark and her Young ones.



THe Lark adviseth her Young ones, being laid in
 the standing Corn, that, while she was absent,
 they diligently give heed whether there by any Speech
 concerning the Season of the Year. The anxious
 Young ones declare to their Dam (coming from
 feeding)

feeding) that the Lord of the Field had let out the work to his Neighbours. There's no Danger, quoth the Dam. On another Day, the young ones being in a Fright, tell her that the Friends of the Lord were intreated to reap. Again the Dam charges them to rest secure. The third time, as soon as ever she heard the Lord himself, with his Son, determine the next Morning to enter the Harvest with a Scythe, now (quoth the Dam) 'tis high Time for us to be gone, I fear'd not the Neighbours and Friends, because I knew they were not forward to come. I stand in awe of the Master, for the Business is a Delight to him.

The Moral.

We are slothful most of us in other Mens Business. But if thou wouldst have any thing well looked after, commit it not to another, but look too it thyself.

A Lark in standing Corn had hatch'd a Brood,
Which she commands (flying abroad for Food)
To be attentive what the Owner said
Of the Fields reaping. They, poor Birds, afraid,
Tell her the Neighbours were to come next Day
To reap the Corn; and wish themselves away.
Fear not, my little Birds, reply'd the Dam;
They will not come. 'Twas true; no Neighbours came.
Next time the Dame came to her Young with Food,
She was informed by her fearful Brood,
The Owners Friends were bid next Day to come
To reap the Field, and then would be their Doom.
Chear up, my Birds, said she, we fear no Friends.
Next Day they tell her, The Owner intends
To reap the Corn next Morning with his Son:
Nay then, said she, 'tis time that we were gone.

The Moral.

*Neighbours and Friends are backward; who intends
To have things soon done, must make his hands his Friends.*

F A B. 104.

Of the Covetous and Envious Man.



TWO Men prayed to *Jupiter*, a covetous and an envious Man. *Jupiter* sends *Apollo*, that by him he may satisfy their Desires. He gives them free Liberty to wish for what they would, on this Condition, that whatsoever one desired, the other might receive double. The covetous Man is at a long Stand, deeming nothing enough; at last he desires not a few things, his Fellow receives double. Moreover, the envious Man asked this, That he might lose one of his Eyes; being glad that his Fellow should be punished with the Loss of both.

The Moral.

What can satisfy Covetousness? But nothing more mad than Envy, which if it may hurt another, cares not what mischief it doth to it self.

A Covetous and Envious Man require Jointly that *Jove* would grant them their Desire: *Jove* sends *Apollo* to hear their Suits, and grant To each of them what may supply their Want. Who bids them speak the Full of their Demands, And what the first ask'd, in the others Hands, Should doubly be bestow'd: The covetous Man, Whose boundless Wish no Treasure limit can;
Strives

Strives therefore to be last, by his Delay,
Hoping to bear a double Sum away.

Apollo then commands the other speak,
Who willingly doth thus his Silence break,
And of the God maliciously request,
To lose one Eye; contented so to rest,
That th'other might lose both. Ah! wretched Mind,
Wou'd harm himself, to make another blind!

The Moral.

*What more insatiate than the boundless Mind
Of Usurers, to purchase Wealth inclin'd:
Unless by Envy equaliz'd, whose Will
Would wound it self to work another's Ill.*

F A B. 105.

Of the Crow and the Pitcher.



THE thirsty Crow finds a Pitcher of Water, but the Pitcher was deeper than that the Crow could come at the Water. She endeavours to pour out the Water, but cannot. Forthwith gathering little Pebbles out of the Sand, she cast them into the Pot. By this Means the Water is raised, and the Crow drinks.

The Moral.

That which sometimes thou canst not do by Strength, thou shalt effect by Wisdom and Policy.

A Crow, to quench her Thirst, seeks far and near
 For Water, but can find none any where,
 Save what i'th' Bottom of a Vessel lay
 Too deep to reach; which seen, she did essay
 To overthrow the Vessel, but in vain
 She strove, and could not her Desire attain.
 Who therefore now perceiving Strength to fail,
 Resolves to try if Policy can prevail;
 And gath'ring many Pebbles, dropt them in,
 Until the bubbling Water did begin
 T' ascend the Top. So she with Ease obtain'd
 That which had else been from her Reach restrain'd.

The Moral.

*Force is not always prevalent, but Wit
 And Policy oft-times the Conquest get.
 By that th' Epirean Scanderbeg withstood
 The Turk, and all his trembling Multitude.*

F A B. 106.

Of the Lion and Huntsman.



THe Lion wrangled with the Huntsman, and prefers his Valour before the Strength of Man. After a long Contention, the Hunter leads him to a stately Tomb, whereupon was engraven a Lion laying his Head in the Lap of a Man. The Lion denies that to be a sufficient Evidence, saying, Men may carve what they please; if Lions were Artificers, they would carve a Man under the Feet of a Lion.

The Moral. Every one to his Ability speaks, and does what may be most advantageous to his Party and Cause.

A Man and Lion walking in their way
 Espied a stony Pillar to display
 Graven thereon the Image of a Man,
 Which had a Lion conquered; so began
 A while to gaze, then some Discourses hold,
 Whilst thus the Man the Emblem did unfold:
 See, mighty Beast, how strong and stout we are,
 When one sole Man's become a Conqueror,
 And masters one of you. To whom agen
 The Lion answers, Could Beasts paint like Men,
 You'd find that Lions on more Men have fed,
 Than by Men ever have been vanquished.

The Moral.

*Vain Boasters here are shown, who brag t' have done
Acts which they never durst to adventure on.*

F A B. 107.

Of the Boy and the Thief.



A Boy sits over the Well weeping, the Thief asked the cause why he cried? The Boy answers, That the String breaking, he had let fall a Pot of Gold into the Water. The Man puts off his Cloaths, leaps into the Well, seeks it; not finding the Pot, he comes up out of the Well, and there finds neither the Boy nor his Coat; for the Boy had taken the Coat and run away.

The Moral.

They are sometimes deceived who use to deceive others.

AS a young Boy sat weeping by a Well,
A Thief repairs to him, and bad him tell
The Causes of his Grief. The crafty Child
Replies, O Sir, This Rope hath me beguil'd;
Which when I thought to draw a Pot of Gold,
Too weak so great and rich a Weight to hold,
Asunder broke. The Thief believes the Boy,
And leaying's Cloak, descends the Well with Joy:
But

But finds no Gold; his Labour was as vain,
 As his Desire was of unlawful Gain.
 So back he comes; but neither could he find
 The Boy, nor yet the Cloak he left behind:
 For while the Thief, in hope to get a Prey,
 Went down, the Boy with it was fled away.

The Moral.

*So Craft oft-times the Craftiest deceives,
 And Nets for Thieves in their own Cunning weaves.*

F A B. 108.

Of the Country-man and the Ox.



THE Country-man had an Ox which could not indure tying or yoking. The Man, being cunning, cut off his Horns (for with the Horns he pushed) then he yokes him, not to the Waggon, but to the Plough, that, as he was wont, he might not kick his Master with his Heel. He held the Plough himself, being glad that by his Industry he had brought it to pass that he might now be safe both from his Horns and Heels. But what became of it? The Ox forthwith resisting, by scraping with his Heels, covers the Face and Head of the Country-man with Sand.

The

The Moral.

There are some so untractable, that they can be dealt withal by no Cunning, by no Counsel.

AN Ox impatient to bear the Yoke,
 Could not be tam'd, tho' many a furious Stroke
 His Master lent him oft; but in proud Scorns
 Would still oppose the Keeper with his Horns.
 He therefore cuts them off, in hope that way
 To curb him, and his Stubbornness allay.
 But that prevail'd not: when the Ox did feel
 The Want of Horns, he finds as light a Heel;
 Which when his Master saw that he could find
 No Means that might him to Subjection bind,
 He sells him to the Slaughter; for Death can
 Prevail above the Strength of any Man.

The Moral.

*Rebellious Subjects, like the Ox must be
 Chastized so by pow'rful Majesty,
 And if in Disobedience still they stand,
 Feel the sharp Rigour of the Law's Command.*

Of the Satyr and the Traveller.



THE Satyr, which in Times past was held for God of the Groves, taking pity of a Traveller cover'd with Snow, and almost dead with Cold, brings him into his Cave, refreshes him with Fire, asked him the Reason why he blowed his Hands? That they may be warm, quoth he. Afterwards, when they sat down to Meat, the Traveller blow'd his Pancake. Being asked, Why he did it? That it might cool, quoth he. Forthwith the Satyr turning him out of Doors, says, I will not lodge any Man in my Cave, that hath a Mouth of contrary Tempers.

The Moral.

Beware thou entertain not a Man to live with thee, who hath a double Tongue, and who is a Proteus in his Language.

A Satyr (such for Gods the Ancients held To guard the Woods) within a Desert dwell'd, And out of Pity to a Traveller gave Kind Entertainment, led him to his Cave, And bid him Welcome, where, with Cold, the Man Benumb'd, to blow his Finger's Ends began. The Satyr ask'd the Cause? The Man replies, His Breath did cause a Warmth thereon to rise.

This

This pass'd: The Satyr gives him Pottage hot
 And scalding, newly taken from the Pot.
 Into the which again the Man doth blow:
 Of whom the Satyr asks, why he did so?
 The Man replies, To cool them. Canst thou then,
 Says the old Satyr, heat and cool again
 All with one Breath? None shall remain with me
 Within whose Mouth is such Variety.

The Moral.

*By Breath is here express'd a double Tongue,
 That can speak fair, when th' Heart intends most Wrong:
 And to the Face, though golden Word to feign,
 Behind thy Back will slander thee again.*

F A B. 110.

Of the Boar and the Country-man.



THE Boar spoiling the Corn, the Country-man
 cut off his Ear; taking him the second time, he
 cut off the other. But the Boar coming again, he
 takes him and carries him into the City, designing him
 for the Dainties of his Master. The Boar being car-
 ved at Dinner, there's no Heart to be found. The
 Master

Master being angry, required it of the Cook. The Bayliff made Answer, Master, it is no wonder you find no Heart, I believe the foolish Boar had none; for if he had an Heart, at his Penalty he would not have come again into my Corn. This said the Country-man; but all the Guests set up a loud Laughter at the Folly of the Country-man.

The Moral.

The Life of many Men is so heartless, that you may question whether they have a Heart or no.

A Clown cut off an Ear of a wild Boar
That spoil'd his Corn, and bid him come no more.
The Boar again is taken there; the Man
Lops off his other Ear. But neither can
That keep the Boar away, who comes again;
And for his Folly is the third time slain.
Which he a Present to his Landlord sent,
Who him for it abates a Quarter's Rent.
The Boar is drest, and to the Lord's Board brought.
But when in vain he for the Heart long fought;
And found it not, he chafes, and chides the Cook;
Saying, That he, base Knave, the Boar's Heart took:
Sir, under Favour, quoth the Clown, the Beast
Was never sure of Heart or Brains possess:
For had he either had, he had forborn
To urge his Death the third time in my Corn.

The Moral.

*Some Men so live, that scarce can any know
Whether they have a Heart or Brains, or no.*

F A B. III.

Of the Ox and the Rat,



THe Rat bit the Ox's Heel, and ran into his Hole
 The Ox shakes his Horns, enquires for his Enemy,
 fees him not. The Rat laughs at him. Because
 thou art strong and huge (quoth the Rat) thou must
 not therefore scorn every Body. Now even the little
 Rat in spite of thy teeth hath hurt thee.

The Moral.

*It is a common Proverb, which I might express more
 significantly in our own Language. Let no Man be too
 heedless of his Enemy; in the Latin thus: Nemo hostem
 suum flocci pendat.*

AN Ox the little Rat had spurn'd,
 For which the angry Vermine turn'd,
 And by the Heel the Ox did bite:
 Toward her Hole then takes her Flight.
 The Ox pursues, but cannot spy
 The Vermine, she so close did lie.
 Whereat the Rat thus scoffs the great
 And burly Beast, My Friend, retreat,
 You vainly stay. I'm here secure,
 And can thy Hates and Treats endure.
 Learn therefore hence, let me advise,
 No more small Creatures to despise:

For

For now you see a little Rat
Can be reveng'd, if kicked at.

The Moral.

*Grow not secure, because you know
Your Power stronger than your Foe:
For watchful Foes, though weak, may be
Revenged of an Enemy.*

F A B. 112.

Of the Country-man and Hercules.



THE Country-man's Waggon sticks in the deep Mire. The Country-man forthwith in a wretched manner implores the Help of *Hercules*. A Voice thunders from Heaven. Fool, saith it, whip thy Horses, and set thy Shoulders to the Wheels, and then call upon *Hercules*; for then invoked, he will be present.

The Moral.

Lazy Wishes come to nothing, which truly God hears not. Help thy self, as they say, and then God will afford thee Assistance.

A Clown, whose Cart stuck fast in dirty way,
Lying along to *Hercules* did pray
For Aid. A Voice in Thunder straight replies
From Heaven, Thou Lout, thou unform'd Lump, arise,
And

And lay thy helping Hand unto some Spoke;
 So drive thy Horse, and then the God invoke;
 Who will not fail to help thee at thy Need,
 When as thy Pray'r is second to thy Deed,
 The Moral.

*Mens lazy Prayers never reach so high
 As the Acceptance of the Deity:
 Let thy Endeavour with thy Vote still cleave,
 To ask in Faith, and thou shalt sure receive.*

F A B. 113.
 Of the Goose.



THere was a Goose which layed Golden Eggs, every Day one. Her Master, that on a sudden he might be rich, kills the Goose, hoping to find a Treasure within her. But finding the Goose empty, the poor Man is amaz'd, and anxiously laments and takes on, that he had lost the Thing he looked for, and also his Hope.

The Moral.

Desires are to be moderated. We must take heed that we be not over-hasty and rash; for too much haste is hurtful and he that hunts after more than is fitting, sometimes meets nothing.

ONE had a Goose that every Day
 Eggs of the purest Gold did lay,
 Yet not content with that, her Lord
 Thought she more Profit might afford,
 And make him quickly rich, if he
 Should rip her, and possessed be
 Of all her Store, not waiting still
 For single Egg's, as pleas'd her Will
 To bring them forth; which he effected,
 But mist the Treasure he expected:
 For she being dead, the Eggs were gone,
 And in her Paunch he found not one;
 But sighs that he had lost both Store,
 And Hopes of ever having more.

The Moral.

*Wouldst thou grow rich? Then limit thy Desire,
 And strive not in one Moment to acquire
 The Sum of all thy Hopes, lest seeking all
 Thou all do lose, and into Ruin fall.*

F A B. 114.

Of the Ape and her two Young-ones.



THE Ape, as they say, when she brought forth
 Twins, loved the one, and slighted the other: she

was

was with her Young ones, and when a Fright came upon her, she, to avoid the Danger, catches that which she loved, in her Arms, which (while she flies in all haste) she dashed against a Stone and killed : That which was disregarded, cleaved fast to her rough Back when her Dame fled, and so remained secure.

The Moral.

It often comes to pass, that Parents through their too much Indulgence, are an Occasion of much Evil and Danger to that Child which they affect most dearly, when as he, whom they least love, becomes the most hardy and honest.

AN Ape produced Twins, and did affect
 One dearly, but the other quite neglect;
 Whom as the Hunters one Day did pursue,
 While with all Speed she from their Presence flew,
 Within her paws her Darling close she kept,
 The other on her Back for Safety leapt,
 And hung there close, not hindring her at all :
 When followed hard, she let her lov'd one fall,
 Not daring longer hold it, lest both they
 And she might so become the Hunters Prey.
 And so that which she least affected, bore
 With Life away : when Hounds the other tore.

The Moral.

*Too too indulgent Parents so,
 While they on one do tender grow,
 Too nice an Education takes
 From th' Hardness of his Youth, and makes
 Him far more subject to Mischances stand,
 Than those they foster'd with less cockering Hand.*

F. A. B. 115.

Of the Ox and the Bullock.



THe Ox being now grown ancient, daily drew the Plow, the Bullock being idle, skipt out in the Neighbours Pastures, and at length insults over the Fortune of his Elder. He boasts, that he knew not what belonged to yoke or tying, he was free and idle; but that his (*sc.* the old Ox) Neck was worn with Work; and lastly, that he was sleek and neat; but that he (*sc.* the old Ox) was rough and dirty. The old Ox at that time answers him nothing. Shortly after he saw this Boaster led to sacrifice, and then after this manner he speaks to him, What is your easie Life now come to? Your secure Idleness hath brought you to the Slaughter. Now (as I suppose) you would rather advise me to labour, which guards me, than to Idleness, which hath brought thee to they Death.

The Moral.

Work and Watchfulness is requisite to the right ordering of our Lives. But a slothful Person, and one that is given to pleasure, shall have that End of his Business, which he would be loth to have.

AN idle Calf whose Neck no Yoke had worn,
 Did an old Ox, that each day labour'd, scorn;
 Boast his smooth Neck, his Pasturage to free,
 Extreamly glorying in his Liberty.

Then

Then frisking round the Field, insults again
 Over the Ox, and twits him for his Pain,
 And yoke gall'd Neck. The patient Ox affords
 The insulting Calf no discontented Words.
 Soon after this, the Calf is led away
 For Sacrifice; to whom the Ox doth say,
 Such the Rewards are of your idle Life,
 Those fading Garlands, and the Priest's keen Knife.
 Had you not better work'd, and Life extend,
 Than through dull Ease to make so quick an end?

The Moral.

*Industrious Men most often longer live,
 Than who themselves do unto Pleasures give.*

F A B. 116.

Of the Dog and the Lion.



THE Dog meets the Lion, jeers at him, alas poor Wretch! almost famished, why dost thou coast over the Woods and By-Places? Look here, I am fat and fair liking; and this I get not by Toil, but Ease; then said the Lion, Thou hast indeed thy Dainties, but withal thy Chains. Be thou a Slave, who canst live so; I am free, neither will I be a Slave.

The

The Moral.

The Lion answereth handsomely; for Liberty is better than any thing whatsoever.

A Well-fed Dog did with a Lion meet,
Both lean and wand'ring whom he thus did greet;
Why do you always traverse Field and Wood,
Half hunger-starv'd, to seek a little Food?
Behold how plump and sleek I am; and yet
I neither labour for my Food, nor sweat,
But live in Ease. Come then, ne'er dread a Chain,
A Clog or Whip, like dainty Fare to gain.

The Royal Brut replies, That he will starve,
Before that he for Bits and Knocks will serve.

The Moral.

*They are not Men, but slavish Curs that shall
For Belly-Cheat their free-born Souls intral.*

F A B. 117.

Of the Fishes.



THE River-fish is carried by Force of the Stream into the Sea, where boasting of her Nobility, she scorns the Sea-kind. The Sea-Calf would not indure this, but said, Then will thy Nobility appear, if thou beest taken with the Sea-Calf, and carried to the Market. I am bought of Nobles, and thou of the Vulgar.

The

The Moral.

Many are so taken with a Desire of Glory, that they set out and boast themselves. The Commendation that comes from a Man's self, is no Commendation, but entertain'd with a Derision from the Hearers.

A River-fish was by the Stream convey'd
 Into the Sea, where he began t' upbraid
 The Sea-fish as ignoble, and to slight
 Them as but vile in his most noble Sight.
 The Sea-Calf brooks not this, but doth reply,
 Their Worth's best Tryal is in them that buy,
 Then it appears, when both are took and brought
 Into the Market; from whence we are bought
 By Peers and Gentry; whereas thou, poor Fish,
 No higher swimm'st than to a mean Man's Dish.

The Moral.

*Mens Praises out of others Mouths are known,
 And sound much better than out of their own.*

F A B. 118.

Of the Leopard and the Fox.



THe Leopard, whose Skin is spotted, began to look
 big, the other wild Beasts, and the very Lions
 being

being scorned by him. The Fox comes to him, adviseth him not to be so proud, telling him he had indeed a specious Skin, but that himself had a specious Mind.

The Moral.

There is a Difference and Order of good Things, the Goods of the Body exceed those of Fortune. It's fit the good Things of the Mind should be preferr'd before both.

THE Leopard looking on his spotted Skin,
 Swells big with scornful Pride, and doth begin
 All the wild Beasts to slight; the Lions too
 Deformed in his puffed-up Fancy shew,
 Whom the Fox meeting, counsels to lay by
 That unbecoming Pride; for outwardly
 Though fair he seem'd to be, yet he should find
 Others excel in Vertues of the Mind:

Which was the noblest Treasure, and will raise
 To Bliss, when all his Earthly Pomp decays.

The Moral.

*As th' Health of Body's more preferr'd than are
 All Gifts of Fortune, howsoever fair:
 So 'bove both these, that Health esteem'd should be,
 That keeps the Mind and Understanding free
 From apprehending Fancies proud and vain,
 Or other fond Diseases of the Brain.*

F A B. 119.

Of the Fox and the Cat.

WHen on a time the Fox in Discourse, which he had with the Cat, bragged, that he had several Wiles, infomuch, that he had a Budget full of Tricks. But the Cat answered, That she had one shift only to reply upon, if any Danger should befall her. As they were talking, on a sudden they hear the Cry of a swift Pack of Hounds. Then the Cat leaps up into a very high Tree, whereas the Fox in the Interim, being surrounded with a Kennel of Hounds, is taken.

The Moral.

This Fable intimates, that one onely Device, so that it be true and effectual, is better than many Deceits and frivolous Devices.

Reynard sits boasting to th' Ingenious Cat,
 What sev'ral Shifts he had, first this, then that,
 When he intends his Hunters to delude:
 I must confess, (quoth Puss) they seem full good,
 And safe withal; but I, alas, have none,
 Except it be one silly' Scape alone;

Which

Which failing, I've no more. With that a Cry
 Of full-mouth'd Hounds approach them suddenly,
 Forcing th' affrighted Fox away to flee,
 The nimble Cat skips up into a Tree,
 And sits there safe; while the Dogs by her went
 Unseen; but follow *Reynard* by the Scent,
 Whose hundred Shifts avail'd him not at all,
 The Hounds pursu'd him to his Funeral.

The Moral.

*'Tis not a Multitude of shallow Drifts
 Which shun imminent Dangers; for such Shifts
 Are not half so much prevalent as one
 With deep and solid Wit consulted on.*

F A B. 120.

Of the Ass and the Traveller.



WHen as two Men by chance had found an Ass
 in the Desarts, they began to contend between
 themselves, whether of them should lead him home,
 as his own; for he seemed to be offered by Fortune
 to both alike. In the mean time, whilst they wrangled
 about this Matter one with another, the Ass got away,
 and neither of them enjoyed him.

The Moral.

Some men fall short of present Advantages, which thro' their own Ignorance, they know not how to make use of.

THrough a wide Defart, as two Travellers pass,
They chance to see a strange and stragling Ass,
Without an Owner: wherefore they contest
Between themselves who shall possess the Beast.
They'd not be Sharers; one of them alone
Vows to be Master of it all, or none.
And so to blows they fall. The Ass perceives
The Strife, and swiftly from them flying, leaves
The Place where they contend. Who being gone,
Instead of all, the Wranglers purchas'd none.

The Moral.

*The Travellers two wrangling Neighbours are,
Who for small Trifles frivolously jar,
With vain Dissention, and too oft debate,
Inriching some, themselves they ruinate.*

F A B. 121.

Of the Beetle and the Eagle.



A Beetle, on a time, being flighted by the Eagle,
began to think of taking revenge any way He
searched

searched diligently where the Eagle had built her Nest: The Beetle crept to it, and threw down her Eggs with the like Wile. When the Eagle had often changed her dwelling, and did no good she went to *Jupiter*, her Patron, and lays open her Calamity: he grants her leave to lay her Eggs in his Lap, which were like to be in safety in that place. But the peevish Beetle crept thither also, by the Welts and Plaits of his Garment, *Jupiter* never perceiving her. Then when *Jupiter* saw the Eggs moved, and did not well mind, being astonished at the Strangeness of the matter, shaking his Lap, threw them on the Ground.

The Moral.

This Fable admonisheth us, that no Man, though he be never so little, is to be contemned.

A Beetle by the Eagle vilifi'd;
 Would be reveng'd whatever did betide.
 So having learn'd the Eagle's Nest, he flew
 Thither, and all the Eagle's Eggs down threw,
 And brake them all against the Ground: And still
 As th' Eagle shifts her Nest, he thither will,
 And doth the like. At last the Eagle moves
 Her Patron *Jove*. *Jove* her intirely loves,
 And grants his Lap to lay her Eggs in: there
 Her Eggs might be secur'd, if any where;
 But the still spiteful Beetle thither flies,
 And undiscern'd in *Jove*'s Lap's Bottom lies;
 'Till seeing the Eggs mov'd he knew not how,
Jove shook his Lap, and all to th' Ground did throw.

The Moral.

*Trust not in Might, to wrong or slight the Weak:
 The meanest Wretch his Spite may fully wreak.*

F A B. 122.

Of the Hawk that pursued the Pigeon.

When the Hawk pursued a Pigeon with a speedy Flight, entering into a Farm-house, was taken by the Country-man, whom he besought in a fair manner to let him go ; for, said he, I have done thee no hurt. To whom the Country-man made this Answer, Neither hath this Pigeon hurt thee.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, That they are deservedly punished, who strive to hurt the Innocent.

AN Hawk did eagerly pursue,
 And at the harmless Pigeon flew:
 But before she her Prey had made,
 Is in a Net by a Fowler stay'd.
 Whereat amaz'd, the Hawk began,
 Whence springs this Malice, envious Man?
 I ne'er was bent to injure thee,
 Why dost thou then injuriously
 Thus me oppress? my only Flight
 Was to suppress my Appetite;
 A Custom frequent every Day,
 And most in use with Birds of Prey

If, quoth the Man, your Hate be so,
 And 'gainst small Birds so potent grow;
 That they for no Offence must die,
 (Except to glut your Cruelty)
 The Harm 'gainst them which you intend,
 Oft falls upon your selves in th' End.

The Moral.

*Ill Deeds have ill Success; and those who steer
 B' unjust Oppression others to deprive
 Of Life or Fortune, in the End receive
 The like Reward in the same Plots they were.*

F A B. 123.

Of the Sick Afs and the Wolves that came to visit him.



AN Afs was sick, and a Report had gone abroad, that he was like to die speedily. Therefore when the Wolves and the Dogs came to visit him, and asked of the young one, how his Father did? He answers thorow a small Crevis of the Door, Better than you desire.

The Moral.

The Fable shews, that many pretend that they are troubled for the Death of others, whom yet they desire to die suddenly.

Sick of a strong Disease th' Ass keeps his Bed,
 And by his Neighb'ring Beasts is visited;
 'Mongst whom, the Wolf seems chiefly to deplore
 The Asses Grief, and faintly at the Door
 Asks of the young Ass how his Father sped?
 'Twould joy him t' hear that he recovered.
 To whom the Ass reply'd, He's better far
 Than towards him your feigned Wishes are.

The Moral.

*So many Men seem pensive oft, and sad
 For others Harms, whercof they most are glad.*

F A B. 124.

*Of the Dog that worried his Master's Sheep, by
 whom he was hanged for it.*



A Certain Shepherd committed the Tuition of his
 Sheep to his Dog, feeding him with very good
 Meat; but he oftentimes killed one Sheep or another,
 which when the Shepherd perceived, apprehending
 the Dog, was resolved to kill him. To whom the Dog
 said, Why wilt thou destroy me? I am one of your
 Family,

mily; rather kill the Wolf, who continually lays wait about your Sheepfold. Nay, quoth the Shepherd, I think you more worthy of Death than the Wolf; for he professeth himself an open Enemy, thou under the shew of Friendship, dost daily lessen my Flock.

The Moral.

This Fable shews, that they are much rather to be punished, who under the Colour of Friendship endamage us, than they who openly profess themselves our Enemies.

A Shepherd had a num'rous Flock of Sheep,
 For whose Protection he a Dog did keep;
 And fed him highly, that the Cur might be
 More careful, and with safer Custody
 Look to his Charge. Yet the insatiate Cur,
 Seeing Variety, did more prefer
 The Blood of tender Lambs, than all the Fare
 His Master fed him with; and would not spare
 The best in all the Flock, if the Delight
 Of fresh warm Meat incens'd his Appetite.
 The which his Master finding out, with rage,
 (For Patience could not such a Wrong asswage)
 Threatens his Death. The guilty Dog replies,
 Why must I die? Far greater Enemies
 Daily infest the Flock, the V Volves; let those
 Be put to death, who are professed Foes.
 Nay (quoth his Master) rather you must die;
 V Who under Friendship use Hostility.

The Moral.

*This Fable shews the Danger which attends
 A Man to confident in home-bred Friends.*

F A B. 125.

Of the Coach-man and his creaking Wheel.

THE Coachman asked his Coach, Why that Wheel which was the worst creaked, when as the other did not so? To whom the Coach said, Sick People always use to be froward and complaining.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, That Miseries are apt to provoke Men to complain.

A Coach-man driving in a full Career,
Amidst his Speed, a creaking Wheel did hear
More loud than all the rest. And asking why,
Or where the Causes lay? this short Reply
His Chariot made;

The Moral.

*Oft crazy Folk do so,
And groan when they the Pains of Sicknes show.*

F A B.

F A B. 126.

Of the Fox and the Goat.

A Fox and a Goat being thirsty, went down into a Well, where having quenched their Thirst, the Fox speaks to the Goat, who was looking about how he should get up, Take Courage, O Goat, (saith the Fox) I have invented a way how we may both return ; for thou shalt rear thy self straight up, holding thy fore-Feet against the Wall, and lean thy Horns forwards, holding down thy Chin to thy Breast ; and I skipping over thy Back and thy Horns, and getting out of the Well, will pull thee out thence afterwards. Whose Counsel the Goat relying upon, and obeying, as he commanded, the Fox skipped out of the Well, and then for Joy, danced about the Brink of the Well, and was very marry, taking no Care at all for the Goat. But when he was accused of the Goat for a League-breaker, he answered, O Goat, if thou hadst had a Mind as full of Wisdom as thy Chin is of Hairs, before thou hadst gone down, thou wouldst have been certain how thou mightest have come out again.

The

The Moral.

This Fable intimates, that a prudent Man, before he sets about any Business, should search diligently what the end will be.

THE Fox and Goat go to a Well to drink,
 Which being so deep, that standing on the brink,
 They could not reach the Water, they descend
 Both in the Bucket, and obtain their End.
 So having quench'd their Thirst, when they desire
 To wind the Bucket upward and retire, (stand
 Their Strength and Wit both fail'd them. that they
 Doubtful, what course is best to take in hand;
 But crafty Reynard (for the Goat too wise).
 For his Escape this Project did devise:
 Willing the Goat himself upright to raise,
 And 'gainst the Wall his foremost Feet to place,
 That so his Body to full Length extending,
 The Fox might on his Shoulders straight ascending;
 Get forth, and hail out him, They both agree:
 And by this Means the Fox gets Liberty;
 Which he no sooner had, but he derides
 The silly Goat, who still i' th' Well abides,
 Railing that Reynard had unjustly done,
 To break his Word, and leave him there alone;
 Yet all his Passion was but spent in vain,
 Only the Fox returned thus again;
 My Friend, did you but half that Wisdom bear,
 As in your Face does Gravity appear,
 By your long Beard, you first would learn to shun
 A Danger e'er you headlong on it run.

The Moral.

*Consult before you undertake
 A perillous Attempt, or make
 Choice of a Friend; for fear that he
 (Working on the Facility,
 To gain his Purpose) Fox-like scorn,
 And leave thee in Distress forlorn.*

F A B 127.

Of the Cock and the Partridge.



WHen a certain Man had many Cocks at Home. he permitted a Partridge which he had bought, to feed with them. But when the Cocks molested her, and pecked her with their Bills, the Partridge grieved very much at the Injury; thinking, that because she was a Stranger, and not of that kind, those Injuries were done unto her. Afterwards when the Partridge saw the Cocks fighting among themselves, casting away Sorrow of Mind, she said, For the future, indeed, I shall not be grieved, for that I see such odious Contentions among themselves.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that wise Men take patiently the Wrongs done to them, especially by those that neither know how to spare themselves, nor their Friend.

ONE having a tame Partridge, let her feed Among his Cocks; which such a hate did breed, That the bold Birds would never let her rest, But with their Spurs did strike, and still infest

The

The harmless Partridge, who impatient bears
 Their Injuries, and wails them with sad Tears,
 The more, because a Stranger. But e'er long,
 Diverting their fell Hate from her, among
 Themselves the Cocks at variance fall, and turn
 To mutual Discord. Leaving them to mourn.
 The Partridge cries, If 'twixt themselves they be
 So cross, I cannot blame their Hate to me.

The Moral.

*No Wrongs unto a wise Man should appear
 Injurious or hurtful, when they are
 Offer'd by such, whose Discords hourly raise
 Mutual Sedition, and Domestick Frays.*

F A B. 128.

Of a bragging Fellow.



A Certain Man, that had travelled a while abroad,
 after that he was come again, in a bragging
 manner told, both many brave things he had gal-
 lantly atchieved in other Countries, and that the
 most of all, That he had out-leapt them at *Rhodes*;
 and

and said, that the *Rhodians* that were present, would bear him Witness of the same. To whom one of them that stood by answering, said, O Sir, if that be true which you said, what need have you of Witnesses? Look you here where a *Rhodian* is; see! here is a Challenge to leap with thee.

The Moral.

The Fable sheweth, that where there is a real Testimony, there needs no Words.

MOST Travellers (I know not by what Fate)
 Their Vertues (boasting) seek to elevate,
 What rare Exploits they did in foreign Parts,
 How grac'd in Manners, and how skill'd in Arts;
 When they as empty and as frothy are,
 As if come lately from their Nurses Care.
 Such a New-nothing bragg'd what he had done,
 How many famous Prizes he had won
 By his Activity abroad; doth tell
 That he all *Rhodes* at Leaping did excel,
 To which those *Rhodians* which were present there,
 Without Record, still living, Witness were.
 With that a nimble Youth of costive Faith,
 Set him a Leap; and then replying, saith,
 If this be true you say, what need you cite
 The Men of *Rhodes* for Witnesses? Our Sight
 Shall testify; we'll give your Praises due,
 If by your Deeds you prove your Words are true,
 Here's equal Ground to that of *Rhodes*; lo! here
 I leap, let your Activity appear.

The Moral.

*Where Proofs are wanting, Words are vain, nor can
 They credit get, but with a simple Man.*

Of the Man that tempted Apollo.

A Certain Fellow went to *Delphos* to attempt *Apollo*, having a little Sparrow under his Cloak, which he held in his Hand, and approaching to the Trivet, he question'd him, saying, Is that which I have in my right Hand, living or dead? Intending if he had answered, Living, to have produced it dead; if Dead, alive: for he might have killed it under his Cloak before he had brought it forth. But the God discovering his crafty Subtilty, replied, O thou that comest hither to ask Counsel, do whether thou pleasest; for it is in thy Power to produce that which is in thy Hand, either living or dead.

The Moral.

This Fable declares, that nothing is hidden from, or can deceive the Divine Understanding.

AN unbelieving crafty Knave would try
 Th' Oracle of the *Delphick* Deity;
 Whether thence Truth or Error issued,
 In his Right Hand, which his Cloak covered.

He held a little Sparrow, with which he
 Approach'd the Image of the Deity:
 And thus demands, What in my Hand I have,
 Is it alive or dead? The subtle Knave,
 Had the God answered, Dead, meant to produce
 The Bird alive, *Apollo* to abuse:
 And if the God, It is alive, had said,
 The Knave would quickly her have squeezed dead,
 And shew'd it. But the Deity espy'd
 The Villains Craft, to which he thus reply'd ;
 Whether thou wilt, it is at thy dispose,
 To kill or save the Bird thy Hand doth close.

The Moral.

*Nothing can be hid from God's all-seeing Eye,
 Nor any Craft delude the Deity.*

F A B. 130.

Of the Woman and her Hen.



A Certain Widow-woman had a Hen laid an Egg every day. The Woman thought, after the Fashion of the World (having a greedy mind) that the Hen would lay twice a day, if she used to feed

feed her better; but the Hen growing fatter with more feeding, gave over laying that one Egg. So the Woman from that Time that she sought more after Profit, lost it, out of blind Desire to enhance it.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that sometimes present Profit is lost by a Desire of more things.

A Widow Woman had a Hen did lay
 (Not intermitting) one Egg every Day.
 But yet the greedy Woman not content
 To have of her that fair Emolument,
 Simply conceived that her Hen would lay,
 If she were better fed, Two Eggs a Day,
 And cram'd her, till the Hen so fat was grown,
 Instead of two Eggs, she could lay not one.

The Moral.

*Fat Panches make lean Pates, and dainty bits
 Enrich the Ribs, but bankrupt quite the Wits.*

F A B. 131.

Of the Man whom the Dog had bitten.



A Man bitten by a Dog, went about to every
 Body, begging Cure; and he met with one, who
 knowing the Quality of the Disease, said, If thou in-
 deed

deed, Friend, wouldst recover, take a piece of Bread dipped in the Blood of the Wound, and give it the Dog which bit thee, to eat. To which he made this Reply, Truly if I do that, I am worthy to be bitten by all the Dogs in the City.

The Moral.

Wicked Man receiving the greatest Favours, are encouraged to greatest Mischiefs.

ONE bitten by a Cur, inquires what Cure,
What could assuage the Pain he did indure,
Of one that came to visit him: Who said,
Dip in the bloody Wound a Piece of Bread,
And feed the Dog therewith. Not I, quoth he,
For then from Wounds I never shall be free.

Were such an Act one bruited up and down,
I should be bit by every Dog in Town.

The Moral.

*Some currish Natures Benefits requite
With Wrongs and Slanders, Injuries and Spite.*

F A B. 132.

Of the Beaver biting of his Stones.



THE Beaver above all four-footed Beasts, is said to remain in the Water, and that his Genitals are very

very commodious for Physick, he perceiving himself near taking by the Hunters (for he knew the Reason why they pursued him) biteth off his Stones, and throwing them towards them that pursued him, by this Means escapes safe.

The Moral.

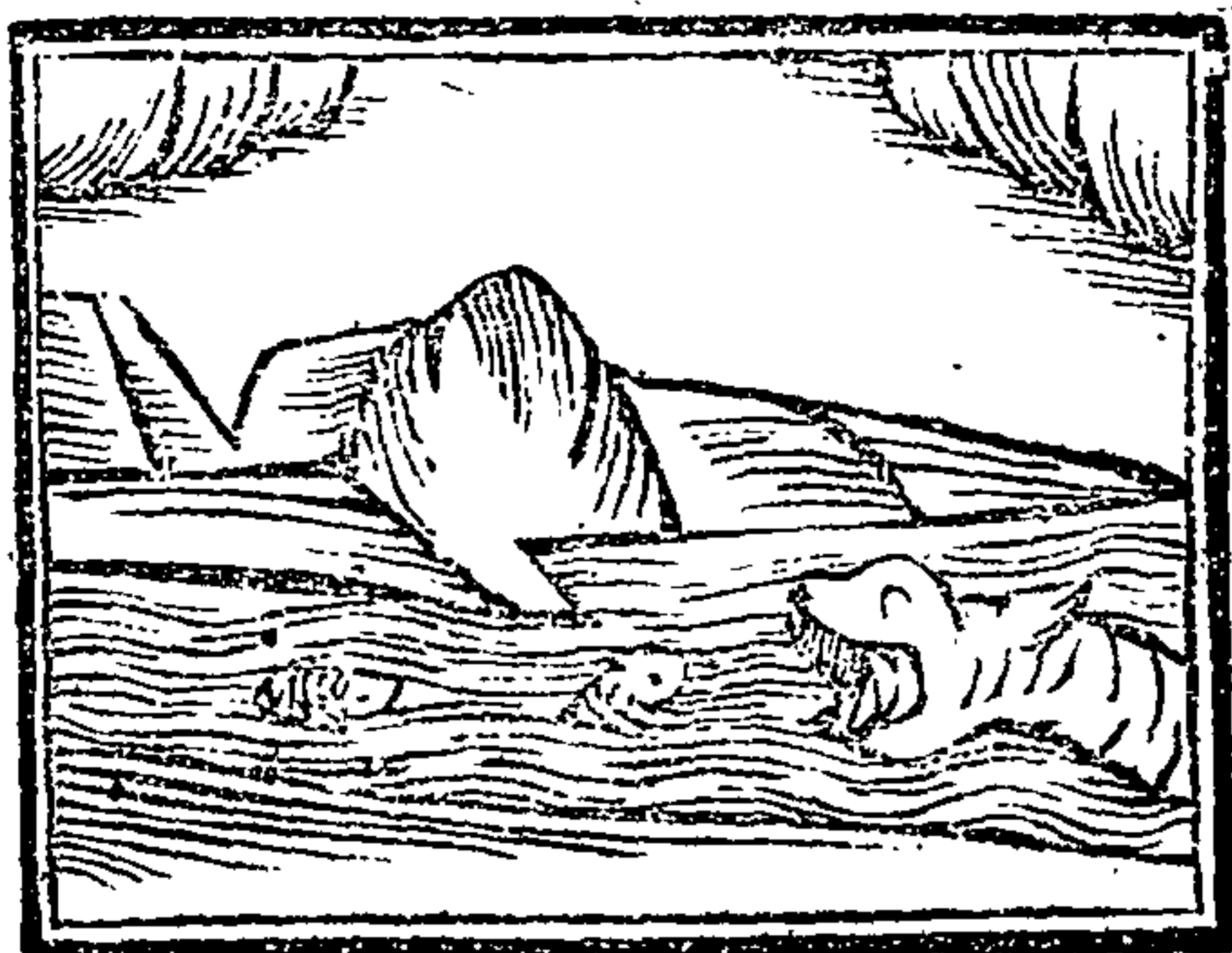
This Fable sheweth, That Wise Men ought by this Example to have no regard of their Wealth for the obtaining of Safety.

Naturalists say that Bevers most frequent (As Otters do) the liquid Element His Genitals, a Sov'reign Medicine are, For which respect Hunters no Labour spare Him to attack. But by Nature's Foresight, To save himself, he off his Stones doth bite, In view of his Pursuers; wherewith they (The purchase made) desist; he scapes away.

The Moral.

Thus wise Men save their Lives with their Wealth's loss, To keep his Gold, who would not part with Dross.

F A B. 133.

Of the Tunny and the Dolphin.

A Tunny, as he fled from a Dolphin that pursued him with a full Career, and was near taking, threw himself into a narrow Creek; the Dolphin also with his very Force, was dash'd upon another like unto it; at which the Tunny looking back, and seeing him gasping, said, Now Death is not at all grievous to me, seeing him who was the cause of my Death, perisheth with me.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that Men bear their miseries patiently, when they see them miserable who were the causes of their miseries.

A Tunny by a Dolphin chas'd too close,
To make escape, above the Waters rose,
And shot himself upon a hollow Cliff,
His Foe avoiding by a desperate Shift,
But not his Death: For the Cliff being high,
Could not with Water her again supply.

For

For want of which, she, ready to expire,
Beheld the Dolphin fetter'd in the Mire,
Through his o'er violent Pursuit, and cries,
O welcome Object to my dying Eyes!

Now Death's not grievous, since I him descry
Expiring too, who caused me to die.

The Moral.

*Thus wronged Men are seem'd eas'd, to see
Their Persecutor in Adversity.*

F A B. 134.

Of the Fortune-teller.



A Certain Fortune-teller, sitting in the Market, made a Speech. To whom one relates, that his Doors were broken open, and all the Goods that were in his House were taken away; at which Message, the Wizard groaning, hastned home: One seeing him running, cries, O thou, who couldest prophesie concerning other Mens Affairs, hast not rightly divined of thine own.

The Moral.

This Fable pertaineth to those, who notwithstanding they order not their own Business aright, endeavour to look to, and take care of other Mens, which nothing concerns them.

A Fortune-teller in the Market sate,
 Telling the People their ensuing Fate.
 Till one with Haste, e'en breathless running in,
 And to the Wizard this sad News did bring;
 Your House is robb'd. This made the Wizard start,
 And hasten home-ward, But to shame his Art,
 One scoffing says, Can he our Fates foretel,
 Who knew not what at his own House befel?

The Moral.

*Here their unfitting Care is fitly shown,
 Who care for Strangers Good, neglect their own.*

F A B. 135.

Of the sick Man and the Physician.



A Patient being asked of his Physician how he did,
 he replied, That he sweated beyond Measure.
 To whom the Doctor answers, That it was a good Sign,
 Being questioned another Day, how he felt himself?
 Very cold, said he, and have been so a long time; And
 that, said the Physician, is a good Sign too; being
 asked the third time, how he far'd? I am weak'ned,
 saith he, with a Flux; and that is also good, replies the
 Doctor. Afterward being asked of a Friend how he
 did? Well, answered he. but I am a dying.

The Moral.

The Fable shows, that Flatteries are to be reprov'd.

A Doctor having undertook to heal
 A Patient's Disease, his Pulse doth feel,
 And asks him how he far'd ? The Man replies,
 A burning Heat o'er all my Body lies.
 A Sign of Health, the Doctor answers then :
 So parts, and the next Day returns agen,
 Propounding the same Question : The sick Man
 Cries, A cold Humour through his Body ran.
 The Doctor likes that too. The third time he
 Demands ; but then his Patient mournfully
 Answers, Extreemly weak. All this still pleas'd
 The Doctor well. But when of the Disease
 A Friend more sadly question'd how he sped ;
 The sick Man faintly to him answered,
 He shortly hop'd for Health ; since Death his Cure
 Had finish'd now : nor should he more endure
 The Pains already past. Which said, he dies ;
 And his Friends celebrate his Obsequies.

The Moral.

*Here is exprest Simplicity of those
 Who skill'd in nothing are, but outward Shows
 Of seeming Art, and when they most profess,
 Know least, to help or cure a Man's Distress.*

F A B. 136.

Of the Afs and the Wolf.

AN Afs having trodden on a Thorn, halted, but seeing a Wolf, cries, O Wolf, behold with pain I die, and become food, for thee or the Vultures, or Crows, I only intreat one Favour, Take the Thorn out of my Foot, that at least I may die without Torment. The Wolf catching the Thorn between his Teeth, plucked it out; but the Afs forgetting his Dolour, hits his Iron Heels upon the Wolfs Face, and having broken his Fore-head, Nose and Teeth, ran away. The Wolf blaming himself, confesseth it hath hapned justly, that he who had learned to be a Butcher of Cattle, was become their Chyrurgeon.

The Moral.

This Fable shews, that those who forsake their own Undertakings, those who are unfit for them, are both derided and endangered.

ALame Afs thus bespoke a Wolf of old,
The Crows, or Vultures Prey, or yours, behold;
I die through Pain; this Favour only I
Request of your renowned Clemency,

Pull out this stump from out my gangreen'd Foot
 That I may die less pain'd. The *Wolf* set to't
 His Grinders, and extracts both stump and pain;
 But th' *Ass*; to give the *Wolf* cause to complain
 Of having stumps, forgetful of his late
 And grievous pain, dischargeth on his Pate
 His frost nail'd Heels; and having broke his Nose
 And Teeth withal, braying away he goes.

The *Wolf*, as justly serv'd, himself doth blame,
 That of a *Butcher* he a *Leech* became.

The Moral.

*They that desert their Callings thus, incur
 Great Dangers often, but always some blur.*

F A B. 137.

Of the Fowler and the Black-bird.



A Fowler laid his Nets for the Birds, but was e-
 spied a far off by an *Owſel*, who asked him,
 What he did? who reply'd, that he was building a City
 and departed further; hiding himself: the *Black-bird*
 believing his Word, came to the Meat laid by the
 Nets,

Nets, and was taken : the Fowler hast'ning, saith the Black-bird, Truly, O Man, if thou erect such a City, thou wilt find few Inhabitants.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that the private and publick Weal is most of all destroyed on this Fashion, when the Rulers use Cruelty.

PLacing his Nets, the Fowler is espy'd
By the black Owfel; which on every side
Viewing him round, demandeth of the Man,
What he intended there, or what began ?
The Fowler answers, He resolv'd to lay
Foundation for a City : so away
Closely departs to hide him from her Sight.
He being gone, the Owfel takes her Flight
To view the Structure; catches at the Bait,
Not mindful of the Fowler's close Deceit;
And with it is intrapt. Whereat the Man
To seize on the insnared Owfel ran ;
Who thus cries out, Friend, if you often build
Such Cities, they few Citizens will yield.

The Moral.

*This Fable shews that greatest Ruins rise
In Common-Wealths, when private Enemies
With their familiar Flatteries delude,
And seek to insnare the easie Multitude.*

FAB. 138.

Of the Traveller and a Bag that he found.



A Traveller, going a long Journey, made a Vow, that if he found any thing, he would sacrifice the one half to *Jupiter*. And afterwards, when he had found a Bag full of Dates and Almonds upon the Road, he eat all the Dates and Almonds: but he offered the Date-kernels and the Almond-shells and Husks at an Altar, saying, Thou hast, O *Jupiter*, what I vowed to thee: for I offer to thee the In-sides and the Out-sides of that which I have found.

The Moral.

This Fable implyeth, that a covetous Man, for Greediness of Money, will endeavour to cozen even the Gods.

ONE going a long Journey, made a Vow, His foundels half to *Jupiter* t'allow For Srrifice. Now having gone some Ground, A Bag of Dates and Almonds full he found, And eat them all; but left the Stones and Peels, And brought them to the Altar, and there kneels, And thus he speaks, Behold, great *Jove*, I bring My Foundels half, a vowed Offering.

The

The Moral.

*Thus Avarice doth oft tempt Men to lye
Not to Men only, but the Deity.*

F A B. 139.

Of the Boy and his Mother.



A Boy having stolen his School-fellows Horn-book at School, brought it to his Mother, by whom being not chastised, he played the Thief daily more and more. In process of Time, he began to steal greater things; at last being apprehended of the Magistrate, was led to Execution: but his Mother following and crying out, he intreated the Serjeants that they would permit him to whisper in her Ear, who permitting him, the Mother hastening laid her Ear to her Son's Mouth, he bites off a piece of his Mother's Ear with his Teeth; when his Mother and the rest rated at him, not only as being a Thief, but also ungracious toward his own Mother, he said, She is the cause of my undoing, for if she had punished me for stealing the Horn-book, I had not proceeded to greater things, nor been led to my Execution.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that they that are not restrained, when they begin to do amiss, grow up to greater Villanies.

A Knaveish Boy at School had stole a Book:
 Brings it t'his Mother; who with smiling look
 Seems more the Boy to cherish, than chastise,
 Or check him for his Childish Knaveries,
 Whereat the Boy grew expert in his Trade,
 And theft of something his Day-labour made;
 She still the same upholding. Till grown Man,
 Small trifles pleas'd him not, but he began
 To catch at greater Baits. For which at last
 Being attack'd, he is arraign'd and cast
 At Sessions for his Death, (the Thief's Reward.)
 Then drawn to Execution. She that shar'd
 Both in his Birth and Fall, with Grief and Shame
 Walks weeping by him, till in Sight he came
 Of the sad fatal Gallows, where with Tears
 He begs one Whisper in his Mothers Ears.
 'Tis granted, and his Mother lends her Head
 To hear his last Request. But he instead
 Of whisp'ring to her, fasteneth in her Ear
 His Teeth, and doth her Flesh with Anger tear,
 For which unnatural Act reprov'd by some
 That to his Execution there did come,
 He cries, Oh Friend, had she chastiz'd at first,
 And not my childish Theft so fondly nurs'd,
 As if she well allow'd it, I had been
 Free from this shameful End, and horrid Sin.

The Moral.

*Too many Children so are bound to curse
 Th' unhappy cock'ring of too fond a Nurse,
 That lulls them in their mischief, till they run
 Headlong upon their own Confusion,
 Not able to retire; but being brought up
 In pleasure, past to taste of Sorrows Cup.*

F A B. 140.

Of a Shepherd exercising the Art of Navigation.

A Shepherd kept his Flock by the Sea-side; who when he saw a calm Sea, had an earnest Desire to make a Voyage to a Mart. Having therefore sold his Sheep, and bought him Bags of Dates, he went to Sea. Now when a great Storm arose, and the Ship was in great danger to be sunk, he threw all the Burthen of the Ship into the Sea, and had much ado to escape, after he had unladed the Ship. A few days after one coming and admiring the Calmness of the Sea (for indeed it was very calm) he answering, said, It desires more Dates, as I understand, and therefore shews it self calm.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that Men are made wiser by Loss and Danger.

A Wanton Swain kept Sheep hard by the Shore,
 And never heard the then calm Sea to roar;
 Seeing the Surface smooth, with Itch possesst,
 To turn Adventurer, he could take no rest,
 Till he had sold his Sheep, and with the Price
 Loadeth a Ship with Dates of Merchandise.

The Fool abroad not many Leagues had fail'd
 Into the Main, but that the Sky was veil'd
 In dismal black. A Tempest rose so great,
 And on the Ship of Dates so fiercely beat;
 That lest it sink, he empties out of hand
 His Dates, and hardly so escapes to Land,
 Who still, as oft as the Sea calm he spies,
 Ne'er flatter, I have no more Dates, he cries.

The Moral.

*Dangers and Losses make Men wise : 'tis thought
 That Wit is never good till it be bought.*

F A B. 141.

Of the Old Man's Son and a Lion.



A Certain Seignior had one only Son of a Generous Mind, a Lover of Hounds; he had seen this his Son in a Dream, slain by a Lyon, being afraid lest the Event should verifie the Dream, he built a most exquisite House, very pleasant, with fretted Works and Windows. Hither bringing his Son, he set a Keeper over him. He hath painted in the House,
 for

for his Son's Delight, all kind of living Creatures, amongst the rest a Lyon, which the young Man looking upon, was much more troubled; standing one time nearer the Lyon, he said, Most cruel Beast, for the vain Dream of my Father, I am kept in this House as in a Prison: What shall I do to thee? Uttering these Words, he struck his Hand against the Wall, thinking to pull out the Lyons Eyes, but hits it against a Nail which he did not see, with which scratch his Hand rankled, and the matter festered underneath, and a Fever came upon it, and the young Man died in a short time, so that the Lyon killed the Man, the Father's Sophistication nothing hinder'd it.

The Moral.

The Fable teacheth us, that those things which will happen, none can avoid.

A Doting Knight had fancy'd in a Dream,
 His Son (a Gallant given to th' extream
 Of Hunting) was by a Lyon slain. Then he
 Immures his Son within a Gallery,
 (Lest Chance should act the Vision) where he sets
 Of the Youths Sports the painted Counterfeit,
 His passion to divert. Amongst the rest
 A Lyon was. To which the Youth address'd,
 (His Guardian gone) must I be in a Cage,
 To shun the formless Fancy of thy Rage?
 Herewith assays to scratch the Lyon's Eyes,
 But meets a rusty Nail there, sacrifices
 His Hand (though slightly) it so fastereth,
 This brought a Fever, and the Fever Death.

The Moral.

*Thus while they think themselves to save
 From Death, they fall into the Grave.*

F A B. 142.

Of the Eagle and the Fox.

AN Eagle and a Fox having made a League of Amity betwixt themselves, resolved to dwell hard by one another, supposing their Friendship would be the more firm by their often Converse. The Eagle therefore made her Nest upon a high Tree, and the Fox laid her Cubs near the Tree, among the Bramble-bushes. One Day then, when the Fox went out of her Kennel to seek something wherewithal to feed her Cubs, the Eagle even her self lacking Meat, flew into the Covert, and snatch'd away the Foxes Cubs, and gave them to her young ones to eat. When the Fox came back again, and understood of the cruel Death of her young ones, she was very sorrowful, and whereas she was not able to revenge her self of the Eagle, because being a fourfooted Beast, she could not pursue a Bird, she cursed the Eagle (a thing which is incident to the poor and impotent) and wished some Mischief or other might befall her. Into so great an Hatred is violent Friendship turned. It besel then in those Days, that a Goat was sacrificed in the Country,

a piece

a piece whereof the Eagle snatch'd away, together with the live Coals, and carried it to her Nest; but when the Wind blew somewhat high, the Nest which was made of Hay, and small dry Sticks, was burnt. As soon as the Eagles young ones felt the Fire, because they were not able to fly, they fell down to the Ground. The Fox catch'd them up presently, and eat them in the Eagles sight.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that they which violate Friendship, though they may avoid the Vengeance of them they have hurt, yet shall not escape the Judgment of God.

THE Eagle and the Fox (no longer Foes)
Kindly each other greet; till Friendship grows
So strong 'twixt them, that they will Neighbours be;
And better to confirm their Amity,
One Tree must harbour both; the Eagle makes
Her Nest aloft; the Fox her Dwelling takes
At the same Root; and each brings forth her young,
But this true Love continued not long.
For once it chanc'd the Fox forlook her Hole,
To fetch in food; who gone, the Eagle stole
Into the Fox's Den, and to her Nest
Bore the young Foxes, with their Flesh to feast
Her little Eaglets; So by this agent
The Fox returns: who entering her Den,
Finds all her young ones gone, their Loss laments,
And 'gainst the Eagle fearful Cursings vents,
And direful Imprecations; praying Jove,
To send Revenge for such infringed Love.
And so it hapned: After some few Days,
The Priest a Goat upon the Altar lays
For Sacrifice: which when the Eagle knew,
With winged Speed thither she nimbly flew,
Part of the Victim snatching, with it bore
A fiery Brand, to that her Nest doth soar,

Where:

Where the Wind rising so incens'd the Flame,
 It fired all the Nest. But when the same
 Her unfledg'd young ones felt, to shun the Heat,
 With all their speed out of the Nest they get,
 Attempting Flight, but wanting Feathers, fall
 Straight to the Earth; and on their Mother call
 For Help; when she too weak t' assist them, they
 Poor Birds, became the injur'd Fox's Prey.

The Moral:

*So those who Covenants of Friendship break:
 (Though th' injur'd parties seem a while too weak
 To right themselves) from Heaven receive their due:
 Which doth such deeds with vengeance still pursue.*

F A B. 143.

Of the Nightingale and the Hawk.



A Nightingale, as she sat on a high Oak, sung all alone, as she used to do; so soon as the Hawk that was seeking Meat, espied her, she flew to her on a suddain, and snatched her away. But the Nightingale, when she saw she was going to be killed increased,

intreated the Hawk, that he would let her go, because she was not sufficient to fill his Belly, but that it would be a gallant piece of work to turn him to greater Birds, to satisfy himself. The Hawk looking frowningly upon her, said, Truly I should be worse than a Fool, if I should let go the Meat that I have in my Clutches, in hopes of a larger Prey.

The Moral.

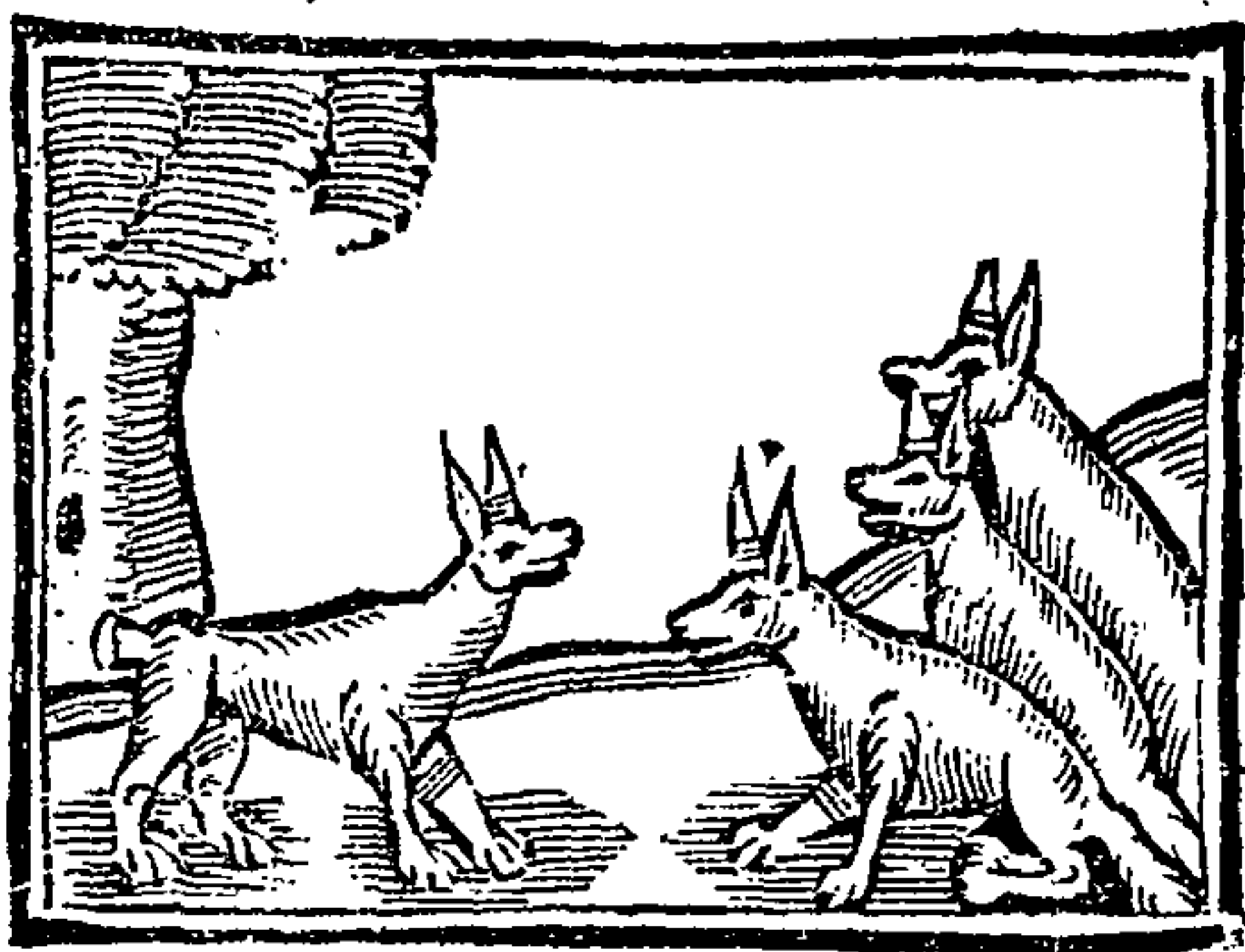
This Fable signifieth, that they that forgo that which they have in their Hands, in hope of greater matters, are too much void of Wit and Reason.

Sweet Philomel, to whom no Bird comes nigh,
 For various Notes and pleasing Harmony,
 On a tall Oak warbles her Charming Strains,
 Till the Hawk seiz'd her to replete his Veins.
 The trembling Prey implores for her Reprieve;
 Inserting, that her Carcass could relieve
 No such vast Appetite, and she would pray
 He might be fitted with a better Prey.
 The Hawk replies, I have more Wit than so,
 To let thee now, in hope of better, go.
 Never tell me, you are but little; tush,
 One Bird in Hand's better than two i' th' Bush.

The Moral.

*This Fable shews it is not good to part
 With that thou hast obtain'd with Pains and Art:
 And though but small, be sure thou do it keep;
 Lest when 'tis gone, thy Folly cause thee weep.*

F A B. 144.

Of the Fox without a Tail.

A Fox having his Tail cut off, to get out of a Trap, when, for Shame, he thought it a Death to live, devised to persuade other Foxes by a wile, that under a pretence of a common Benefit, they should every one cut off his own Tail, and so lessen his Disgrace. When therefore the Foxes were all met together, he persuaded them to cut off their Tails; maintaining, that their Tails were not only a Disgrace to Foxes; but a heavy and foolish Burthen. One of the Foxes answering her wittily, Ho, Sister! if the Matter be good for your self only, it is not fair for you to counsel others also into it.

The Moral.

This Fable belongs to them, that, under a shew of Charity, look at their own Benefit in Advising others.

A Fox intrapt, gets out with much ado,
 With his Tail's loss; and glad he scap'd so too,
 But when he miss'd his Tail, his Joy did melt
 To Tears of Grief; so great a Shame he felt.
 He thinks Life dearly purchas'd with Disgrace,
 And by Invention would that Shame deface,
Which

Which thus he acted: He intreats a Court
 Of Foxes, still pretending to report
 Somewhat concern'd the Publick; which being met,
Bob thus began to play the Counterfeit;
 Sirs, I have found our Tails superfluous freight,
 Hinders our Slight, o'ercharged with the Weight,
 And by the long Extent doth oft expose
 Us to more easie pursuit of our Foes:
 Which to avoid, let my Example move,
 Cut off your Tails, if you your Safety love.
 Brother, says one, your Plot to sham us fails;
 'Cause you have none, should none of us have Tails?

The Moral.

'Tis good to sift all Counsels; most Men tend
 Unto their own, when they your good pretend.

F A B. 145.

Of the Fox and the Bramble.



As a Fox got upon a Hedge, to avoid the Danger which he saw near him, he took hold of a Bramble, and prickt the Hollow of his Foot with the Prickles. And when he was sore wounded, he sighed,
 and

and said to the Bramble, When I fled to thee to help me, Thou didst unto me worse. To whom the Bramble said, Thou wast mistaken, Fox, which thoughtest to catch me with the like wile wherewith thou hast used to catch others.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that it is a fond thing to desire help of them, whose Nature it is to do Mischief, rather than to do good to others.

PUrsu'd with Danger upon every Side,
 The Fox flies to a Bush himself to hide :
 Which enter'd, by ill chance a Thorn did stick
 Upright, and the poor Fox's Trampler prick ;
 Who sorely pain'd, laments: O envious Tree,
 That while I seek for refuge unto thee,
 Torment'st me thus! The Bush replies, My Friend,
 Y'are much deceived ; for know, you did intend
 Me to entrap, as oft you others do ;
 For which Deceit I have rewarded you.

The Moral.

*If Help of any Man thou would'st implore,
 First be advis'd, and know him well, before
 You trust too far ; for many are so prone
 To Mischief, that they can do good to none.*

F A B. 146.

Of the Fox and the Crocodile.



THE Fox and the Crocodile strove about their Nobility, when the Crocodile alledged many things for himself, and vaunted himself beyond measure, touching the Splendour of his Ancestors, the Fox smiling said, Oh Friend, although thou hadst never said this, it is clearly manifest by the Skin, that thou hast been deprived of the Splendour of thy Ancestors now these many Years.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that the matter it-self doth most of all confute lying Persons.

THE Fox and the Crocodile discours'd a vye About their Nobleness. And when the slye Crocodile boasts the Splendour of her Kin, Naming how many Ages they had bin In good Esteem, and many things brought forth To plead her Kin's Antiquity and Worth; Reynard then heering, now no more affords A patient Ear, but thus retorts his Words;

Con-

Concerning your Antiquity, my Friend,
 I strive not; but whatever you pretend
 For your industrious Splendour, 'tis well seen,
 That's lost of old, by that your dusky Skin.

The Moral.

*Some never blush such flat Untruths to tell,
 That e'en the very telling doth reveal.*

F A B. 147.

Of the Fox and the Hunters.



A Fox running away from the Hunters, and being now weary with running along the way, by chance light on a Wood-man, whom he intreated to hide him in a place. He shewed him his Cottage. The Fox going into it, hid himself in a Corner. The Hunters came; they ask the Wood-man if he saw the Fox. The Wood-man indeed denied in Words, that he had seen him; but pointed at the Place with his Hand, where the Fox lay hid. But the Hunters having not at all understood the matter, went away presently. The Fox as soon as ever he saw them gone coming out of the Cottage, went softly back again. The Wood-man blames the Fox, because whereas he

had

had saved him, he did not thank him at all. Then the Fox turning him, said softly to him; No Friend, if the Deeds of thy Hands and thy Behaviour had been like thy Words, I would have given thee deserved Thanks.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that a naughty man, though he promise good things, yet he performeth things that are bad and wicked.

Reynard pursu'd, leaves the Dogs behind,
And takes the Wood for Safety: yet could find
Small Shelter there, until at length he spies
A Wood-man cleaving Logs: to whom he cries,
My Friend, if thou a secret place canst show,
Where closely laid, I may escape my Foe,
I much shall stand engag'd to thee. The Man
Tells him, to't poor Reynard swiftly ran.
The Hunters now approach, but lost the Scent;
Who asks the Man, If the Fox that way went,
While he there wrought? The Wood-man answers, No;
Yet points to th' place wherein the Fox did go
To hide himself. The unbelieving Men
Call off their Dogs, and so return agen.
Who being gone, the Fox in secret peeps
Out of his Hole; seeing all quiet, creeps
And steals away. To whom the Wood-man cries,
Friend, you may thank me for my Courtesies:
I sav'd your Life. 'Tis true, quoth Reynard then;
If your Hands quiet, as your Tongue, had been,
Full many Thanks you had deserv'd, as due,
And I as many would have render'd you.

The Moral.

*This here displays the Fallacy
Of those whose Words and Actions disagree;
That fairly seem to promise unto all,
Yet fail when any to performance call.*

F A B. 148.

Of the Man and his Wooden God.

A Man having a Wooden God at home, intreated it to give him some good thing; but the more he prayed it, the less his Estate was at home. At the last he being moved with Anger, took the God by the Legs, and knocked its Head against the Wall. When its Head then was struck off, a great Deal of Gold flew out; which gathering up, the Man said, Thou art too cross and perfidious, because, whilst I honoured thee, thou didst me no good; but now thou art stricken and beaten, thou dost me abundance of good.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that a naughty person, if ever he do good, he doth it, because he is forced to it.

AN Image carv'd in Wood (such Men of old Esteem'd as Gods) and inly lin'd with Gold, One too prophanely often had ador'd, As often too its vainer Help implor'd, When Need compell'd; yet could it yield him none, Until the Man with begging weary grown, Changes his strong Devotion into rage, Which his fine God could not withstand or swage:

And

And 'gainst the Ground the carved Image throws,
 From whose interior Parts abundance flows
 Of purest Gold. Whereat the joyful Man,
 Breaking to open Passion, thus began:
 Vain thing, how long hast thou deluded me?
 That while with Worship I did reverence thee,
 Thou could'st not help afford; yet for one Blow
 In my just Anger, dost this Wealth bestow.

The Moral.

*Most Men are so inclin'd to private Gains,
 That 'till the Power of Justice them constrains,
 They'll rather useless hoard, than part with what
 May beneficial be to th' publick State.*

F A B. 142.

Of the Dog invited to Supper.



A Man, when he had provided a dainty Supper,
 invited a Friend home; his Dog also had the
 other Man's Dog to supper. When he came into the
 House, he saw so much good Chear got ready, he
 said merrily with himself, I shall surely so fill my
 self

self to day, that I shall not need to eat to morrow; and when he said this, he wagged his Tail for fain. But the Cook seeing him, took him softly by the tail; and after he had whirled him often about, threw him out at the Window. He being amazed, got up from the Ground, and ran away crying. Other Dogs met him, and asked him how gallantly he had supped? But he being ready to faint, said, I have so filled my self with drink and good chear, that I saw not the way how I got out.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that one ought not to be merry at those things at which he is to be sorry.

A Dog, whose Owner had invited home
A Friend to sup, invites his Dog to come
And sup there too. Now, when this new-come Guest
Saw such good chear provided for the Feast,
Full glad at heart, he so resolves to eat
His fill, that he next day should need no meat.
So said, he frisks his tail. But when the Cook
Saw him so busie, by the Tail he took
My fawning Dog, then whirls him round about,
And lastly, through the Window throws him out.
The Neighbour Currs seeing him run and cry,
(Well near amaz'd) ask of him merrily,
How well he sped? Quoth he (full sad) So well,
That which way I came out, I cannot tell.

The Moral.

*Presume not of the future; but beware
That your Lusts draw you not into a Snare.*

F A B. 150.

Of the Eagle and the Man.

WHen a Man had caught an Eagle, he pluckt off the Feathers of her Wings, and put her to tarry among his Pullein. Afterwards, one having bought her, put Feathers into her Wings again. Then the Eagle flew, and caught a Hare, and carried it to her Benefactour. Which thing the Fox seeing, said to the Man, Do not entertain this Eagle on Guest-wise as formerly, lest she offer to catch you, as she did the Hare. Then the Man likewise plucked away the Eagle's Feathers.

The Moral.

This Fable signifies, that they that do us good turns, are to be requited; but naughty persons are by all means to be avoided.

AN Eagle caught, was rifled of some Pens,
 The rest clipt close, and turn'd among the Hens
 To feed i' th' yard. At last she's by one bought,
 Who arms her Pinions with new Wings. Thus fraught
 She flies abroad, and lighting on a Hare,
 She brings it to her Owner for his Care

And

And Love to her. But Reynard, that did fear
The Eagle might some of his young Cubs tear,
Perswades the Man, the Eagle would not spare
To tear his Children, as she did the Hare,
If she enjoy those Wings. For fear of this
The Eagle of her Wings deluded is.

The Moral.

*Requital to good turns is due, but see
Thou be not over-reach'd with Flattery.*

The End of the Prose.

F A B. 151.

Of the Husband-man.

A man that was an Husband-man, when he saw that his Life was near an end, had a mind that his Sons should be well skilled in ordering the Ground: he called them, and said, Sons, I am a dying, and all my Goods are hid in my Vine-yard. They, after their Father's Decease, thinking to find a Treasure in the Vine-yard, took Spades, and Hacks, and Mattocks, and quite digged up the Vine-yard, and found no Treasure. But the Vine-yard after it was well digged, brought forth far more Fruit than it was wont to do, and made them rich.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that daily Labour yields a Treasure.

A Husband-man, whose Life was full of Care
 To gather Wealth, and against Want prepare,
 Grown rich, and having spent his best of Days,
 Feeling his Body subject to decays
 Of humane Frailty, when his Death drew nigh,
 Among his Sons divideth equally

L

His

His wealth; and told them in his Vineyard they
 Should find in what Estate their Portion lay;
 So he departs. His Sons dig up the Ground;
 And carefully survey the Vineyard round,
 Expecting hidden Treasure, but find none,
 Till to maturity the Vines were grown:
 Which, by their care in digging, brought forth more
 And larger Grapes than many Years before.

The Moral.

*By Industry, true Labour wealth shall find,
 When Sloth lies in her hungry Wishes pin'd.*

F A B. 152.

Of a Fisher-man.



A Fisher-man, being not well skilled in Fishing,
 took a pair of Pipes and a Net, and came to the
 Sea-shore, and stood upon a Rock, and began first
 to pipe, supposing that he could easily catch Fish by
 piping. But when he could do no good by piping, he
 laid his Pipes aside, and cast his Net into the Sea and
 caught a great many Fish. But when he drew the Fish
 out of his Net, and saw them dancing, he said witi-
 tily,

tily, O naughty Creatures! whilst I piped, you would not dance; and now, because I give over piping, ye do nothing but dance.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that all things are well done that are done in season.

AN Artless Fisher with his bag-pipe goes
 To catch the sportive Fishes. In he throws
 His Net, and on his Pipe begins to play,
 But that strange Voise drives all the Fish away,
 But when he deem'd his Net was fully fraught,
 And drew the same, just nothing was his Draught.
 Whereat abash'd, he laid his Bag-Pipe by,
 Going again to work more silently.
 And with short Expectation meets his Wish,
 And draws the laden Net with well grown Fish,
 Which feeling the dry Earth, and wanting now
 What Water should for Sustenance allow,
 As it were striving with a strong desire,
 Unto their proper Element to retire,
 They leap and dance upon the Grassy Shore,
 Which Sight unusual to the Man before,
 He thus exclaims: Dull Fools, that sport and play
 And dance, I having laid my Pipe away;
 Yet when I plaid unto you, would not shew
 Least Sign of Mirth, but from my Musick flew.

The Moral.

*Things seasonably done move our Respects,
 But else produce ridiculous Effects.*

F A B. 153.

(Of the Fisher-men.)

WHen some Fisher-men, that had gone to Fishing, and were weary with Fishing long, and spent also with Hunger and Grief, because they had taken nothing, resolve to go their way; behold a Fish, that fled from another that pursued it, leaped into the Boat. The Fisher-men being very glad, caught hold of it, and when they came again into the City, they sold it at a great Rate.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that Fortune often affords that which Skill cannot do.

Some Fishers long had fish'd, and nothing caught;
 And therefore sad and hunger-bit, they thought
 It best to make Home; when behold a Fish
 Of goodly size, fit for a Prince's Dish,
 Pursued by a greater, to eschew
 His Foe, himself into the Fish-boat threw, (dear,
 Which they took, brought to Town, and sold full
 And with his price made merry with good chear.

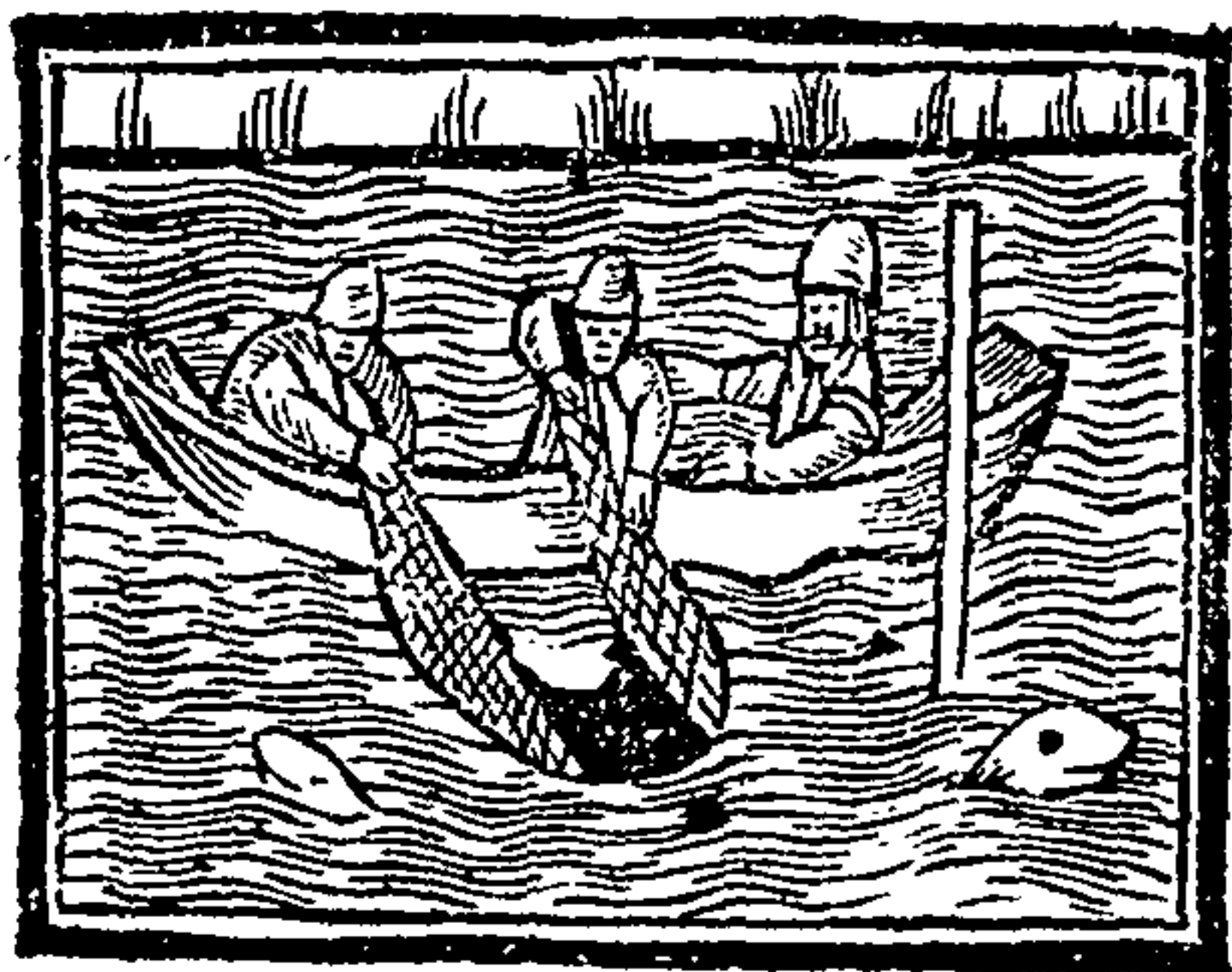
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The Moral.

*Never despair; rely on God, and He
Will send thee help, though it seem chance to thee.*

F A B. 154.

Of certain Fisher-men.



Certain Fisher-men dragg'd a Net in the Sea, which when they felt to be heavy, they skipp'd for Joy, supposing that they had many Fishes entangled in the Net. But when as they drew the Net to Land, they saw few Fishes, but a great Stone in the Net, they were very sad. One of them that was very ancient, said wittily to his Fellows, Set your Hearts at ease, for Sorrow is the Sister of Mirth. For one ought to foresee Chances that are like to fall; and that he may bear them more easily, to perswade himself that they will come to pass.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that he that remembreth Man's Condition, is not daunted in Adversity.

SOME Fisher-men were glad, because the Net
 They drew was sad, hoping therein to get
 Good store of Fish. But finding a great Stone
 Within the Net, and Fishes few or none,
 Then let go their Net, and much bemoan
 Its Heaviness, which causes theirs. But one
 Of grave Content among them, cheers the rest:
 Let not this unexpected Draught molest
 Your Minds due Temper; for, my Mates, you ought
 To have foreseen this Chance, and to have thought
 It possible, that such a Chance might come;
 So had it been not sad nor burthensome.

The Moral.

*He that would not be broken with the Weight
 Of adverse haps, must ease them with Fore-sight.*

F A B. 155.

Of an Old Man that wished for Death.

AN Old Man carrying a Bundle of Sticks out of a Wood upon his Shoulders, being wearied by the long way, laying his Bundle on the Ground, wished for Death. Lo, Death comes, and asks him the reason why he called him: Then quoth the Old Man, That thou mightest lay this Bundle of Sticks on my Shoulders.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that whatsoever is desirous of Life, though it be subject to a thousand Dangers, yet it doth always avoid Death.

AN Ancient Man whose aged Shoulders bore
 Of Wood a Burthen homewards, wearied sore,
 Threw down his Burthen, and began to grieve
 That he in such Eternal Pains did live.
 Then doth he wish and call for Death; and Lo!
 Death comes, and asks my Granfire, what to do?
 Then he his Call recalling, and now more
 Weary of's Wish, than of his Pain before,
 Said, He call'd Death to have his Wood again
 Upon his Back, not ease him of his Pain.

The Moral.

*Though prest with thousand Torments, Life doth please
 Still more than Death, though Death all Torments ease.*

F A B. 156.

Of the Woman and the Physician.

AN Old Woman being troubled with an Inflammation in her Eyes, sent for a Physician to cure her, promising to give him a good Fee, if she were cured of that Disease; but if she were not freed of it, she agreed that she would owe nothing. But the Physician as often as he went to cure her, did so often carry something out of her House by stealth. The Woman therefore, after her sore Eyes were cured, when she saw none of her Goods in her House, she denied to pay the Doctor, demanding the Fee which she had agreed for; wherefore when she was sued, she denied not the Bargain; but that she was cured of her sore Eyes, she denied that stoutly, saying, When I was blind, I saw my House furnished with Store of Household Goods, but now that I see, as the Doctor saith, I perceive nothing to be at my House.

The Moral.

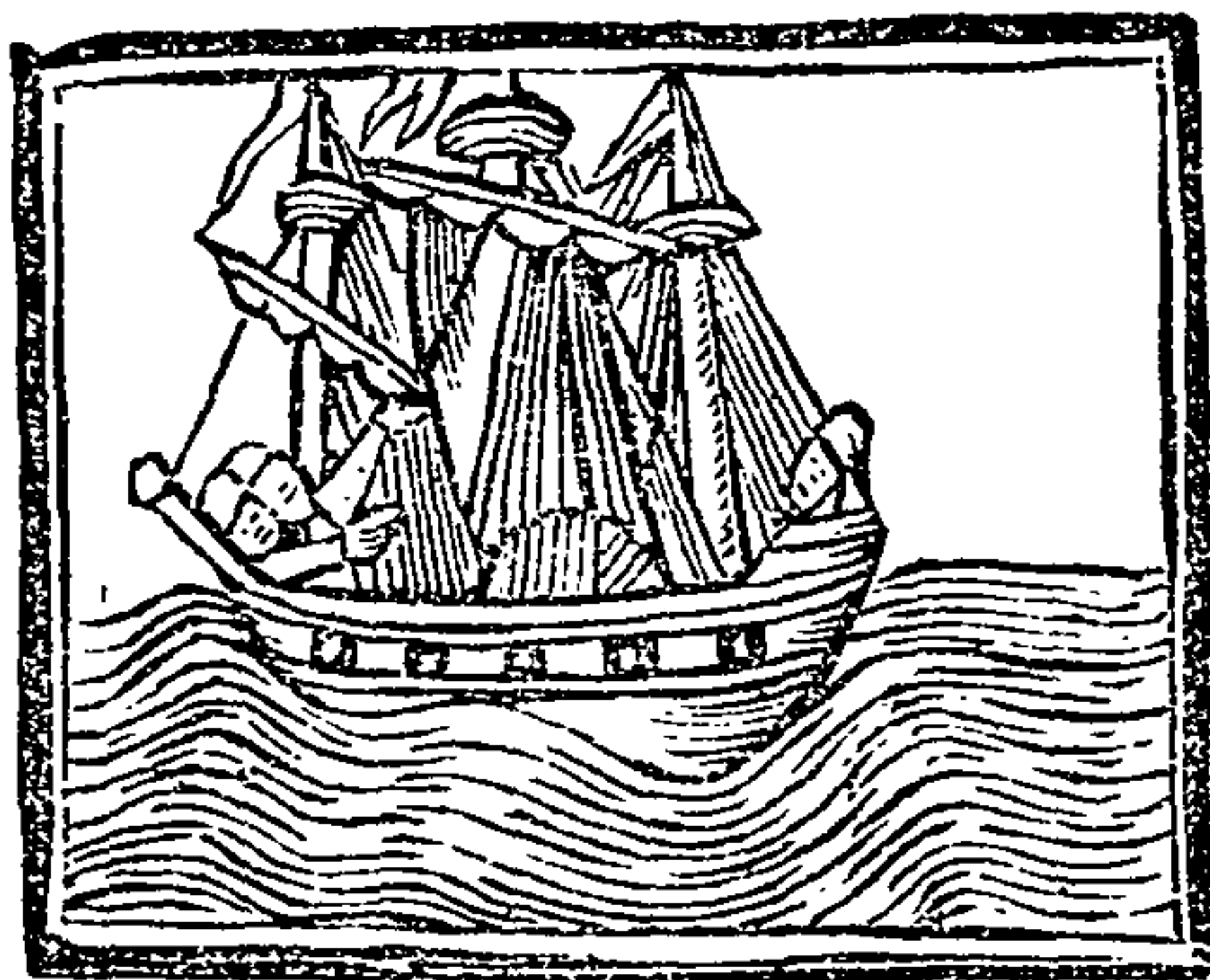
This Fable sheweth, that Men that are given to Covetousness, do oftentimes contradict themselves.

A Woman, troubled with Sore Eyes, did call
 For an Hedge Doctors Help, whose Worship shall
 Have, if he cure her, a round Sum; but 'gain,
 If he do fail, his Labour for his Pain.
 Agreed; the Cure is tedious, and the Wretch,
 When e'er he comes to dress her, still doth fetch
 And carry somewhat of her Goods away,
 Till her whole Household-stuff was gone astray.
 Her Eyes are cur'd at last. But when she spies
 That all her Goods were gone, she then denies
 The Leech his Money; he for's Debt doth sue,
 His Patient, she at Bar say's, 'Tis not due,
 The Cure is not effected; but when 'fore
 She saw her House well furnish'd, now when he
 Says she is cur'd, she there no Goods can see.

The Moral.

*Covetous Men for Gain full oft belye,
 And contradict themselves most shamefully.*

F A B. 157.
Of the two Enemies.



TWO Men that were at deadly Enmity betwixt themselves, sail'd in one Vessel. And because one of them could not endure to stand in the same Place with the other, one sat at the Head, and the other at the Stern. Now a Storm was risen, and the Ship was in Danger; he that sat at the Head, asked the Pilot of the Ship, what Part of the Ship would be first sunk? And when the Pilot had told him, The Stern, he said, It would not now trouble me to die; if I but see my Enemy to die before me.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that an Enemy often chuseth to undo himself, so he may but undo his Enemy.

TWO deadly Foes, who mortal Hatred bare
To each other, together shipped are,
And sail together in one Ship. But see,
As first by Land, by Sea they disagree.
The Master of the Ship lest they might wreak
Themselves a-board, doth lodge one in the Beak,

The

The other in the Poop. Anon behold,
 A Tempest risen frighteth the most bold
 And Weather-beaten Sailers; every Wave
 Threat'neth the gaping Vessel with a Grave.
 Then he that in the Ship's Fore-Castle fate
 With the Ship master doth expostulate,
 Whether the Poop or Beak would sooner be
 Sunk, if the Wave prevail'd; the Poop, quoth he:
 Then, quoth the spightful Man, I shall not grieve
 To die, since that my Foe I shall out-live.

The Moral.

*Thus desp'rate Cast-aways spare not to spill
 Their Souls through Hate, and Lust their Foes to kill.*

F A B 158.

Of the Boy and Fortune.



WHen a Boy slept by a Well, Fortune came thither and raised him up, saying, Arise and get thee hence quickly, because, if thou shouldest fall into the Well, all Men would blame, not thy Want of Wit, but me, Fortune.

ONce on a time a certain Boy did sleep
 At a Pit's Brink with Water very deep;
 Whom Fortune wakes: Good Boy, quoth she, arise
 And get thee hence, for if by Percipice
 Thou should'st miscarry, no Man for the same
 Thy Want of Heed, but all will Fortune blame.

The Moral.

*Men still cry out of Fortune, though they fall
 Through their own Faults into their Dangers all.*

F A B. 159.

Of the Mice and the Cat.



A Cat perceiving that there were many Mice in a certain House, went thither, and catching sometimes one, and sometimes another, she killed very many and eat them. But whence the Mice saw they were wasted every Day, being got all together, they said with themselves, For the future we must not go down below, if we would not all be destroyed, but we must tarry here above, whither the Cat cannot come

come. But the Cat, when she understood the Mice's Plot, counterfeiting her self to be dead, hang'd her self by the hinder Feet about a Post, which was fastened to the Wall. One of the Mice peeping down from above, as soon as it knew it was the Cat, said, not unwittingly; Ho Friend, if I knew for certain that thou wert the Cat, I would not come down.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that a discreet Man, if he be once deceived. doth no more trust glosing and dissembling Men.

A Cat, too powerful for the little Mice,
Assaults them single, and by that Device
Devours a Multitude; till at the last
(When the Mice saw their Number daily waste)
They call a gen'ral Council, and decree,
That thenceforth none should so advent'rous be
To straggle down, but closely to remain
Above, and in their Bounds themselves contain,
Whither the Cat by no means could ascend,
To this Command all glad attention lend,
And not a Mouse peeps forth. The Cat at length
Suspects the Plot, and thinks, now Wit, not Strength,
Must work her Ends; who feigning her self dead,
Upon a Post her hind Legs fastened,
And downwards hangs, by that means to deceive
The Mice: Yet they her Falshood not believe,
But scoffing cry, This is too weak a Bait
T' intrap us now: go practice thy Deceit
With those who never thy Delusions knew,
Perchance soon easie Fools may credit you.

The Moral.

*Burnt Children dread the Fire; E'en so by one
Mischance instructed, wise Men future shun.*

F A B. 160.

Of the Ape and the Fox.

AN Ape danced so neatly at the meeting of brute Beasts, that he was presently made King by the Consent of almost all. But the Fox envying him, as he led the Ape thither where he had seen Flesh laid in a Trap in a Ditch, he said to him, In this Place Treasure is hid, which by the Law belongeth to Kings: Wherefore seeing it is thine by Law, do thou thy self take it. The Ape coming hastily thither, by the Fox's Perswasion, as soon as he perceived himself caught in a Trap, blamed the Fox roundly, which had beguiled him. The Fox said to him prettily, O thou Fool, who thoughtest, when Fortune had advanced thee, that thou wert worthy to rule over others.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that he that rashly sets upon any thing, doth rashly fall into trouble, and is laughed to scorn by every body.

Among

Among the Beasts a gen'ral Council held,
 The Ape fantastick (with Ambition swell'd)
 Boasted that she should by Consent of them
 Be King, and wear the Regal Diadem.
 Which the Fox envying, when he had found
 A secret Trap plac'd underneath the Ground,
 And baited with raw Flesh; by sly Deceit
 He draws the Ape along, shews her the Bait,
 And tells her where some hidden Treasure lay,
 None but the Hands of Kings might bear away.
 So wills the Ape to enter and receive
 Her Right. The Ape did easily believe
 The crafty Fox, and ventures on the Trap;
 Which she no sooner touch'd, but the poor Ape
 Was fast inclos'd, where having staid a while,
 She raileth at the Fox, who with a Smile
 This Answer gives: Fond Ape, why dost complain?
 In that strong Kingdom thou may'st solely reign.

The Moral.

*Who rashly so doth place of Rule aspire,
 And crown themselves in their own fond Desire,
 E'er they have reach'd their Wish, fall in some snare,
 And by the common People scoffed are.*

F A B. 161.

Of Jupiter and the Crow.



Jupiter being desirous to make a King over the flying Creatures, appointed a Day of meeting for the Birds, that he that was the fairest, might be set King over them; which thing the Crow perceived before-hand, and being privy to his own Ugliness, having gathered other Feathers from here and there, he trickt himself up, and made himself the finest of them all. The appointed Day comes, the Birds come to the Meeting: When *Jupiter* had a Mind to make the Crow King over the Birds for his Fineness, the Birds took it ill, and every one plucked her own Feathers from the Crow; so the Crow being bereft of others Feathers, remained a Crow at the last, as she was before.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that he that dependeth on other Mens things, when they are lost, it will clearly appear to every Body what he is.

Great

Great Jove, designing to the Fowls of th' Air,
 The fairest for a King, bids them repair
 At a set Day to him. T' aspiring Crow,
 Which did his own Deformity well know,
 With others Plumes adorns it self most gay.
 But now when Jove at the appointed Day
 Would have design'd him King for Beauties sake;
 The rest of Birds that in great Dudgeon take,
 And pluck their Plumes from the aspiring Crow,
 Crossing all Hopes of his Advancement so.

The Moral.

*Such Issues commonly their Suits attend,
 Whose Hopes on others, not themselves depend.*

F A B. 162:

Of the Smith and his Dog.



A Smith had a Dog which always slept whilst he
 himself struck the Iron; but when he went
 to Meat, the Dog presently got up, and eat what was
 thrown

thrown down under the Table, were it Bones or other such things, without any more ado. Which thing the Smith minding, he said to the Dog: Wretch, I know not what I shall do; for while I strike the Iron, thou continually sleepest, and liest idle: Again, when I begin to eat, thou presently risest, and fawnest upon me.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that Slothful and Drowsie Persons, that live upon others Labours, are to be severely punished.

A Cur of old, that by a Smith was kept
 While that the Smith sweat at his Forge, still
 But whensoever the Smith sat at Meat, (slept,
 The Cur would forthwith rise, and fall to eat
 The Bones and Scraps which fell the Board besides.
 But when the Smith observ'd his Tricks, he chides,
 Rates and doth bang his Dog, being very wroth.
 For his ill-tim'd Attendance, and worse sloth.
 Ha, lazy Cur, quoth he, what Torments square
 With thy Deserts, which so ill shapen are?
 Thou still dost wake, fawn, wait to fill thy Gorge,
 But sleepest still, while I toil at my Forge.

The Moral.

*Those lazy Knaves a sharp Reproof deserve,
 Who live on that for which they do not serve.*

F. A. B. 163.

Of a Mule.



A Mule, being fed fat with too much Barley, grew wanton, because she was too fat; and said with her self, A Horse was my Sire; which was a very good Courser, and I am like him in all things. A little after it fell out that the Mule was to run full speed; but when she tired in the Race, she said, Woe is me, poor Wretch, who thought I had been a Horses Daughter, but now I remember that an Ass was my Sire.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that Fools forget themselves in their Prosperity; but in Adversity they often see their own Error.

A Pamper'd Mule, through Fat and Ease, grew
And wanton, boasting to her self aloud, (proud,
How like a gallant Steed, her Sire, she was
In Worth and Fleetness. But it came to pass,
Soon after this, the Mule was forc'd to run
A tedious way. Now when her Course was done,
Well tir'd and out of Breath. Ah Wretch quoth she,
I thought my Sire a Horse; but now I see
Some dull Ass me begat upon a Mare,
My Feet and Breath so slow, so shortned are.

The Moral.

*Fools in Prosperity deign not to know
Themselves, but see their Errors, once brought low.*

F A B. 164.

Of a Physician.



A Physician when a sick Man chanced to die whom he had in Cure, said to them that carried the Corps to be buried, If that Man had kept himself from Wine, and made use of Clysters, he would not have died. One of those that were there, said wittily to the Physician, Ho, Doctor, that Advice should have been given when it might have done good; not now, when it can do no good at all.

The Moral.

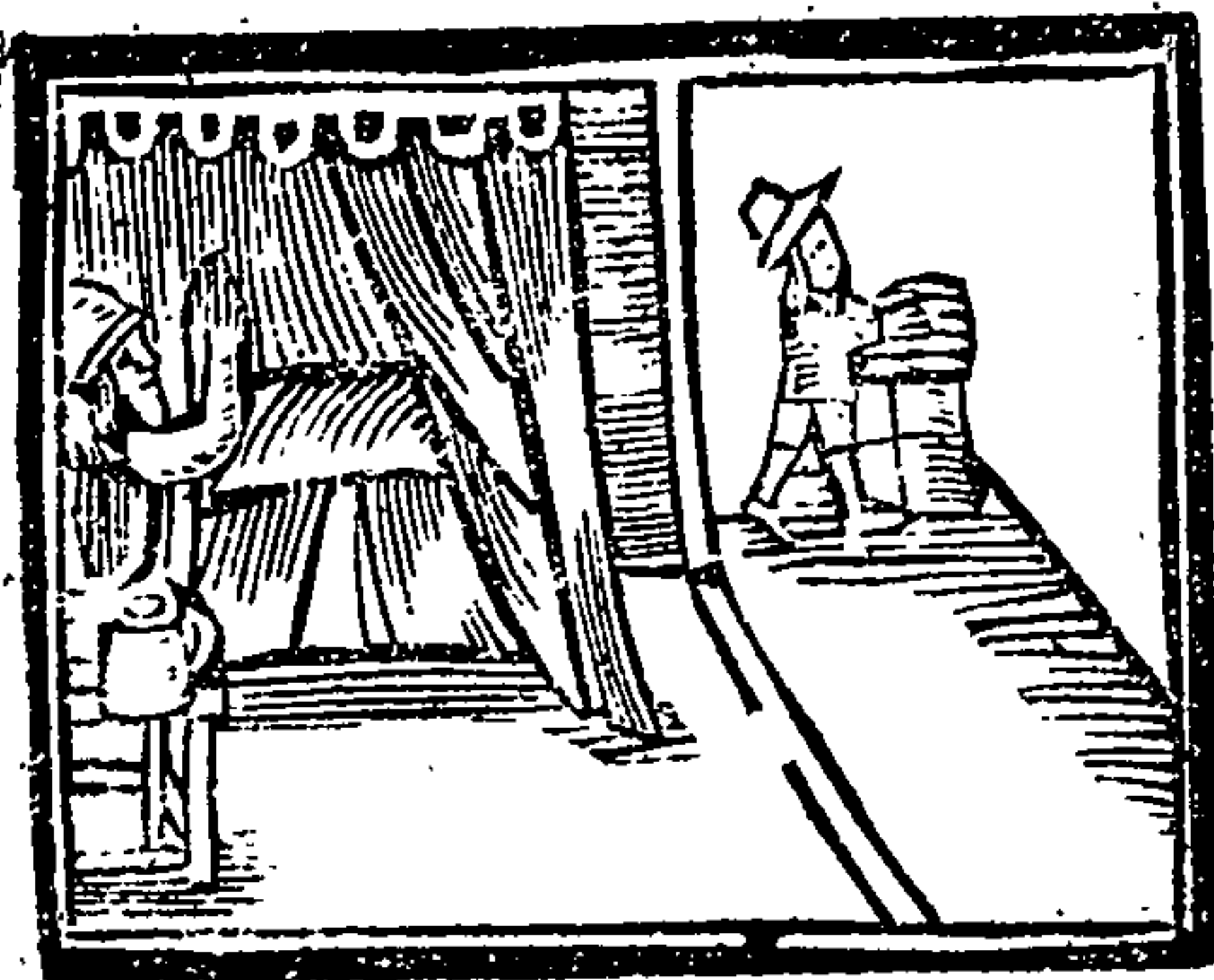
This Fable signifieth, that when Advice doth no good, to give it is at that Time indeed to befool a Friend.

A Leech, of whom and Pain his Patient dy'd,
Thus to the Bearers of the Corps reply'd;
This Man had liv'd yet, had he Clysters us'd,
And Wine-refrain'd; both which since he refus'd,
He now is dead; One of the standers by
Thus twitted the Physician wittily,
This Counsel had been fit for you to give
When your unhappy Patient yet did live.
For your Advice and Receipts are in vain,
Now he is dead, nay worse, they bring no gain.

The Moral.

*Who lets Occasion slip, and then pretends
To love by after Counsels, mocks his Friends.*

F A B. 165.

Of the Sick and Tying Beggar.

A Sick Man vows (a Stranger unto Wealth)
 An Hundred-Beeves to offer for his Health,
 If some God would restore it. *Jove*, to try
 His Thankfulness and Vow's Sincerity,
 Recovers him. The Poor Man (who behind
 Hand was, so could not pay his Vow in kind)
 Resolves an Heap of Beef bones should suffice,
 And offers them to *Jove* for Sacrifice.
Jove thus deluded, doth a Dream convey
 To shew the false Vow-breaker that there lay
 An Hundred Pounds in Gold in such a Place
 At the Sea Side But as he hies apace
 To seek his Gold, by *Joves* Decree, Thieves do
 Surprize him. He, so they will let him go,
 An Hundred Pound doth promise. They relye
 Upon his Word. He freed is by his Lye.

The Moral.

*They never scruple unto Men to lye,
 Who have broke promise with the Deity.*

F A B. 166.

Of the Wolf and the Dog.

Sleeping without a Door a Dog did lie ;
 On whom the Wolf did seize unwarily,
 And would have slain him, till with Speeches fair
 The Dog intreats him yet his Life to spare,
 'Till he could fatter grow ; as yet he saw
 His Skin stuck to his Ribs, his Flesh but raw,
 And little worth : but if he pleas'd to stay
 A while for him, his Master the next day
 His Nuptials kept, providing sumptuous Feasts,
 For Entertainment of invited Guests,
 And there should he have happy time to feed,
 And gather Flesh ; then if the Wolf had need,
 His Life he would into his Hands commit,
 And he at pleasure should dispose of it ;
 Whereat the Wolf dismiss him Homeward stalks
 The Dog ; the Wolf into the Forest walks.
 But e'er long time was spent, the Wolf retires,
 And full Performance of the Dog requires
 Of his last Promise ; but the Dog within,
 Then sleeping safe enough, reply'd again,
 Yea, Wolf, when next I nod without the Door,
 Take me, and trust to Nuptial Beasts no more.

The Moral.

'Tis Wisdom when you once a Danger shun,
Never again into like Hazards run.

F A B. 167.

Of the Lion and the Bull.



A Lion loth to enter a pitch'd Field,
To take a mighty Bull, about him wheel'd
Some while at distance, then approaching near,
Invites the Bull to Supper, for whose cheer
He said he kill'd a Sheep; the Bull agrees,
Attends him to the Den; but when he sees
There many Spits, and many Chauldrons deep,
And Pots good store, he can descry no Sheep,
He rusheth out in haste, and gets away:
And when his Host ask'd why he would not stay;
Because, quoth he, your Tools more fit do seem
To dress a Bull, than Sheep, in my Esteem.

The Moral.

*Pretences are transparent to the Wise,
Who ken the Drift of gilded Falsities.*

F A B. 168.

Of the Lion in Love.

A Lion once a Country Lass did love:
 Whom to obtain, he did resolve to move
 The Clown, her Father, that he would give way
 Unto their Marriage; the Clown says Nay,
 Jugg shall not wed a Beast, I crow. But when
 He saw how stern the Lion look'd him, then
 Having betought him better, he's content,
 But that his Daughter's fearful to be rent
 In pieces by his Claws and Teeth; if he
 Will quit himself of those, his Daughter's free,
 And wed her when he please. The Lover then
 Sticks not to quit his Claws and Teeth; but when
 Unarm'd, his Sweet-heart he demands, the Clown
 Pursues him with a Club, to knock him down.

The Moral.

*Love fools his Captives; they with ease are tame;
 Who in their Foe confide, are brought to bane.*

F A B. 169.

Of the Lioness and the Fox.

A Lyoness and Reynard strove a vye,
 Which of them twain were by their Progeny
 Enobled most. The Fox her self did pride
 I'th' Number of her Cubs, and doth deride
 The Lyoness, 'cause she but one brought forth.
 The Lioness replies, Her Offspring's worth
 Accrews not from their Number, their Renown
 Springs from their Nobleness, whereto the Crown
 And Empire of the Brutes was due:
 That she produc'd but one at once, 'twas true:
 But he a Lyon is, and shall command
 And rule o'er all the Reynards in the Land.

The Moral.

*The worth of things not in their numerous list,
 But in their noble Virtues doth consist.*

F A B. 170.

Of the Wolf and the Lamb.

A Wolf surpriz'd a straggling Lamb, but yet
 Would not use open force, but sought to get
 Occasion 'gainst the Lamb, that it might die,
 Not as by wrong, but as deservedly.
 Then doth he charge the Lamb, that she had long
 Heaped upon him Injuries and wrong,
 Devour'd his Pasture, drank his Waters dry.
 The harmless trembling Lamb doth then reply,
 She but new yeaned was, so could not eat
 His Grass; nor drink his Waters; all her Meat
 And Drink was her Dam's Milk. The Wolf at this
 In Rage replies, Sweet Lamb, although I miss
 To solve your Sophisms, I'll not fail to feed
 On you; and so he eat the Lamb with speed.

The Moral.

*Thus Innocence is still oppress'd by force:
 Men's cruel Minds being deaf to all remorse.*

F A B. 171.

Of the fighting Cocks.

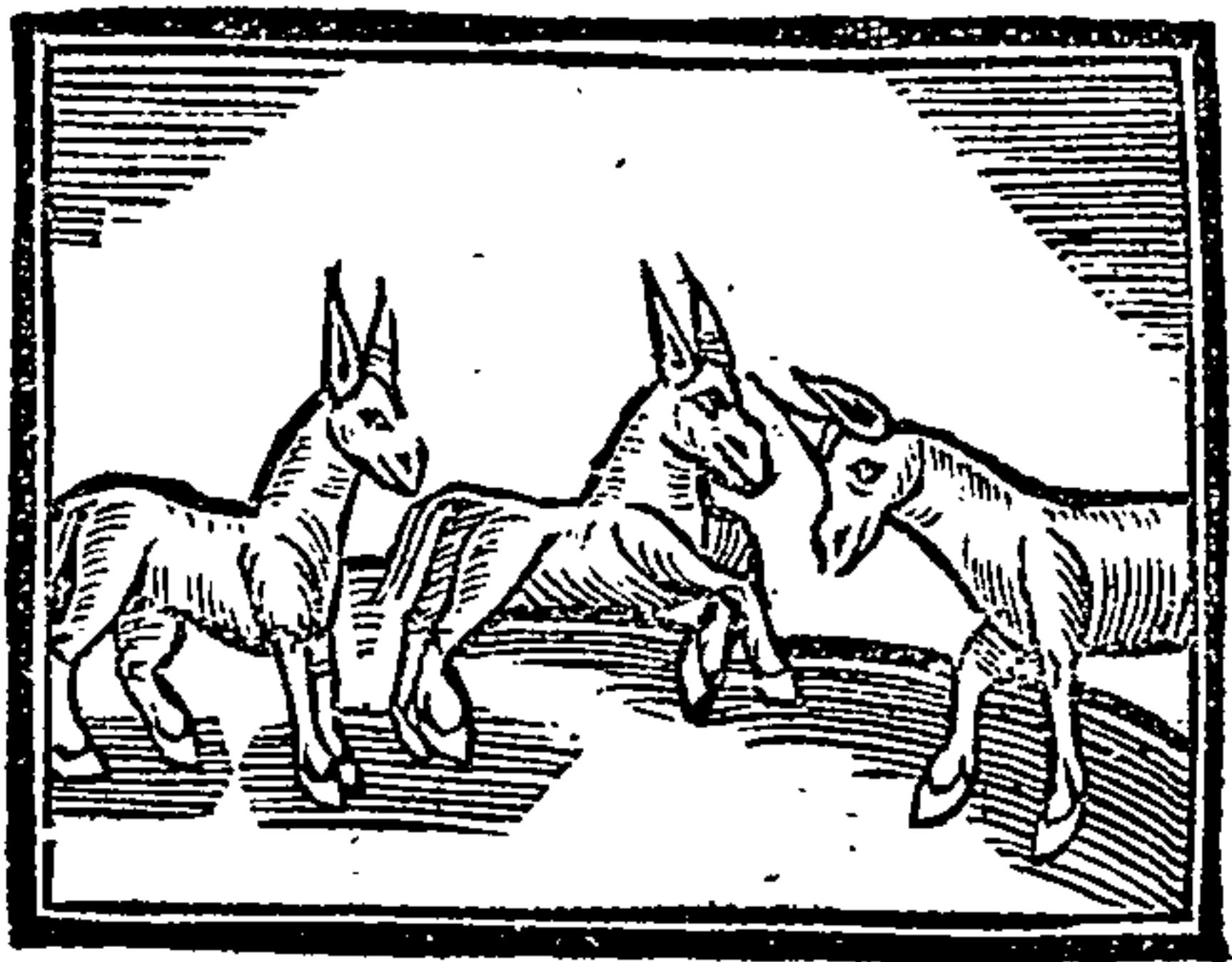
TWo Cocks long fought; at length who had the
 For Shame into a Hovel runs, nor durst (worst
 Come forth again to fight. The Victor proud
 Flies on the Houses Top, and crows aloud,
 In token of his Victory; mean while
 A rav'ning Eagle doth his crowing spoil;
 Who stooping, the triumphant Victor tears,
 And to her Nest him to her Eaglets bears.

Which when the Craven spies, he marcheth out,
 And Lords it o'er the Hens, as Victor stout.

The Moral.

*They oft are crost, and fall, to quell their Pride,
 Who in Prosperity too much confide.*

FAB. 147.

Of the Deer and the Fawn.

A Deer more swift of Foot and large of size,
 And better arm'd with Harms against Surprise,
 Than were the Dogs, was ask'd the Reason why,
 By a young Fawn he did so dread the Cry
 Of Hounds. The Deer replies, The Reasons all
 That cause my Fear, I must confess, are small:
 Yet though I be so qualified as now
 You have declar'd, my Heart I know not how
 Is on a sudden so possess'd with Fear,
 I cannot chuse, but run when I them hear.

The Moral.

*Natural Cowards by no Rhetorick can
 Be heightned to the Valour of a Man.*

F A B. 173.

Of Jupiter. and the Bee.

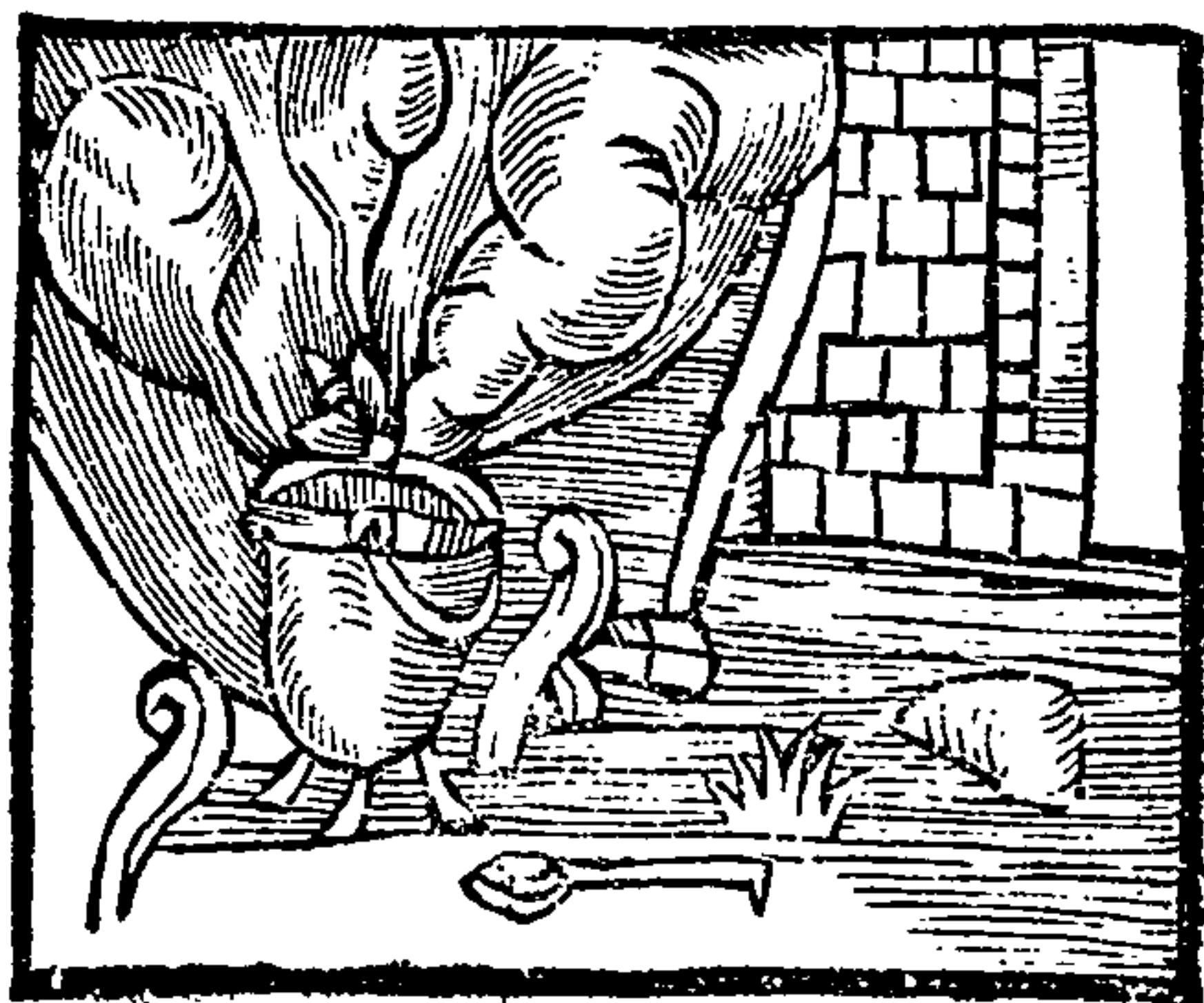


ONce on a time a Bee to *Jove* did bring
 A Dose of Honey for an Offering:
 Wherefore the pleased God bids her demand
 Her List, and she should have it out of hand.
 Quoth she then, To thy hand-maid grant great King,
 And God of Gods. that whosoe'er I sting,
 For rifling of my Hives, may forthwith die.
Jove troubled at her strange request, is shie,
 And loth to grant it, then replies, Oh Bee,
 Let it suffice that I do grant to thee,
 That if thou sting such Riflers, and there leave
 Thy Sting, that Sting shall thee of Life bereave.

The Moral.

*God's just Decree doth oft heap on us those
 Ills, which we pray may fall upon our foes.*

F A B. 174.

Of the Unfortunate Fly.

A Pot of Flesh being seething on the Fire,
 A Fly by chance into the same did fall,
 The Heat and Steam whereof made her expire;
 At which the Fly, seeing no Help at all
 For her Escape, thus speaks: Why should I grieve
 At such a noble Death? for if I die,
 I am not starv'd and pin'd, my Fate receive,
 Wanting Relief my Need to satisfy.

The Moral.

*Death unresisted Wise Men never fear,
 But with an equal Mind all Sufferings bear.*

F A B. 175.

Of the Young-Man and the Swallow.

A Youthful Spendthrift that had wasted all
 His Father's Legacy, which was not small
 (His Cloaths alone excepted) chanc'd to set
 Eyes on a Swallow flying (when as yet
 Midwinter scarce was past) whence he doth think
 Summer at hand, and pawns his Cloaths for Drink.
 Soon after this, half starv'd with Cold, he sees
 That very Swallow ready for to freeze
 To death; to whom Unlucky Bird, quoth he,
 Thou hast alike undone thy self and me.

The Moral.

*Unseasonable Acts not long endure,
 And wanton Lavishness brings want be sure.*

F A B. 176.

Of Mercury and the Carpenter.



CLoſe by a River ſide a Coppice ſtood,
 In which a Carpenter was hewing Wood
 T' erect a Temple, but in Labour croſt,
 His Ax flew from his hand, and quite was loſt,
 And buried in the Flood. The Man ſits down,
 Calls to the Gods, and ſadly making moan
 For his Miſchance; at length kind Mercury
 Hears his Requeſt, preſenting to his Eye
 A golden Axe, demanding if the ſame
 Belong'd to him; but he doth it diſclaim.
 The God the next a Silver one did ſhew,
 But the poor honeſt Man denies that too;
 The third time *Mercury* produc'd his own;
 At ſight whereof, the poor Man joyful grown,
 It gladly takes. Which Juſtice, when the God
 In him beheld, he not alone beſtow'd
 What was his own, but gave him both the other.
 The Man, who ſuch good Fortune could not ſmother,
 Relates all to his Fellows; 'mongſt which one
 Hoping the like, with all his ſpeed did run:
 And being arrived at that happy Place,
 Throws in his Axe, and mourning his ſad Caſe;

He

He call's on *Mercury*, who hears his Prayer,
 And straightway comes, presenting to him there:
 A Golden Ax, demanding if the same
 Were his? The Man fallly to it lays claim,
 And answers, Yes, whose false Delusion, when
 The God perceives, he flies from him agen;
 And leaves the silly Cozener all allone,
 Without restoring so much as his own.

The Moral.

*God's Justice here is shown, who as h' affects;
 The Righteous, so the wicked he rejects.*

FAB. 177.

Of the Man and the Serpent.



A Serpent, that did near a House reside,
 So bit a Child, that struck her, that he dy'd;
 And with him dies his Parents Hopes and Joy.
 Then the sad Father, to revenge his Boy,
 Pursues the Serpent with a Forest Bill,
 Then weilding it, with full intent to kill;
 Lops of her Tail a piece; this done, he meant
 To make peace with the Serpent, and so went
 With Water, Honey, Salt, and Meal, to see
 If the Snake will embrace his Amity.

But the Snake lurking in her hole, hiss'd thus,
 In vain you labour for a League 'twixt us:
 For while you miss your Child, and I my Tail,
 To keep us quiet Friends, no Leagues avail.

The Moral.

*When Injuries are fresh in Mind, 'tis hard
 For Men from hostile Acts to be debarr'd.*

F. A. B. 178.

Of the Hen and the Fox.



A Fox crept in a Hen-roost, there doth spie
 A sick Hen lodged on her Nest on high:
 Then in great seeming Love, but real hate,
 Bemoans his Cater-Cousins weak Estate,
 And asks her how she did? The Hen with speed
 With Thanks replies, That she was sick indeed;
 But this sick Sib should mend without delay,
 If that her Cousin Reynard were away.

The Moral.

*Their very Presence is too great a sore,
 That are our Foes, although we ail no more.*

F. A. B.

F A B. 179.

Of the Fox and the Grapes.

Reynard walks thro' a Vine-yard, where he spies
 Large Clusters of fair Grapes, whose greedy Eyes
 Fixt full on them, inflame his strong desire
 To gather some ; but when too low t' aspire
 That height poor Reynard saw his Reach to be,
 And that by no means he could get them , he
 Departs in Peace, and only this did say,
 Tush, they are green and tart, not worth my stay.

The Moral.

*'Tis better slight, than earnestly desire
 Such things as are impossible t' acquire.*

F A B. 180.

Of the Child and the Scorpion.

ONce on a Time, a Sun-shine Summers Day
 Invites a Child into the Field to play;
 Where his low-pitcht delight set him on work
 To catch Grasshoppers, that now leap, now lurk
 Beneath the Grass, as if to find him play;
 Following his Game, he came at length, where lay
 A little Scorpion lurking, which he thought
 A Grasshopper, and stooping down he sought
 To take it. But the Scorpion who foresaw
 The Child's Simplicity, bids him withdraw
 His Hand, and live at quiet, lest he be
 Slain by an unexpected Destiny.

The Moral.

*Men after Pleasures like to Children run,
 Not knowing what to follow, what to shun.*

F A B. 181.

Of the Falconer and the Partridge.

A Partridge taken, and at point to die,
 Bespeaks the Falconer with piteous Cry,
 Then if he let her free, she will seduce
 More Partridges into his Net, and use
 Her best Endeavour, during Life to give
 Him due requital, if he'll let her live.

Nay now, quoth he, the rather I'll thee slay,
 Because thou would'st thy Friends to Death betray.

The Moral.

*They that by Treachery would harm their Friends,
 Come justly oft to sudden evil Ends.*

F A B. 182.

Of the Hare and the Snail.



A Hare derides a Snail for her slow Feet :
 Who answers, That the Hare should know how
 The Snail is, if she will but run a Race, (fleet
 And point an Umpire, to appoint the Place,
 And meet it out; and the Race run, decide
 Whether hath won; then *Wat* in scorn repli'd,
 Thou dost not know my speed, but since you dare
 Challenge, we'll try a Match; Done. Then the Hare
 Points *Reynard* for their Judge, the wisest Brute:
 The Snail (the Lists appointed) to confute
Wat's jeering Confidence, sets out with speed,
 And marching forward with industrious Heed,
 And diligence, sans ceasing; till at last,
 At the Race End; *Wat* loytered as fast,
 Confiding in her Swiftness, sleeps, and then
 Awaking runs to the Race end; but when
 She sees the Snail there first, with shame *Wat* quits
 Her vain Conceit, and vainer bragging fits.

The Moral.

*Mean Parts with Pains and Diligence, effect
 Things sooner, than great Parts with like neglect.*

F A B.

F A B. 183.

Of the Willow-Tree and the Ax.

ONE that would cleave a Willow he had fell'd
 Made Wedges of it; which when it beheld,
 Presaging wherefore they were made, it groan'd,
 And thus its grievous Usages bemoan'd:
 The (Stranger) Ax I grieve not at alone,
 Wherewith Men fell me; but my Grief and Moan
 Imbitter'd is, because out of my Side
 Wedges are made, my Body to divide.

The Moral.

*In Mens Adversities more grievous Blows
 Are gi'v'n by false Friends, than professed Foes.*

F A B. 184.

Of the Pomegranate and the Pippin-Tree.

THE *Pomegranate* and *Pippin-Tree* contend
 For Excellence long time, but in the End,
 After much Contest, when the greater Trees
 Had fought in vain, to settle their stirr'd Lees;
 And to compose their Difference, a Bush
 From the near Hedge among them in doth rush,
 And hearing their Debate, Enough, quoth he,
 Ye have already strove; be rul'd by me,
 Be Friends, and your Contention surcease;
 Now ye both pine, but both shall thrive in Peace.
 This moves the Trees,

The Moral.

*Thus mean Folks compose
 The Differences of more potent Foes.*

F A B. 185.

Of the Mole and her Dam.

THE Mole of Creature blind by Nature is,
 Yet thus spake once unto his Dam: I wis
 Some strange strong scenting Odor I resent;
 And by and by, e'er they much Ground had went,
 He sees a mighty Furnace; then he hears
 A Noise of Anvils drumming in his Ears;
 To whom his Dam in Merriment replies,
 He wanted Nose and Ears as well as Eyes.

The Moral.

*Great Talkers, and great Boasters, most of all,
 Professing great things; are convinc'd in small.*

F A B. 186.

Of the Wasps, Partridges, and Husband-man.

ONce on a Time the Partridges and Wasps,
 So pestered with Thirst, that each one gasps
 As well for Life as Water, jointly tend
 To beg it of a Farmer; where they blend,
 And mix their begging with large Proffers; say,
 They for his Waters will due Thanks repay.
 The Partridges to dig his Vine-yards proffer,
 That th' Vines may bearful Clusters; the Wasps offer
 As largely, they by compassing it round,
 Secure from Thieves will guard the Farmer's Ground.
 To whom, quoth he, My Yoke of Oxen see,
 That till my Ground sans promising for me;
 Wherefore is it not fitter, do you think,
 That they that earn their Waters, than you drink?

The Moral.

*Wise Men Benevolence should never show
 To useless idle Drones; 'tis Wisdom so.*

F A B. 187.

Of Jupiter and the Serpent.



Jove solemnizing with a sumptuous Feast:
 His Nuptials was presented with each Beast;
 All Brutes according to their Power bring,
 Thereto in Duty bound, an Offering.
 The Serpent 'mongst the rest a Rose-bud crops,
 And bearing it in his invenom'd Chops,
 Presents *Jove* with it; which when *Jove* beheld,
 With great Averseness he the Gift repell'd:
 Adding, That though he pleasingly accepts
 Presents from all, the Serpent's he excepts.

The Moral.

*Wise Men are well perswaded, that the Gifts
 Of wicked Men have still some evil Drifts.*

F A B. 188.

Of the fondling Ape.

THE Ape brings forth two young ones, but affects
 And nurseth only one: Some say neglects
 And leaves the other to his Shifts, and hates:
 But see the ruling Power of the Fates;
 The Brat wherein the Dam did so delight,
 Is strangled by her in her Sleep at Night,
 Or overlaid; and so the Brat she hates,
 Her Darling proves, and thrives; so wills the Fates.

The Moral.

*Mens Forecast and Devices oft to naught
 By God's o'er-ruling Providence are brought.*

F A B.

F A B. - 189.

Of the Man and the Flea.

THE little Flea whose only Food
 Is gain'd by sucking of the Blood,
 With eager thirst had seiz'd upon
 One's Flesh, and stuck so fast thereon,
 That e're Escape by her was made,
 The Man his Hand upon her laid,
 And she his Prisoner became.
 The Flea affrighted at the same,
 Intreats the Man, he would forgive
 This first Offence, and let her live;
 Since she but little Harm could do,
 Besides, by Nature prone thereto:
 To whom the Man this Answer gave,
 By so much less ought I to save
 Your Life, when prone to Mischief, you
 Can no one Deed of Virtue shew:
 But if your Strength could equalize
 Your Will in hourly Villanies,
 Would still persist: Which to prevent,
 'Tis fit a sudden Punishment
 Should cut you off, lest other Men
 Receive like Hurts from you agen.

The Moral.

*Or great or small th' Offence, the Power of Law
And Justice, with Severity must aw
Offenders, future Mischiefs to prevent,
Lest, by too frequent pardon, insolent,
Presumptuous Malefactors, flieht in Crimes,
With villanous Examples fill the Times.*

F A B. 190.

Of the Man and the Gnat.

A Gnat in wonted manner flies about,
And lighting on the bare foot of a Lowt,
So smartly kiss'd, that he enrag'd with pain,
Would with his Nails the captive Gnat have slain.
But the Gnat skipping from between his Hands,
Avoids her Doom. The Lowt then thus demands,
O Hercules, that us'd to Death to bring
Things harmless, now pray aid me 'gainst this thing.

The Moral.

*They do prophane God's Name, that on him call
In every trivial hap and worthless thrall.*

F A B. 191.

Of an old Man and his two Wives.

ONE full of Years, but very lusty grown,
 With one Wife could not rest content alone,
 But he must wed again. Contention grew
 Betwixt his Wives, his old one and his new,
 Which he should most affect. His first-kind Wife
 Thus plots to gain his Love, and end the Strife:
 She from his grizzled Head and Beard doth cull
 All the black Hairs: his second gray doth pull,
 That he or old, or youthful might appear,
 And whom he most resembled, so to steer
 His Love to them. But they so often striv'd,
 That, through their Emulation they depriv'd
 The poor Man of his Ornament in Hair,
 And made his Head quite bald, his Face quite bare.

The Moral.

*This shews, that Wedlock equal Years doth crave,
 And when thou hast got one Foot in the Grave,
 Don't heed Venus, lest grown bald, instead
 Of Hair, some other thing adorn thy Head.*

F A B. 192.

Of the Promiser.



One desperately sick, and given o'er
 By his Physicians, now begins t' implore
 His God for Help, and if God send him Health,
 Promiseth, (though he scanty were in Wealth)
 An Hetacomb of Oxen at his rise,
 To offer up a thankful Sacrifice :
 But where are th' hundred Oxen, quoth his Wife,
 To Offer, if they God should spare thy Life ?
 To whom her Husband made this weak Reply
 God will not ask them, for behold I die.

The Moral.

*Read, and abhor their Vanities; who use
 To make their Tongues to idle Talk a Sluce :
 Who to their Promises give such a Scope,
 That to perform them, they themselves not hope.*

F A B. 193.

Of the Frogs.

A Brace of Frogs liv'd once upon a Time
 Within a Pool, till drought had bak'd the slime,
 And spent the Water; then these Mates leapt on
 To seek another Pool: And having gone
 A little way, they find a Pit with steep
 Descent, well water'd, being very deep;
 At sight of which, quoth one, Come *Mate*, behold;
 Let's jump in hither, where we may be bold.
 The Sun, our envious Parent, cannot dry
 Our envy'd Store. Her *Mate* made this reply;
 If this Store also fail us, How shall we
 Ascend from this so vast Profundity?

The Moral.

*Look e'er you leap rememb'ring this sad Truth,
 That rash Attempts are waited on by Youth.*

F A B. 194.

Of the Cock and the Dog.

When Brutes could speak, a Cock and Dog agreed
 To take a VValk, and for their better speed,
 A League offensive and defensive plight,
 Strenghtned with that, they travel, and when Night
 The Earth's Shade stain them, *Chantecler* ascends
 A hollow Tree, the Dog at th' Root defends
 The Fort, between them keeping VVatch and VVard.
 The Cock of course doth crow, and is o'erheard
 By *Reynard* passing by: who forthwith bends
 His course that way, and there arriv'd, pretends
 That he would fain embrace him, and desires
 The Coek would thence descend. The Cock requires
 The Fox to wake the Porter, to give way:
 VVhich done, the Dog the cozen'd Fox doth slay.

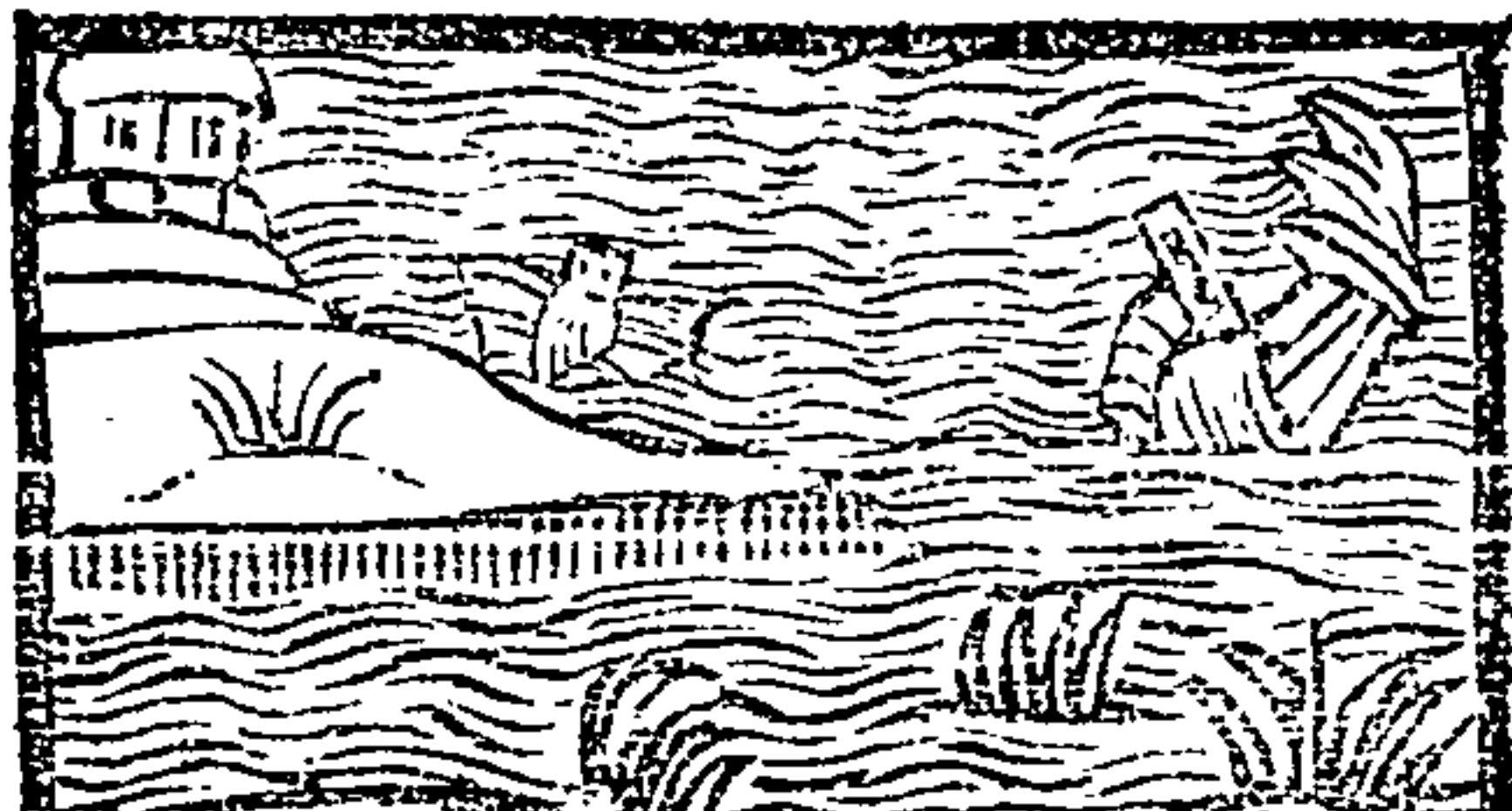
The Moral.

*Wise Man make use of their more potent Friends,
 Against a Foe that Treachery intends.*

*ÆSOP'S Fables.**F A B. 195.**Of the Lyon and Bear.*

F A B. 196.

Of the Bush the Bat, and the Cormorant.



F A B. 193.

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The Moral.

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The Moral.

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 Against a Foe that Treachery intends.*

F A B. 195.

Of the Lyon and Bear.

A Bear and Lion for a Fawn long fought,
 Till with Expence of Blood, they both were
 To Giddinels, that weary, down they lie (brought
 To breathe themselves; but *Reynard* passing by,
 And seeing them so weary, and the Fawn
 Between them, he resolv'd to keep the Pawn
 Till they agreed; so seized on the Prey,
 And drew it to his Den hard by: But they
 Unable to resist and rise, deplore
 Their fruitless double Pains, and Wounds so fore,
 And that they toiled for the Fox's Maw.

The Moral.

*See here the Exit of great Suits in Law,
 When potent Purses wrangle, till the stea'th
 Of pick-purse Layers rob them of their Wealth.*

F A B.

F A B. 196.

Of the Bush the Bat, and the Cormorant.

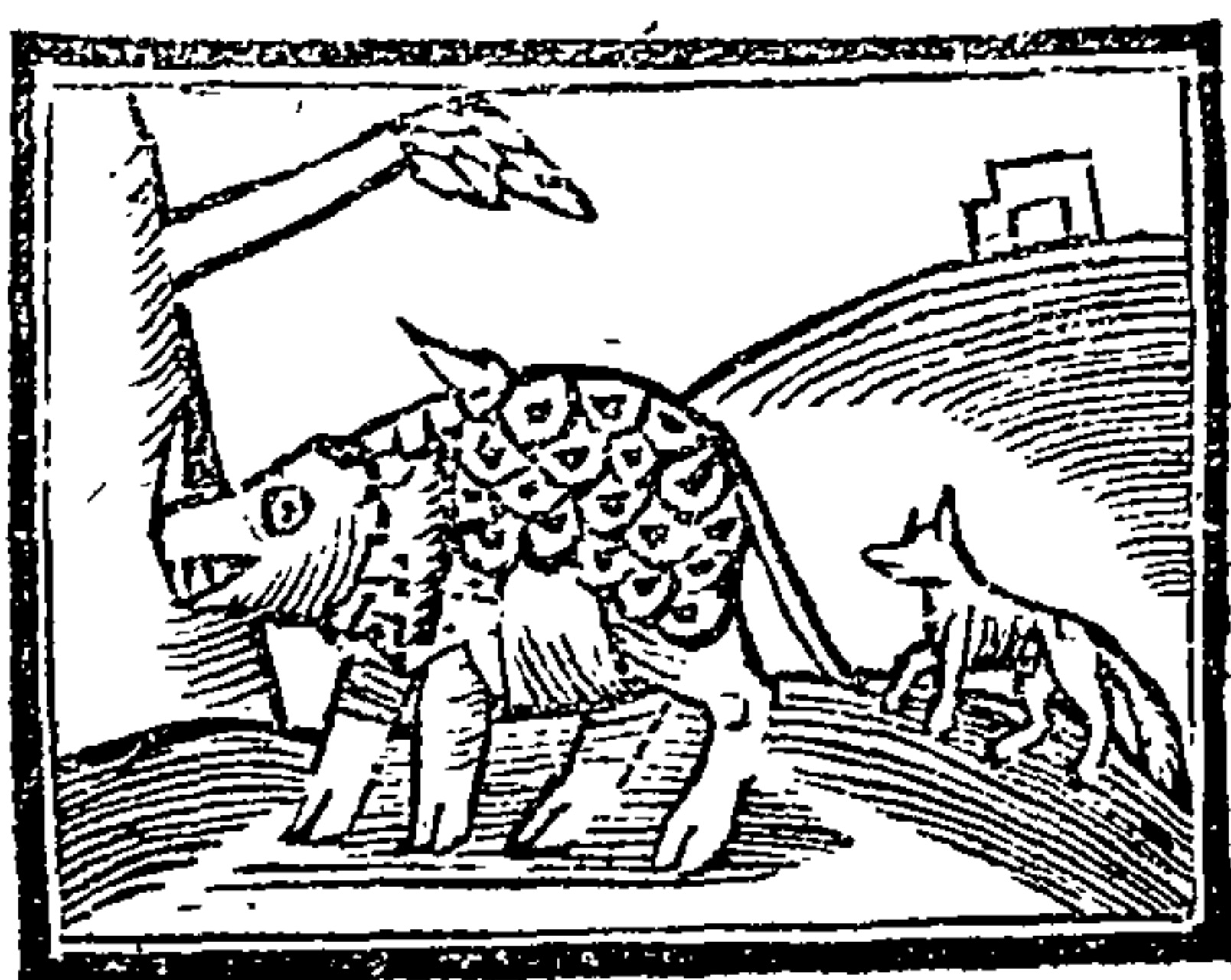
THE Bush, the Bat, the Cormorant agree
 To joyne together, and will Merchants be.
 The Bush provided Cloaths, the Bat doth load
 The Ship with Silver, the Cormorant made
 Brasse his Adventure; so to Sea they go;
 But a Storm rising, tossed to and fro
 Their rolling Vessel, till the swelling Seas
 Devour both Ship and their Commodities.
 Wherefore to save their Lives, the Merchants flee
 To th' Land, to shun the Ocean's Tyranny.
 Being arriv'd, the Cormorant no more
 Daring be seen, lurks closely by the Shore.
 Fearing her Creditors, the Bat by Night
 (Forfaking Day) dares only take her flight.
 The Bush no longer daring to be seen
 In its own cloathing, or his wonted green,
 Shakes off her Leaves, that so unknown she may
 Remain t' her Creditors that pass that Way.

The Moral.

*The Com'rant, Bush, and Bat to us descry
The Rashness of those Men, who wilfully
Hazard their Fortune, by attempting all
Their Fancy prompts, and into Ruin fall,
Scarcely escaping with their Lives, when they
Might have foreseen that imminent Decay.*

*So to avoid, and not so headlong run
On danger, which approaching, none can shun.*

F A B. 197.

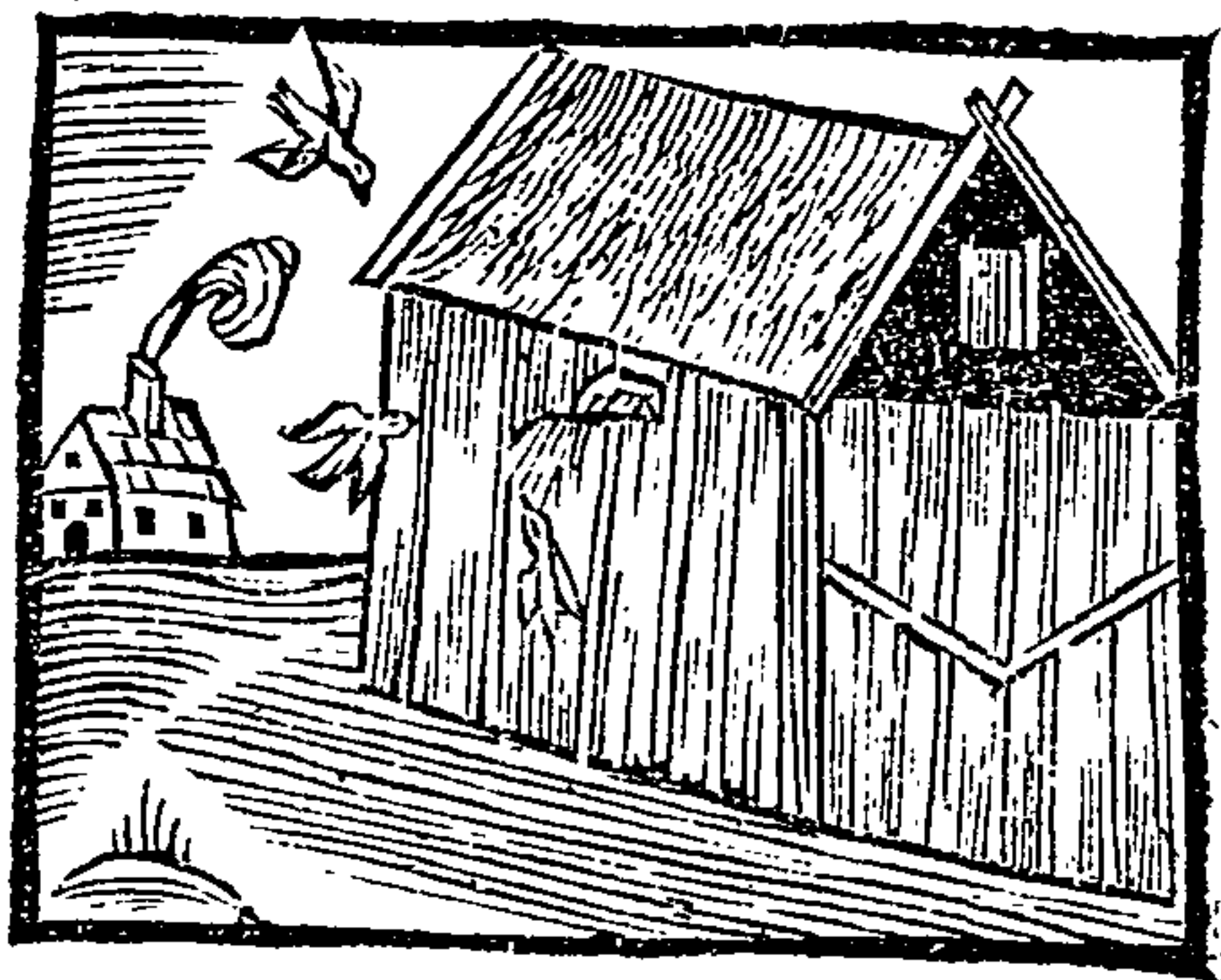
Of the Fox and Rhinoceros.

Rhinoceros his dulled Teeth did whet
Upon the hardned Tree, thereon to set
A keener Edge. But Reynard passing by,
Asks the Rhinoceros the Reason why
He whet his Teeth, confronted by no Foe,
Nor any Danger: Why then did he so?
The Brute replies, Good Reason why, for when
Dangers assault me, sure I ought not then
Be to set edge upon my Teeth employ'd,
But use their Sharpness, lest I be annoy'd.

The Moral.

*Men must be arm'd 'gainst Ills that may ensue,
And future Dangers, else they soon may rue.*

F A B. 198.

Of the snared Lark.

A Snared Lark bewail'd his captive State,
 Bemoaning most the Oddness of his Fate:
 He no Man robb'd of Silver or of Gold,
 Nor any thing of Moment, yet behold
 His sinister odd Fate ; for one poor Grain
 Of VVheat, poor Lark is snared to be slain.

The Moral.

*Their Crosses justly may those Men complain,
 Who hazard much, a little Pelf to gain.*

F A B. 199.

Of the Covetous Man.



A Covetous rich Man, when he had sold
 All he was worth, and turned all to Gold,
 Went out into the Field, and digg'd a Pit,
 A Grave to hold his Mind and Soul and it;
 Whither he still on daily Visits went,
 To see his Gold, his Soul, and sole Content.
 At last a Slave of his observ'd the Wretch,
 And mark'd the Place, and the next Night did fetch
 Away the Golden Globe. The Miser then
 Walks next Day forth to see his Gold; but when
 He mist it, he most strangely taketh on,
 And tears his Hair, his Soul, his Gold is gone.
 This one des crying, jeer'd out this reply,
 Be cheary Man; there's no hing lost; for why?
 Thou may'st conceive thy Gold here still, and have
 Joy of it, as when it lay in that Grave.

Thou never hadst it when thou didst it keep;
 Let not its Absence then cause thee to weep.

The Moral.

*He that possesseth Wealth and doth not use
 The same, ne'er had it, yet doth it abuse.*

F A B.

F A B. 200.

Of the one-eyed Doe.

AN One-ey'd Deer, that near the Sea did graze,
 To Sea-ward turn'd the blind side of her Face,
 Suspecting thence no harm; but t'other side
 VVherewith she saw, she to the Land appli'd,
 Expecting thence whatever Men could do
 To bring her Mischief, and to work her VVoe.
 But some fly Lads had Notice of her Plot,
 And went to Sea by Boat, from whence they shot
 The Sea-secure Doe unto Death, who bray'd
 Her last Breath thus; Ah! woe is me! betray'd,
 Thence whence I thought no ill to me could come;
 Yet thence untouch'd, whence I did dread my Doom.

The Moral

*Of things are harmless, which yet hurtful seem
 To Men; and hurtful, which they harmless deem.*

F A B. 201.

Of the Deer and the Lyon.

AN hunted Deer a Cave far off descries,
 VVhither in hope to rest her self, she hies;
 But entering the Cave, a Lyon there
 Lurking, arrests her, ready her to tear.
 Then dying, thus she sigh'd, Did I then shun
 Men, by the fiercest Beast to be undone?

The Moral.

Unwary Men, and fearful, often shall
 (Shunning some petty Harms) by greater fall.

FAB. 202.

Of the Deer and the Vine.

Under the Covert of a Vine, a Deer
 Lay close, to shun some Archers that were near,
 Who hardly past by, but the Deer began
 To browse the Vine-leaves. Then the Archers scan
 The Noise and Shaking of the Leaves. And why
 May not, says one, some Deer there lurking lye?
 And so it was; then they with Arrows keen,
 Thick shot, do wound to death the Deer unseen:
 Who dying, justifies her Doom, 'cause she
 Offer'd the Vine that sav'd her, Injury.

The Moral.

*Who wrong their Benefactors, often rue,
 Justice Divine repaying them their due.*

F A B. 203.

Of the Cock, the Lion, and the Afs.

THE Cock and Afs together feed,
 Towards whom a Lyon making speed;
 The Cock first sees him, and to warn
 The Afs to shun ensuing Harm
 He crows aloud; at whose shrill Voice
 The Lion back retires (no Noise
 More terrifying him than that)
 Which when the Afs perceiv'd, thereat
 Insults, and thinks from him he flew,
 Seeming with Fury to pursue
 The Lyon. But ere far th' had gone,
 Beyond the Noise of Cocks, where none
 Was present but the Afs, and he,
 The Lyon longer scorns to flee,
 But turns, and unresisted flew
 The Afs that did but now pursue:
 VVho thus laments, Alas! that I,
 Of cow'rdly Parents born, must die;
 Not able, in this fatal Strife,
 Return a Stroke to save my Life:
 Nor when in Safety feeding, fly,
 But follow such an Enemy.

The Moral.

*As sottish Cow'rdice brands thee with Disgrace,
From equal Enemies to turn they Face;
So proves it rasher Folly to pursue
A Foe that politickly flies from you.
Till he have drawn thee under his Command,
Where no Resistance can his Force withstand.*

F A B. 204.

Of the Gardiner and his Dog.

A Gardiner's Dog was tumbling by h's Well,
And at the last into the same he fell,
The Gardiner beholding how he strove
To get out thence, and could not, in pure love
Descends to help him out. The Dog for dread
Lest he would thrust him further in, makes head,
And biting him, compels him thence to part.
His Master out, replies, I justly smart
That would a Felon to himself reprieve:
There shall he drown e're I will him relieve.

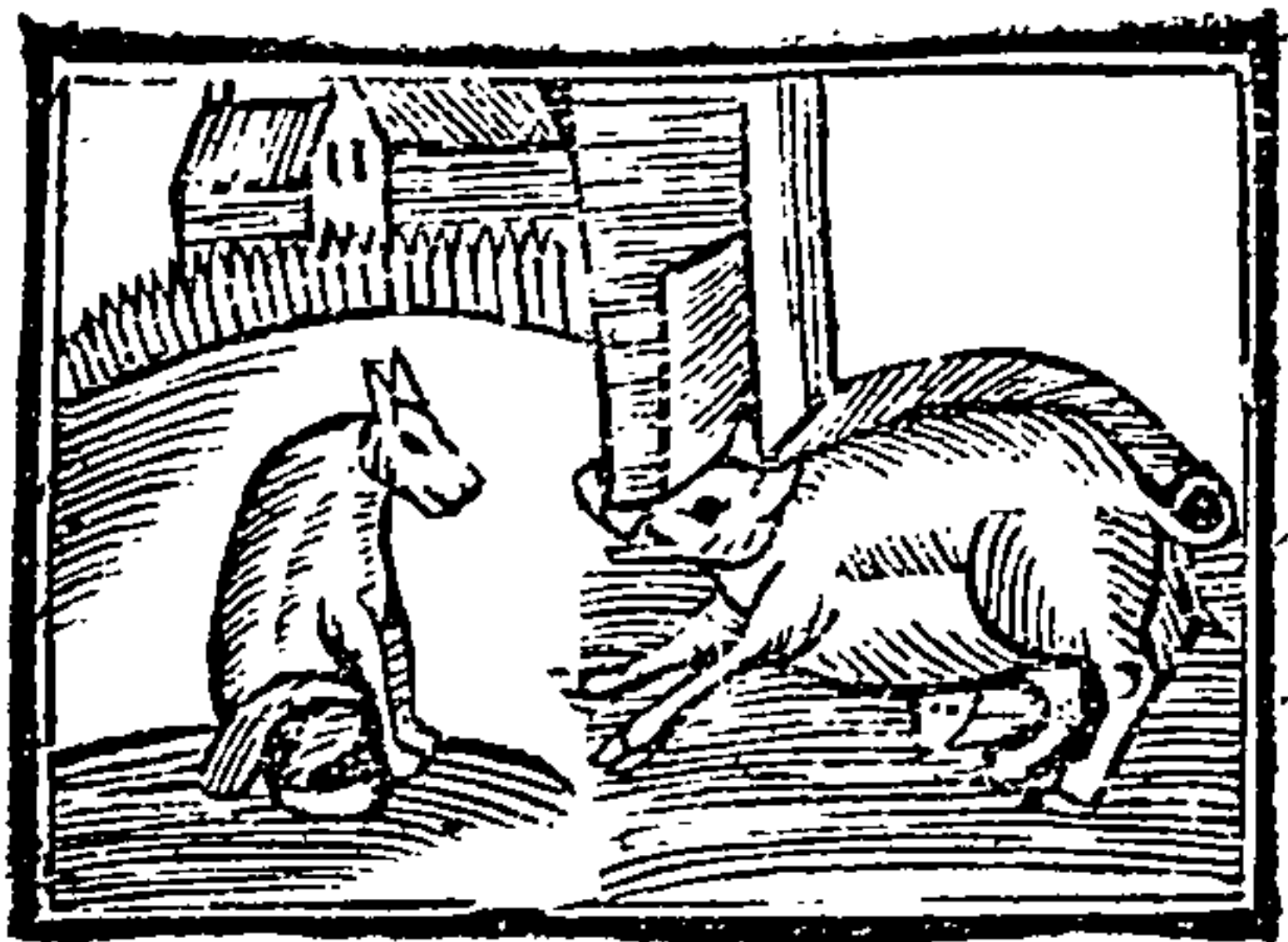
The Moral.

*Ungrateful Men requite good turns so still;
If not with evil Deeds, with evil Will.*

F A B.

F A B. 205.

Of the Dog and Swine.



A Swine at variance with a Dog, did swear
 By *Venus*, Surely he the Dog will tear
 To pieces with his Tusks. The Dog puts off
 These Threats with fleering Semblance and a Scoff.
 'Tis well, quoth he, that you by *Venus* swear;
 For well you intimate thereby how dear
 You are to *Venus*, who allows no Seat
 About her Tables, to whom Swines-flesh eat,
 A Food impure. The Swine replies, Therefore
 The Goddess shews that she affects me more,
 Abhorring those that hurt me; but for thee,
 Thy stink, alive and dead's, unsavory.

The Moral.

*This Wisdom to convert that to ones praise,
 Which ones Detractor to disgrace one says,*

F A B. 206.

Of the Wolf and the Kid.

A Tender Kid, her Dam being by
 To guard her from the Tyranny
 Of the insulting Wolf, grows bold,
 With him a Conference to hold,
 And with ill Words the Wolf upbraid,
 To whom the Wolf this Answer made;
 Fond Kid, it is thy Guard and Place,
 Not thou, that dost me thus disgrace:
 For know, weak Fool, were thou but here
 Alone, and shouldst so domineer,
 My Courage should suppress thy vip'rous Tongue
 From utt'ring such insufferable Wrong.

The Moral.

*The Valiant so Abuses take
 From Cowards, nor Resistance make:
 The Place or Presence of some other,
 Forcing them their ill Words to smother.*

F A B. 207.

Of the Fox and the Wolf.

Poor Reynard by unhappy Fortune fell
 Into the Bottom of a dangerous Well.
 Fearful of sudden Death, at length he spies
 A Wolf upon the Brink, to whom he cries
 With lamentable Voice, Assist, dear Friend,
 My Miseries, some speedy succour lend,
 And help me to a Cord, that so I may
 Escape with Life, and I'll to thee repay
 A thousand Thanks, and by Engagement stand
 Ready to act what thou shalt me command.
 To whom the greedy Wolf sadly replies,
 Alas, poor Fox! whence did thy Sorrows rise?
 Tell me what dire Mischance, what sudden Fate
 Led thee thy Fortunes thus to ruinate?
 The half-drown'd Fox makes answer, Friend, no more
 Stand to demand the Reason, lest before
 Our Talk have end, my vital Parts expire,
 And thou in vain accomplish my Desire.

The Moral.

*A sudden Wound expects a sudden Cure,
 Nor will Prolixity of Time endure;
 Lest while prolong'd in tedious delay,
 The slow Physicians with fond Questions play,*

*Upon the wounded Patient vainly he
Produc'd a slight and frivolous Comedy.*

F A B. 208.

Of the Cock and the Fox.



THE rav'nous Fox, that often did embrue
His Paws in Blood, and harmless Pullen slew,
Is by the crafty Country-man ensnar'd
Within a Trap, so that intent prepar'd,
Whom the much wronged Cock perceiving, he
(Not daring else approach his Enemy)
Draws near to *Reynard*, who with mild Intreats,
(For need enforced him to lay by Threats)
Begg of the Cock to help him to a Knife,
And cut the Cord for to prolong his Life,
Which now he fear'd to lose, or else to prove
So faithful to him, that he would not move
His Masters Rage against him, but forbear
Complaints, till he the Cords asunder tear
With his sharp Teeth. The Cock with gentle Words
And seeming Smiles, to th' Fox's Will accords;
But inwardly resolveth otherwise,
And with all speed to call his Master flies;
Who, joyful at the News with equal haste,
Provides a Club, so while the Fox was fast,

To

To take revenge, at sight of whom the Fox
 Exclaims at his Credulity, the mocks
 Of the deceitful Cock to bid on, when
 He knew that Wrongs would be return'd agen
 By such, who had sustain'd them, and requite
 With Loss of Life those who in Blood delight.

The Moral.

*'Tis sottish Folly, Credit to impose
 Of Secrecy upon professed Foes.*

F A B. 209.

Of the Travellers.



ONE of two-Passengers an Ax had found,
 Cast by some neighbour Workmen on the ground
 And claim'd it all himself, although his Mate
 Crav'd half betimes, and did expostulate,
 Urging him t' say, Not I, but *we have found*.
 This past on, but e'er they had past much Ground,
 The Owners of the Ax with *Hew* and Cry
 Pursue the Passengers most furiously,
 Crying. *Stop Thieves*. Then timid Guilt appears:
 He that took up the Ax cries, full of fears,
We are undone; Not we, reply'd his Mate:
 For said you not, *Not we have found* of late?

The

The Moral.

*None can expect them true Friends in Distress,
With whom they would not share their Happiness.*

F A B. 210.

Of the Harper and the Tiplers.

A Mean skill'd Harper, in a plaister'd House,
(Where petty Tiplers us'd to roar and bouse)
Sung to his Harp, that the rebounding Noise
From the near Walls did much amend his Voice,
Which of it self was small and harsh, that he
Was deem'd by them t' excel for Melody.
The praised Fool grows proud, and thinks it fit
He to the Theatre should himself commit,
To shew his Gifts, and reap more praise, but there
When his low Voice scarce reached any Ear,
And pleased none at all, the People thence
Soon hiss and stone away his Impudence.

The Moral.

*Each petty (knowing) Tradesman is not fit
To rule a State, or at its Helm to sit.*

F A B. 211.

Of the Raven and the Serpent.

AN hungry roving Raven, as she pries
 For Prey, at length a basking Serpent spies
 Asleep, and sunning on a Bank, and straight
 Seizeth upon it. But the dear-bought Bait,
 The Serpent turning, by invenom'd bite
 With Death the greedy Seizer doth requite.

The dying Raven then doth forecomplain, (gain.
 That should her bairn prove, which she seiz'd for

The Moral.

*Revenous People, greedy after Wealth,
 Prefer the getting of it unto Health,
 And desperately bent, heed not the Sting
 Of ill got Goods, which will Confusion bring.*

F A B.

F A B. 212.

Of the Ape, the Wolf, and the Fox.

THe Wolf accuses *Reynard* for a Thief.
 The Fox cries, No such Matter, 'Tis a Lie.
 The learned Ape is chosen presently
 To judge, who thus decides the Cause in brief,
 Wolf, thou hast not a Farthing lost; and yet
 What he demands, Fox thou hast pilfer'd it.

The Moral.

*I'll not trust him who us'd to tell me lyes;
 Once a Deceiver, and ne'er otherwise.*

F A B. 213.

Of the Mice in Council.

A Mouse Committee plot to shun the Cat,
 Up starts one something wiser than the rest,
 My Masters, trouble not your selves with that,
 Do as I bid, and set your Hearts at rest,
 Each Cat about her Neck shall wear a Bell,
 Which we shall hear, and run. All praise the Mouse;
 The Cats may now go hang them, if they will.
 Quoth one, it seems Senior to all the House,
 I must confess, I like the Project well,
 But who dares venture there to hang a Bell.

The Moral.

*Good Counsel's easie given, commended too,
 But some things are a little hard to do.*

The End of the Fables.

THE LIFE of *ÆSOP*.

CHAP. I.

*A Description of the Birth, Shape, and Qualities
of ÆSOP.*



SOME there have been who have heretofore diligently inquired into humane Affairs, and commended them to Posterity : but *Æsop* seems to me, as it were acted by a Divine Intelligence, (especially for Moral Discipline) far to surpass the greater Number of them. Not only in describing the Nature of Things, and rational Discourses, but also for History, there was scarcely any Age that produced a Man comparable to him. But his Art of instructing by Fables, was such, that he gained the Affections of Auditors, and shames even reasonable Creatures, who would act or think that which neither Birds nor Foxes would ; refusing to employ themselves in such things which the most brute Animals, (as Occasion served) are wittily fabulized to do : In Consideration whereof, many prevented sundry imminent Dangers ; and others opportunely gained fair Advantages.

Æsop therefore setting himself to advance the Republick in Philosophy, seems to play the Philosopher in his Works rather than his Words. His original Rise was from *Amorius* a Town in *Phrygia* the Great, by his Fortune a Servant; whereupon that seems to be very well and truly spoken by *Plato* in *Gorgia*, For the most part, (saith he) *These Two seem to be contrary, Nature and Law*. For Nature had gratified *Æsop* with an ingenious Mind, but the Law had enslaved his Body. But thus the Ingenuity of his Mind could not be depraved; for although his Body was buried into several Places upon manifold Occasions, yet nothing could remove his Soul from its proper Sense.

He was not only a Slave, but amongst the Men of his Age, the most deformed; for he was of a sharp head, flat nose, crooked back, his lips pendent, black, from which he had his Name (*Æsophus* as the same with *Æthiops*) large Belly, crooked bow Legs; *Thersites* in *Homer* was not so hard favoured and misshapen as he.

But of all he was most Unfortunate in this, his Speech was slow, inarticulate, and very obscure. All which made *Æsop* fit for nothing but Servitude; for a Man so extraordinarily ill-shapen could scarcely avoid that kind of Life. Such was his Body, howbeit Nature endowed him with a most accomplish'd Mind for the most sublime Contemplations.

Æ *Sop* a Man of Birth but mean at first,
Was to a slavish Bondage long accurst,
Disdain'd by all, and seeming to all Eyes
Made up of Natur's worst Deformities;
Whose Head was great, his Visage black of hue;
Huge rolling Eyes, his Nose beneath them grew
Flat to his Face; his hanging Lips likewise,
And yellow Teeth, had like deformed Size;
His Back was crooked, and his Belly large,
His knotty Knees, and bow-Legs could discharge
(According to our Proverb) able Strength,
His splay'd Feet thick, and of unseemly Length;

His

His Voice inarticulate, his Gesture rude;
 Presaging Badges of plain Servitude.
 But to delineate his more noble Parts,
 (Th' Endowments of his Mind, and Skill in Arts)
 Let them that read his Works hereafter guess,
 While I his Lif's whole Passages express.

CHAP. II.

*Æsop clears an Accusation falsely laid upon him by his
 Fellow Servants, for eating the Figs.*



FORasmuch as his Master saw him useless for any
 Domestick Business, he sent him into the Field to
 dig. Æsop falls merrily to his work. At a certain Time
 as his Master walked in the Fields, one of his Labourers
 presented him with excellent Figs. He being much
 taken with the Pleasantness of them, gave them to
 Agathopus (for this was the Servant's Name) char-
 ging him to keep them till his Return from Bath. It
 fell out that Æsop upon some occasions coming home,
 Agathopus (that kept the Figs) said to one of his
 Fellow-Servants, If thou wilt, come let us fill our
 selves with Figs; and if our Master shall require them
 of us, we both of us will testifie, that Æsop came
 home and secretly eat them up. And thus we can
 O 2 upon.

upon a true Ground; for upon his coming home, we shall make our Tale good; as one is nothing to two, especially when he shall gainsay without Proof. This being determin'd, they eat up all the Figs, and laughing in themselves, said, *Alas! for the unfortunate Ælop!* Now when his Master returneth from the Bath, and, asking for the Figs, understood that Æsop had devoured them, in a Fury commanded him to be called for. To whom he thus said, Tell me, thou cursed Villain, how it is that thou hast thus slighted me, and going into my Cellar, hast eaten up the Figs that were reserved for me? Æsop indeed heard and understood all his Master said, but by reason of the Slowness of his Speech, could not return him Answer. But when he was ready to be beaten, and his Accusers very eager to have it so. he fell down at his Master's Feet, beseeching him to have a little Patience with him. Whereupon Æsop ran hastily and brought warm Water, and drinking it off, put his Finger into his Mouth, and vomited up the Water only; for as yet that day he was fasting; and he besought his Master, that his Accusers, as he had done, might drink likewise of the Water, whereby it might appear who had eaten the Figs: the Master admiring the Ingenuity of the Man, commanded his Accusers to drink the Water as Æsop had done. They willingly drank the Water, but loth to put their Fingers into their Throats. No sooner had they drunk the Water, but presently up came the Figs. Without any more ado, the Master commanded them to be lashed upon their bare Skins, clearly perceiving the Envy and Vileness of his Servants; who by this came to know the Truth of that Saying, *He that plots Mischief, usually (when he least thinks) it falls upon himself.*

Now Æsop being thus, and b' outward show,
 Not fit for other Use, to th' Field must go,
 Amongst the daily Labourers to toil,
 To dig the Earth, and till the fruitful Soil,

Untill

Until the grateful *Harvest* drawing near,
 Yields her first Fruits to the glad Labourer;
 Which being gather'd, to his Master he
 With Gladness then presents, who joyfully
 The same accepts, and wills his Servant strait,
 Nam'd *Agathopus*, (who did on him wait)
 To keep them safe. But *Agathopus* mind
 How to deceive his Master, being inclin'd,
 Thus with his Fellow Plots: We'll eat (quoth he)
 The Figs, and *Æsop* our Excuse shall be;
 He shall sustain our Fault: Nor will our Lord
 Belief to one against us Two afford.
 And so they both agreed, the Figs are gone.
 Which when the Master missed, (coming Home)
 He calls for *Agathopus*, and demands
 The Figs that were deliver'd to his Hands.
 Who answer'd, He but laid them down, and e'er
 His Back was turn'd, from him convey'd they were
 By *Æsop's* Craft. Which crediting, his Lord
 In Anger threatn'd *Æsop*, till implor'd,
 And by his piteous Sighs somewhat appeas'd,
Æsop warm Water craves, which drinking eas'd
 His Stomach quite, from whence there issued
 Nothing but that whereof they saw he fed.
 Whereat a while they all in doubting stand,
 Lest *Æsop* might be wrong'd, who (out of hand)
 Urging his base Accusers now to taste
 The self same Drink, upon the Ground they cast
 The undigested Figs: whereby appear'd
 Their Guilt, and *Æsop's* Accusation clear'd.
*So shall all false Accusers (though conceal'd
 A while) by their own Plottings be reveal'd:
 For Falshood never so securely slept,
 But Justice her Deceits could intercept.*

CHAP. III.

How Æsop was endued with perfect Understanding and Use of his Tongue by the Goddess Diana, for his kind and affable Nature to the Priests.



UPon the day following his Master returns to the City, and he, as he was commanded, to his labour. The Priests of *Liana* losing their way, found Æsop by chance, and adjured him by *Jove* to guide them into the City, who setting them under a Shade, feasted them, and then conducted them into the way which they enquired for. They therefore, as well for his Hospitality, as for his courteous Guidance of them into the way, lifting up their Hands to Heaven, with their hearty Wilhes, rewarded him for these Favours. Æsop returning back, being wearied with hard labour, and the vehement heat of the Sun, dreamed that he saw *Fortune* stand by him gratifying of him with Nimbleness of Tongue and Language, even the Elegancy of Fabulizing. Forthwith starting up, O wonderful, saith he, how sweetly have I slept, and how pleasantly have I dreamed! For behold, I speak readily, and as the Gods would have it, by whose favour thus it is, I can call Creatures by their Names. Because of my Devotion unto Strangers this propitious

Success.

Success is fallen to me. Thus *Æsop* overjoy'd with what was done, returns to his Labour and Digging. But the Overseer of the Field, whose Name was *Zenas*, coming to the Labourer, for some Error in his Work, smote him with his Wand. *Æsop* cries out, saying, You are always crowing over, and constantly smiting him that offends you not: Verily, I will let our Master know of it. *Zenas* hearing *Æsop* thus speaking, did not a little wonder, and said with himself, Now *Æsop* begins to speak, it will be no Advantage to me; I will prevent him therefore, and accuse him to his Master before he shall have the Opportunity, lest I be put out of my Stewardship. Having thus said, he returns home to his Master: but when he came, seemed to be troubled in himself. Master, God save you, saith he. What is it that troubles you, saith his Master? *Zenas* replied, A wonderful Thing hath happened in the Field. The Master inquires, whether some Tree had brought forth Fruit untimely, or some Beast had brought forth any thing monstrous. Not so, my Lord; but *Æsop*, who formerly was dumb, now begins to speak. His Master answers, This will be no ways lucky for thee, who thoughtest him a Monster. Yea, indeed, Master, what he hath contumeliously spoken against me, I pass it by; against the Gods and thee he hath intolerably railed. With this, his Master in Anger, said to *Zenas*, He is in thy Hand, sell him, give him away; do any thing with him.

Next Day approaching, early in the Morn,
Æsop again must to the Field return;
 Where hot with Labour, to a cooling Shade
 (Which by a goodly spreading Beach was made)
 He goes to take Repose. Whom drowsie Sleep
 Seizing his Mind in pleasant Dreams did keep.
 'Midst which appears *Diana*, in a fair
 White silken Robe, with long dishevell'd Hair,
 O 4. Crown'd

Crown'd with a Wreath of Lawrel in her Hand,
 Bearing a long white tippet Silver Wand,
 Which waving, thus he speaks, *Hence all Prophane,*
Let no dull Thoughts of Folly here remain.
For thy great Kindness to our Priests, when thou
Suppli'st their Wants, and didst Relief allow,
Directedst them the perfect way to tread
Unto their Home, when Error had misled;
For this thine Hospitality, possess
Thy Tongue's clear Use, and wise Mens Happiness;
A Brain inspir'd with Wisdom, which shall give
Thy Country Aid, and make thee truly live.
 This said, she vanished, and Æsop now
 (Rising from Sleep) did the true Nature know
 Of every Thing, and could his Language frame
 To call each Creature by its proper Name.
 Back to the Field again he comes, where he
 Zenas the Steward saw, injuriously
 Beating the Servants. Æsop him reproves
 For unjust Cruelty, which Zenas moves
 (When he deformed Æsop's Threatning saw)
 To fear, lest he might peradventure draw
 His Master's Love from him by just Complaints,
 Which to prevent, he strait his Lord acquaints,
 How Æsop now could speak, and did upbraid
 His Worship with foul Language : Who thus said,
 With Anger in his Looks, Lo, Zenas, I
 Commit the Villain to thy Custody;
 Take him, and sell the Slave, or else him lose;
 Or him to any greater Harm expose,
 So he be from my Sight Thus Innocence
 Is oftentimes betray'd without Offence.

CHAP. IV.

ÆSOP the first time Sold.



When Zenas had thus got Æsop into his Hands, and related to him what power he had over him. Do your pleasure, quoth Æsop. Now, whereas by chance a certain Man enquired to buy some Cattel, and to this end journeyed thro' that Field, and asked Zenas Cattle (saith he) I have none 'o sell, but a Man Slave, whom if you have a Mind to buy, here he is. When the Merchant heard him speak of a Servant, Zenas call'd for Æsop; whom the Merchant seeing, loudly laughed, saying to Zenas, where had you this Pot? Is he the stock of a tree, or a Man? This, but for his Voice, is like a blown Bladder. Why did you stop my Journey for the sight of such a Tun-belly? Having thus said, away he went; Æsop following him, intreats him to stay a little. The Merchant looking behind him; be gone, thou filthy Cur, saith he. Æsop desired to know of him the Cause of his coming thither. Thou Villain, quoth he, to buy something that was good: I want no such worthless and unprofitable Fellows as thou art. But saith Æsop, buy me, quoth he, and if there be any truth in Man, I am able to do you good Service, wherein I pray you, quoth the Merchant, can you do me any Service, you loathsome Beast?

Beast? Have you not at home, quoth Æsop, crying and froward Children? let one be set to tend them; I will be a Bug bear to them. The Merchant laughing hereat, thus saith to Zenas, what wilt thou ask for this filthy Vassel? Three Halfpence, quoth he. The Merchant forthwith laid him down Three Halfpence, saying, *I have laid out nothing, and nothing have I bought.* Now when as they took their Journey and came home. Two Children which were brought up by their Mother, seeing Æsop, were affrighted, and cryed out. By and by, saith Æsop to the Merchant, you see the Proof of my Promise. Whereat smiling he goes in, and commands him to salute his Fellow-servants. Who so soon as they saw him said, *What Mischief is this that hath happened to my Master, that he hath bought such an ill-favoured Slave?* But as it should seem he hath him a Watch for his House.

WHen Zenas by this false Report had gain'd.
His Will, and Æsop's Servitude obtain'd,
A Merchant which from *Ephesus* repairs,
Himself to furnish with some needful Wares,
And Servants to transport them, forthwith came
To Zenas to be furnish'd with the same,
Who answers, He had no Commodities;
Only a Servant for Three Halfpence Price,
If't please him he should buy, and Æsop have
At such an easie Rate to be his Slave.
But when the Merchant eyes his ugly Form,
He 'gain rejects his Merchandise with Scorn,
Replying thus to Zenas; think'st thou I
Came hither such mishapen Slaves to buy?
And so (half angry) parted, but at last
Æsop unto the Merchant making haste,
Thus fairly promiseth; if he would free
And take him from proud Zenas Slavery,
He soon should see with what Obedience still
He would subject himself to please his Will.

Not

Not grudge at any Labour he'd impose,
But faithful prove what way soe'r he goes.
By which Intreaties witty *Æsop* gain'd
The Merchant's Love and his good Will obtain'd.
So (having bought him for the 'foresaid Rate)
To *Ephesus* he doth conduct him strait,
And 'mongst the other Servants plac'd him there,
To labour, and like heavy Burthens bear.

At length from *Zenas* Yoak being free, he went
To *Ephesus* with more than small Content.

CHAP. V.

*Æsop's Wit in chusing the lighter Burthen, which his
Fellows thought to be the heaviest.*



NOT long after the Merchant commanded all things to be made ready for his Journey, which on the morrow he was to take into *Asia*. His Servants forthwith divided amongst them their Burthens. But *Æsop* desired that he might have the lightest, being he was but newly bought, and not yet inured to such Service. Which they seemed indifferent to, but he replied, that while they all endured such sore labour, he alone ought not to be idle. Whereupon they permitted him to take what Burden pleased him. When he had looked about him, and had gathered several Carriages together, he desired that such a Basket

Basket of Bread, which was a Burden designed for Two, might be laid upon him. But they laughing, thought that there could not be a more dull Fool in the World, which before desired the lightest Burthen, and now had made choice of the heaviest. But to fulfil his Desire, they laid the greatest Burthen upon him. When he had his Load, he reeled this way and that way. Which when the Merchant beheld, he wondered, saying, Sith that *Æsop* is so able to labour, he is worth my Money, for he carries a Burthen like an Horse. When Dinner-time came, *Æsop* was commanded to set down his Basket, and distribute his Bread, which when they had eaten, half emptied his Basket: So that after Dinner his Basket being lightened, he went on with more Alacrity. But at Evening, when they went to Supper, so soon as the Bread was divided to every one his Share, the Basket was quite empty, and *Æsop* marched in the Front. Thereupon grows a question among the Servants what this fellow should be; and much wonder'd that such a motly Villain should deal more cunningly than all they; for whereas they took up such Goods as would not waste by the way, he made choice of the Basket of Bread, which he knew would not last to his Journeys End.

THE Merchant and his Servants all prepare
 For *Ephesus*, each one to bear his Share
 Of such Commodities as he had bought;
Æsop first takes the Bread, for which they thought
 Him but a Fool, the heaviest for to chuse,
 Who might have chose the lightest, and refuse
 Whatever him dislik'd. But by the way,
 When at the Inn they for Refreshment stay,
 To rest and ease themselves at every Meal,
 When as their Master did to each Man deal
 His share of Bread from *Æsop's* Basket, they
 Perceive his Burthen lighter every Day;
 And, (e'er they came to *Ephesus*) to bear
 Scarce any weight, when they still loaden were.

Thus.

Thus Policy oft-times prevaieth, when
Fools they have out-witted wiser Men.

CHAP. VI.

The Second Sale of ÆSOP.



Whereas the Merchant was now at *Ephesus*, he made good Profit by selling his Slaves; three only at present remaining with him unfold, *Grammaticus*, *Cantor*, and *Æsop*. Now one of his familiar Acquaintance advised him to sail unto *Samos*, where he might put off his Slaves to greater Advantage. The Merchant being come to *Samos*, set *Grammaticus* and *Cantor* (both new cloathed) in the Market-Place. But *Æsop* was set in the midst of them with a Garment of Sack-cloth, for no Art, with the best Apparel could make him handsome. Whom when the amazed Market-People saw, they cry'd out, whence is this hideous Fellow? *Æsop* all this while stood boldly, notwithstanding many a biting Scoff *Xanthus* the Philosopher at that time dwelling at *Samos*, went into the Market, where he saw Two Lads dress'd for sale; and betwixt these two he espied *Æsop*, wondring much at the Merchant's Conceit, that he placed the worst in the midst, whereby the other two might appear the fairer. *Xanthus* drawing near, asked *Cantor* what Countryman he was. He answered, a *Cappadocian*. What canst thou

thou do, saith *Xanthus*? All things, quoth he. Where-
 at *Æsop* laughed. But the Scholars which were with
Xanthus, seeing *Æsop* laugh and shew his Teeth, they
 presently imagin'd him to be a Monster. They desi-
 rous to know wherefore he laughed, to that end one
 of them ask'd him the question. Be gone about your
 Business you Sea-Sheep, quoth *Æsop*. Which Answer
 confounded the Scholar quite. *Xanthus* desired to
 know of the Merchant what he would take for *Can-*
tor; a thousand half pence, quoth he. But hearing his
 extraordinary Rate, he went from this to the other;
 whom the Philosopher asked what Country-Man he
 was? He made answer, he was a *Lidian*. *Xanthus* de-
 manded of him what he could do? All things, quoth
 he; again *Æsop* fell a laughing. One of the Scholars
 wondred to see him laugh again. Another said to him,
 if you will be called a Sea-Goat, ask him. The Philo-
 sopher asks what Price for *Grammaticus*? 3000 Half-
 pence quoth the Merchant. The Philosopher dislik-
 ing thole, departed; the Scholars desired to know of
 him whether he did not like those Servants. No veri-
 ly, quoth he, I am determined to buy no Servants so
 dear. One of them said, buy this filthy Fellow, he may
 do your work, and we will pay for him. That's not
 fitting, quoth *Xanthus*? that you lay down the Money,
 and I buy him: But indeed, you know my Wife is
 given to one that is handsome, and will not endure to
 be served by such an ill-shapen Servant: We have
 somewhat else to do than observe a Woman, said the
 Scholars. But let us try whether he have any skill or
 no. He thereupon coming to *Æsop*, be of good chear,
 quoth he. Was I ever sad, quoth *Æsop*? What Country-
 man are you, said *Xanthus*? A *Negro*, saith *Æsop*. I do
 not ask you this, but where were you born, saith
Xanthus? He answers, of my Mothers Belly. This I ask
 not, but what place were you born in, said *Xanthus*?
 My Mother ne'er told me, said *Æsop*, whether above
 or below. What canst thou do, said the Philosopher?
 Nothing,

Nothing, quoth *Æsop*. How is that, said *Xanthus*, Those whom you have examin'd already, can do all, whereupon nothing remains for me to do. The Scholars wondring much hereat, concluded his Answers to be by a Divine Providence. Again, quoth *Xanthus*, art willing I should buy thee? See you to that, quoth *Æsop*. Must you needs have my Advice herein? If you have a Mind, open the Door of your Purse, and down with your Money: If not, make no more Words. (Whereupon the Scholars said amongst themselves, He hath got the better of our Master.) If I buy thee, saith *Xanthus*, thou wilt run away. If ever I do, said he, I shall not come to you for Counsel, as you do to me. Thou saist well, quoth *Xanthus*, but thou art ill-favoured. Quoth *Æsop*, Good Mr. Philosopher, look upon a Man's Mind, not his Face. At this *Xanthus* goes to the Merchant, and ask'd him the Price. Thou art come saith the Merchant, to disparage my Commodities, for thou hast past by the best, and makest choice of this ill-shapen one. Buy one of these, and take this Fellow in to the Bargain.

Xanthus desirous of *Æsop*, asked his Price. So soon as the Merchant had told it, the Scholars presently laid down the Money, and *Xanthus* took him into his Possession. Whereupon the Publicans came, inquiring who was sold. Every one was ashamed to speak, the Bargain was so worthless. *Æsop* standing in the midst, cries out, I am he that am sold, this is the Buyer, and that the Seller, if they say nothing to it, I am thereupon free. The Publicans ready to burst with laughing, away they went. *Æsop* followed his Master *Xanthus* home. And it being about high noon, *Xanthus* by the way lift up his Coat to piss. Which *Æsop* seeing, caught him by the Cloaths, saying, Sell me presently, otherwise I run away. Why so, quoth *Xanthus*, Because I shall never be able to serve such a kind of Master, saith *Æsop*, who will not spare time to ease Nature, but pisseth as he goeth. If such a chance shall happen to me, your Servant, when you send me of any
 Business

Business of necessity, I must shite as I flie. Doth this so much move you, quoth *Xanthus*: To avoid Three Evils, I piss as I go: For had I stood still, the Sun had beat hot up on my Head, and the hot Ground had burnt my Feet, and the Smell of the Piss had offend-
ed me, piss on, Sir, I am satisfied, quoth *Æsop*.

THE Merchant now with his Commodities Arrives at *Ephesus*; whose Merchandise With Profit sold, excepting his Three Men, *Æsop* and th' other two, with these he then To *Samos* goes, and at a Market there Sets forth his Men for Sale, who different were In Stature, two being of Proportion strait, But *Æsop* crooked, whose uncomely Gate To them appear'd most ugly. Straight there came *Xanthus*, a great Philosopher, whose Fame Was thro' that Country spread, who viewing these, Asked the first, 't what he could do, to please His Master, who should buy him? who replies, All things he can command me, or devise. The which made *Æsop* laugh. To th' other then The self same Question he propounds agen: Who gave him the like Answer, and thereby Made witty *Æsop* laugh more heartily. *Xanthus* demanded then their Price, but found The Value far beyond their worth abound, And so departs. But *Xanthus* Scholars well Perceiving *Æsop* standing there to sell, Thus to their Master spake, Sir, pray you buy That other Slave, whose foul Deformity Shall bring us Mirth, his Price we'll 'mongst us pay. Then *Xanthus* back returns, and thus did say, Asking of *Æsop* what he was? Who gave This Answer, He was a deformed Slave. Quoth *Xanthus*, that I know; but I demand (If thou my Question can'st but understand) From whence thou diddest unto *Samos* come; *Æsop* replies, Out of my Mother's Womb.

Xanthus

Xanthus again, Nor ask I that of thee:
But from what place, if thou canst answer me?
Quoth *Æsop* then, Troth Sir, I do not know
Where I was born, above or else below:
My Mother never told me. *Xanthus* thus
Deluded, saw he was ingenious;
And now proceeding in his Questions still,
Demandeth in what Science he had Skill?
Who says, In nothing. Ho! quoth *Xanthus* then.
Why? quoth *Æsop*, if your two other Men
Can all things do, as they profess to you,
They then for me will nothing leave to do.
The Scholars hearing *Æsop* answer so,
Applauded him, for none can all things know.
So *Xanthus* now agrees for Threescore Pence
To buy poor *Æsop*, and conveys him thence;
Esteeming nevertheless the Value dear,
Because he did so much deform'd appear.

To whom thus *Æsop*, *Wise Men will not scan*
The external Shape, but the internal Man.

CHAP. VII.

Æsop goes home with Xanthus to his Wife.



After they came home, *Xanthus* commands *Æsop*
to tarry in the Porch before the door, because he
knew his Wife was something dainty, and it was not fit
on.

on the sudden to present her with such a deformed Piece. *Xanthus* enters, saying, Mistress, thou shalt have no Occasion of Discontent hereafter; for I have bought thee a Lad, wherein thou shalt see as much Comeliness as ever Eye beheld; he stands at the Door. The Maids thinking all this true, had no little Contention amongst themselves which of them should have him to her Husband. *Xanthus's* Wife commanded some one to call this new Servant in a-doors, who no sooner heard but, *I come*, quoth *Æsop*. The Maid that called him, being amazed; Art thou he, quoth she? Yes, indeed, said *Æsop*. By no means come into the House, unless thou intendest we should run away, quoth the Maid, He came in and stood before his Mistress; who when she saw him, turned her Eyes away to her Husband, saying, What Monster have you bought? carry him away. In this, *Xanthus*; thou seemest to express much ill towards me, and that which I never thought to do, I must do it; give me the Portion I brought you, and I will be gone. Upon this, *Xanthus* chides *Æsop*, who was so witty by the way, but had nothing to say before his Wife. Throw her into Hell, quoth *Æsop*. Away, you Villain, quoth he, wot you not that I love her as well as my self? Do you love a Woman, quoth *Æsop*? O extreamly, quoth *Xanthus*. At this *Æsop* gave a Stamp with his Foot, crying out, That *Xanthus* was Wifish, and running to his Mistress, he said, You would have had the Philosopher to have bought you a young Servant, well clad, lively, which might have looked on you naked, when you went into the Bath, and might play with you, to the Shame of Philosophy: O golden-mouth'd *Euripides*! how well hast thou said, *Great is the Force of the Sea's swelling Waves; and the Flames of scorching Fire; Poverty is an hard Condition; and there are infinite Things intolerable; but nothing in Comparison to a shrewd Woman*: You being the Wife of a Philosopher, should not desire to be attended with such beautiful Lads, lest by any means

you bring an ill report upon Philosophy. She hearing this, and in no wise able to contradict; Husband, quoth she, where had you this Beauty? though he is ill favour'd, yet he is very witty. I will be friends with him. Your Mistress is friends with you, quoth *Xanthus* to *Æsop*. Ironically answers he, It is a great Matter sure to appease a Woman. Hereafter be silent, quoth *Xanthus*, I bought you to serve, and not to contradict.

Æsop becoming *Xanthus*'s Servant now, Must to his House repair and humbly shew His Service to his Wife, who long desir'd, And of her Husband earnestly requir'd, That he would buy a Servant, which should be In shape from all deformed Members free, And lusty, straight, and fair. But when her Eyes Were fix'd on *Æsop*'s foul Deformities, Reader, imagine what an angry look A Woman darts, whose strong Desires can brook No foul displeasing Object, if her Will Be bent her Expectation to fulfil; And such expect from *Xanthus*'s Wife, who bends Her Brows, and Frowns, instead of Smiling sends Against her aged Husband, when he lost Her Will, and of her Longing now was cross: But he kind Man, more willing her to please, And to a Woman's Peevishness give ease, First seems t' excuse, and then his Fault deplore: The which incensed her yet more and more. Whereat 'gain *Æsop* laughs, with this Reply, I now a grave Philosopher espy Yield Conquest to a Woman. This did make *Xanthus* his milder Humour to forsake, And (angry) speaks to *Æsop*, Slave, you see, For you your Mistress is displeas'd with me: 'Twere best you seek to please her straight again. But *Æsop* answers him, No greater Pain Can you impose, or any Mortal find, Than to appease an angry Woman's Mind.

CHAP. VIII. Æsop resolves the Gardiner's Question which Xanthus could not.



THE Day after, *Xanthus* going to the Garden to buy Herbs, commanded *Æsop* to follow him: when the Gardiner had gather'd them, he gave them to *Æsop*. Now *Xanthus* paying for them, Mr. said the Gardener, I pray you, resolve me one Question. What is that, quoth *Xanthus*? What is the reason, quoth he, that the Herbs which I plant do not grow so fast as those which the Earth of her own accord brings forth? *Xanthus*, although it was a Question in Philosophy, when he knew not how to say any thing else, said this amongst the rest is order'd by Divine Providence. *Æsop* hereupon (for he was by) laughed. Do you laugh or deride me? quoth the Philosopher? Quoth *Æsop*, I laugh not at you, but him that taught you. Let me resolve this Doubt. Whereupon *Xanthus* turning to the Gardener, said, It's not fit for me, who have disputed in famous Auditories, to resolve Questions in a Garden: If you propound your Question to this my Lad, he will presently give you Satisfaction. This sordid Fellow! hath he any Learning, quoth the Gardener? O unfortunate! But good Sir, answer me this Question, if you know how. A Woman, quoth *Æsop*, when she comes to marry the second time, the
Children

Children which she hath by her first Husband she is the Mother to, those which she finds with her second Husband at the time of Marriage she is Step-mother to. She makes a great deal of difference betwixt these two; those of her own she loves dearly, but the other she neglects. Those that are her own properly by Nature, she loves, but undervalues those to whom she is a Step-mother. In like manner the Earth is Mother to what it brings forth of it self, but to that which thou plantest, it is a Step-mother. With this the Gardener was much taken; and believe me, quoth he, you have eased my thoughts, and pleased my fancy. Take your Herbs freely, and as often as you have occasion, come as into your own Garden, and take what you please.

Xanthus now calls for Æsop. He doth strait

Obey, and at his Master's Elbow wait;

Who leads him to his Garden, thence to bear

Such Herbs as for his Practice useful were.

Æsop laden departs; the Gardiner then

Doth call his Master Xanthus back again,

And prays that he his Answer would afford,

One Question to resolve; he doth accord.

The Gard'ner thus begins: Unfold (I pray)

How and from what strange Cause proceed it may,

As by Experience I have often found.

The Herbs all of one kind upon the Ground

That there a Difference grows, and those appear

More fresh, and far more early Blossoms bear,

Which naturally grow, than those that are

Manur'd and dung'd with our chiefest care?

By Divine Providence, Xanthus replies,

From which in them a Virtue hidden lies,

Which Answer lik'd not Æsop: wherefore he

Thus to his Master: This Reply can be

No perfect Resolution; but give Ear,

And I will make the Question plain appear;

As when a Woman, whose first Husband dies,

And leaves her many Children, once more ties

The

The nuptial Knot, and with a Man is join'd;
 Whose VVife decreas'd as many left behind;
 But when together in one House they live,
 She to her own all tender Love doth give,
 But proves to his a Step-mother; and they
 Scarce thrive so well as her own Children may:
 Ev'n so in Nature oftentimes we see
 Betwixt Two Plants the like Antipathy:
 That thrives the best, and makes the fairest Shew,
 Which Nature's self manureth, and not you.

Thus Æsop's witty Resolution lent
 The Gardener's doubtfull Fancy full content.

CHAP. IX.

*Æsop boils one single Lentil to entertain Xanthus's
 Friends. and cuts off the Fat Hog's Foot.*



AFTER certain days, Xanthus being gone to the Bath
 (where he met some Friends) commanded Æsop
 to run home, and presently boil a Lentil in the Pot:
 He went and boiled one Corn. VVhen Xanthus had
 now done bathing with his Friends, he desired them
 to go and dine with him; apologizing, that he had
 but slender Provision, namely Lentils, and he hoped
 they would measure their welcome by his good Will,
 and not any good cheer. They all coming into his
 House, Xanthus commanded Æsop to bring forth some
 Drink

Drink to them now coming from the Bath. *Æsop* taking up Water from the Stream of the Bath, gave it to *Xanthus*; who apprehending the Strength of the Water, cried out to *Æsop*, What's this? from the Bath, quoth he. *Xanthus* before his Friends suppressed his Anger and called for a Bason; which *Æsop* having set, stood over against him. *Xanthus* asked him, do you not use to wash? He answers, It's fit for me to do those Things I am commander: for you did not bid me put Water into the Bason. *Xanthus* speaking to his Friends, ask'd them whether they thought he had not bought a Servant? No, said they, a Master. When as now they were set down to Supper, *Xanthus* asked *Æsop* whether the Lentil were boiled. He takes the Grain of Lentil in a Cockle-Shell, and brings it to his Master; who took it, thinking to taste and try whether it was enough, or not. It's well boil'd, quoth he, bring away. *Æsop* put all the Water into Saucers, and brought it in. *Xanthus* asked where the Lentils were? You have had it already, quoth *Æsop*. Did you boil but one Grain, quoth *Xanthus*? No more, Sir, for you commanded me to boil a Lentil, saith *Æsop*, and not Lentils in the Plural. *Xanthus* stormed at this, saying, This Fellow would make one mad: But that I abuse not my good Friends whom I have invited, go quickly and buy me four Hogs-feet, and boil them presently. This he chearfully goes about. But while the Feet were boiling, *Xanthus* willing to take some Occasion to beat *Æsop*, when he was busie about somewhat else, stole away one of the Feet out of the Pot, and hid it. By and by *Æsop* came, and finding but Three Feet in the Pot, he suspecting some Trick, presently runs to the Hog-sty, and cuts off a Foot from a fatning Hog, which he singed the Hair off, and boiled in the Pot. *Xanthus* fearing lest *Æsop* not finding all the Feet, should run away, threw the Foot he had taken, into the Pot again. *Æsop* finding Five when he took them out, *Xanthus* asked,

How is there Five? He replied, How many Feet have two Hogs? Eight, quoth *Xanthus*. Here then are Five, saith *Æsop*, and the fatning Hog hath but Three Feet. Whereupon *Xanthus* chafes; Did not I say, quoth he, that this Fellow will make me mad? But finding no just Cause to beat him all this while, he pacifieth himself again.

X *anthus* to Bathing goes, where meeting Friends,
To dress a Lentil *Æsop* home he sends:
He dresses only one. The Bathing done,
Xanthus invites them every Mother's Son.
Then calls to *Æsop*: Bring me here a Cup
Of Drink new come from Bathing, He takes up
The Waters coming from the Bath. What's this,
Saith *Xanthus*? What you call'd for, he replies;
'Tis Drink come from the Bath: *Xanthus* is mad,
That there were Strangers *Æsop* may be glad.
A Bason's call'd for: *Æsop* brings it dry.
It is to wash, you Rogue, doth *Xanthus* cry.
Then call for Water, Master, if you will;
For 'till you bid me, not a Drop I'll fill.
'Tis Dinner-time, *Xanthus* the Lentil wants,
Æsop takes it up in a Cockle-shell,
And brought it; *Xanthus* tastes, and says, 'tis well:
Come bring them *Æsop's* Heart begins to pant.
You've had it, Sir, you would not have it twice.
His Master storms to find more Knaveries;
Quoth *Æsop*, Lord! do what I will, I'm chid,
You bad me boil a Lentil, so I did.
Xanthus replies, Shall I thus serve my Friends,
Make them sit whistling on their Fingers Ends?
Go Sirrah, buy Four Hogs Feet, boil them quick;
Xanthus steals one out of the Pot, to pick
A Quarrel with him. *Æsop* smells the Trick,
Runs to the Sty, cuts off the fat Hog's Foot,
Singes and boils it: *Xanthus* puts his co't,
Lest *Æsop* missing it should run away
Æsop finds Five. Quoth *Xanthus*, Prithee say,

Five! How comes that? *Æsop* replied strait,
How many have two Hogs? Quoth *Xanthus*, eight,
Then we have five here, and the fat Hog three:
Was e'er Man curs'd with such a Tongue as thee?
Thus *Xanthus* frets, but fretting was in vain,
And so grows quiet of himself again.

CHAP. X.

Æsop beareth a Present, which *Xanthus* commands to be
delivered to her that lov'd him best.



THE Day after one of the Scholars invites his
Companions, and amongst the rest *Xanthus*, to
Supper. While they were at Banquet, *Xanthus* gave
some Dish to *Æsop*, and commanded him to carry
it to her that loved him best. While *Æsop* was
upon the Message, he thought with himself. Now I
have an Opportunity to be avenged of my Mistress
for her cavilling with me when I newly came.
Coming to the House, he sat him down in the
Entry, and calling for his Mistress, he sets the Mess
which he brought, before her. Mistress, quoth he,
my Master sends this to her that loves him best,
not thee. Whereupon he calling the Bitch, said
unto her, Come, *Lyceus*, eat this which my Master
hath sent thee; and so he cast it all to her. After-
ward

ward coming to his Master, he was asked whether he had given the Meat to her that loved him best? All of it, quoth he, and she eat up every Bit before my Face. *Xanthus* asked what she said while she was eating? Nothing to me, but to thee she sent thanks, quoth *Æsop*. *Xanthus* Wife took this very heavily, and dolefully moaned her self in her Closet, vowing she would forsake his House. Now at Supper the Cup going round, one propounds a Question. When shall be the greatest Confusion amongst Mortals? *Æsop* standing behind, When the dead arise, quoth he, and shall enquire for their ancient Possessions. The Scholars laughed, saying, that is a witty Fellow. Another ask'd why the Sheep died so quietly, and the Sow with such an hideous outcry? The Sheep, quoth he, use to be Milked and Shorn, and so are silent, wherefore seeing the Knife, they expect nothing dreadful, only what is usual; but the Sow which is neither milk'd nor shorn, whose Flesh, and nothing else, is good for Use, makes an horrid Noise at her Slaughter. Upon these Answers the Scholars fell into excessive Mirth. After Supper, *Xanthus* coming home, and according to his manner discoursing with his Wife, she turned aside, saying, Come not near me; give me what I brought, and fare you well: go your way, and make much of your Bitch to whom you sent your Dainties. *Xanthus* amaz'd at this, asks his Wife, To whom he sent the Dish of Meat, if not to her? By Jove you sent them not to me, but your Bitch, quoth his Wife. *Xanthus* calling *Æsop*, ask'd him, To whom he gave the Meat that was sent? To your Beloved, quoth he; whereupon calling the Bitch, That is she, that bears you most good Will; beat her, turn her out of Doors, yet she will not forsake you; presently she forgets all, and fawns upon you again. You ought to have said, Carry these Dainties to my Wife, and not to my Beloved. Thou seest, Mistress, quoth *Xanthus*, it was not my Fault, but his that I sent; take it patiently this time, I shall

shall have a good Occasion suddenly to pay him for all. His Wife, believing nothing of this, went privately away from him to her own Friends. Now, Master, quoth *Æsop*, did not I say the Truth, when I told you, that your Bitch bore more Respect and good Will to you, than my Mistress?

X *Anthus* prepares a Banquet, and invites Friends, to participate of such Delights As for their Welcome he provided had; But his cross Wife, disdainful still and sad, Pouts in a Corner, nor will present be To welcome his invited Company, Seeking to vex her Husband's Humour still: Yet *Xanthus* striving how to please her Will, Cuts off the Lett, and *Æsop* thus commands, That Present to deliver to the Hands Of her that lov'd him best; who seeing well, How much she did in Wrath and Hate excel Towards her Husband, studied now to try Her angry Passions worst Extremity, And thus relates his Message: Here you see, Mistress, the Present was deliver'd me For her who most Respect to *Xanthus* shows; With that the Meat unto a Bitch he throws. This with new Rage incenseth *Xanthus's* Wife, And sets her Love and Anger both at Strife, Which way to take Revenge, at last resolv'd She is, while vengeful Thoughts her Mind involv'd, To leave her Husband quite; and so retires Home to her Friends. But *Xanthus*, whose Desires Her Absence could not brook, inquires the Cause That she, 'gainst Modesty and Marriage-Laws Should thus forsake his Bed: But when he found How *Æsop* gave the Present to his Hound, Not to his Wife; inrag'd against him thus, Villain, quoth he, that sow'st Debate 'twixt us,

Thy Life shall answer it, unless thou find
 A way t' appease a discontented Mind,
 And call her home again. But *Æsop* said,
 Thou for thy Doatage now art well appaid,
 Eer now thou seest who lov'd thee best; since she
 Is gone, thy Hound abideth still with thee.
 Yet *Xanthus* writes and fees for her Return:
 But his Affection she requites with Scorn,
 And while he strives her Presence to regain,
 The more doth she reject him with Disdain.

So peevish Women, might they have their Will,
 Would use their Husbands at their Pleasure still.

CHAP. XI.

*Æsop, by a witty Invention, causeth Xanthus's Wife
 to return again.*



SOME certain Days after, *Xanthus* Wife not being
 reconciled, he sent some of his Kindred to intreat
 her Return: She refusing, *Xanthus*; r was very melan-
 choiy and sad. *Æsop* coming to him, said, Do not
 thus perplex and trouble thy self, for to Morrow I
 will make her come quickly and willingly. *Æsop*
 taking his Money, into the Market he goes, and hav-
 ing bought Geese and Hens, and other fitting Things
 for

for the Banquet, he came with these at his Back by the House where his Mistress was, pretending not to know that it was her Father's House. When, as he met with one of the Servants, he inquired, Whether they had any thing to sell that might be fitting for a Wedding? The Servant desired to know, who was to be married? *Xanthus* the Philosopher, quoth *Æsop*; to morrow he is to be married. The Servant of the House ran up Stairs, and told this to *Xanthus's* Wife. As soon as she had heard it, away she went with all speed back again to *Xanthus*, and exclaimed against him after this manner: You cannot, Mr. *Xanthus*, be married to another while I am alive. And so *Æsop*, who was the Cause of her Departure, was an Occasion also of her Return.

X *Anthus* enraged still, no Rest can take,
 Since his discourteous Wife did him forsake.
 Which *Æsop* well perceiving, he invents
 This Wile to cure his Master's Discontents:
 Loaden with Fowl, and such like costly Fare,
 Which he seems for a Banquet to prepare
 Against his Master's Wedding, doth relate
 His Errand thus to *Xanthus* Wife: *Your Hate*
And sudden Parting doth my Master move
From you to sue Divorce, and seek the Love
Of one that shall with him more quiet live,
And not such Causes of Dissention give.
To Morrow is the Day! So *Æsop* goes,
 Leaving his Mistress Bosom full of Woes,
 'Till she, 'twixt Hope and Fear, resolves to try
 The Truth, and home returneth speedily,
 And with a Mind more humble than before,
 With Sighs and Tears her Husband doth implore
 Her Errors to forgive, and she will prove
 More mild to him, and constant in her Love.
 From whence let all Men learn what will prevail
 To curb a Shrew, when as Intreaties fail.

CHAP. XII.

Æsop commanded to serve the best Meat, served Xanthus at his Table with nothing but Tongues.



A Gain, after a while, *Xanthus* inviting the Scholars to Dinner, gave Command to *Æsop*, to buy the best and the choicest Provision. While he was upon his way, he said to himself, I will teach my Master to command such Fooleries. When as therefore he had laid out his Money in Hogs Tongues, he brought them in with Sauce to Dinner. The Scholars highly commended the Dish, as ministring Occasion to use their Tongues for Discourse. The second and third Courses *Æsop* brought in, and all was Tongues. The Guests a little moved to see nothing but Tongues, *Xanthus* ask'd, What! nothing but Tongues? Nothing else, Sir, quoth *Æsop*. Thou ill-favour'd Rascal, I bad thee buy the best and choicest Dainties. I thank you, Sir, quoth *Æsop*, for this chiding before Philosophers; for what in the World is better than the Tongue? all manner of exquisite Learning and Philosophy is shewed and given out by the Tongue; by the Tongue, givings, receivings, Salutations, Commendations, Marriage

riages are celebrated, Cities built; and briefly, the Tongue is the total Preservation of a Man's Life; therefore nothing better than the Tongue. Upon this, the Scholars thinking Æsop wiser than his Master, took their Leaves, and departed.

Xanthus intends a Feast, invites home Friends,
And therefore Æsop to the Market sends,
The choicest Dishes to provide; but he,
Still full of Craft and witty Subtlety,
Buys nothing else but Tongues; no other Meat
Provided he at all for them to eat:

The first Course Tongues; and at the second came
No other Fare, and at the third the same.

*Villain, quoth Xanthus then, I bid thee buy
The choicest Dishes that thou couldst espy,
And not coarse Tongues alone; wherefore did you
Thus cross, and not my just Commandment do?
But Æsop answers, Sir, the Tongue's the best
Of Dishes to present at any Feast.*

*By that, Discourse and Traffick still is held
'Twixt Man and Man; by that is Right upheld.
What but the Tongue unfolds the Mind, and gives
A Light to Knowledge? by it Learning lives;
And Sages grave our straggling Thoughts controul,
Conducting in the Paths of Truth the Soul.*

*When Neighbours jar, the Lawyers fluent Tongue
Disputes the Cause, and punisheth the Wrong
By a just Sentence, that Example may
Instruct Offenders Justice to obey.*

*The hidden Secrets of Philosophy,
By Tongues of learned Doctors we descry.
A thousand other Benefits beside*

*The Tongue affords. Then can it be deny'd,
But that a Tongue's the best Dish to preferr
Upon the Board of a Philosopher?*

C H A P. XIII.

Æsop commanded by Xanthus to buy the worst of Meat. for Supper, provides Tongues again.



A While after, the Scholars twitted *Xanthus* with his Chear; he answered, It was not his Mind, but the Will of his perverse Servant; to Day I will change your Diet and you shall hear what Command I will give him: Who calling *Æsop*, commanded him to buy the worst Meat he could lay his Hand on. But he, not moved from his Purpose, went and bought Tongues again; and when they were ready, set them before them. The Scholars a little discontented to see nothing but Swines Tongues; *Æsop* brought in the second and third Course of nothing else. *Xanthus* much moved hereat, said to *Æsop*, Will I not charge you to buy the best Meat, and not rather the worst you could get? He answered, And I pray you, Master, what is worse than the Tongue? Is it not the Ruine of Cities; the Death of many a Man? Are not all Lies and evil Speeches, and many more produced from her? Are not Marriages, and Principalities, and Kingdoms, overturned by her? In brief, is not the whole Life by her stuff'd with infinite Errors? *Æsop* having thus replied, the Scholar

lar said, As is his Body, so are his Manners, and unless you have a Care, he will make you mad. Good Sir, quoth Æsop, you seem too ill-disposed, and too much a Medler, to provoke the Master against his Servant.

THis Answer pleas'd them all, and *Xanthus* then Invites them all to sup with him agen, Commanding Æsop now, Not to prepare Such curious Dishes, and such costly Fare, But to seek out the worst, and that to buy : Which Æsop apprehended craftily, And Tongues makes ready still. Night drawing nigh, The Guests to Supper unto *Xanthus* hie : But find no Fare but Tongues, whereat they deem'd Their Welcome base, and some half angry seem'd : To whom thus Æsop ; *Sirs, My Master's Will I never yet was backward to fulfil, Nor have I done it now ; for, lo, he said, Go buy the worst of Meats, and I obey'd : For if abus'd the Tongue's the worst of all : That sows Sedition, making Neighbours fall At Variance 'twixt themselves ; by that 'tis known Cities have been betray'd, Towns overthrow'n ; And too too often Children have revil'd Their aged Parents, Parents curs'd their Child. Besides no Man more Mischief can express Then he that doth an evil Tongue possess.*
And thus you see the Tongue's the worst and best For mortal Use, as 'tis in Usage blest.

CHAP. XIV.

*Xanthus commandeth Æsop to seek a Man that
lives without Care at all.*



X *anthus* upon the former Business desirous to find
Occasion to beat *Æsop*, thus said to him. You run-
away Villain, seeing you have accused my Friend of
too much Curiosity, see you find me a Man that
lives without Care at all. The Day after, *Æsop* goes
into the Streets, and looking about him, saw a Man
sitting long in a Place, whom he supposed to be sim-
ple and careless. called to him, Ho, you! my Ma-
ster desires your Company to Dinner. The Rustick
asking no Question who it was that invited him,
followed *Æsop*, and sat him down in his dirty Habit.
Xanthus asks, Who is this? A careless Man, quoth
Æsop. *Xanthus* whispers in his Wife's Ear to do what
he desired her, that he might have a fair Occasion to
be avenged of *Æsop*; whereupon, in the Presence of
them all, he said, Wife, I pray thee get some Water
in a Bason, and wash the Stranger's Feet; for he
thought the Stranger would have been shy, and re-
fused it; she therefore taking the Bason of Water,
went about to wash his Feet; which the careless
Clown seeing, said, She will honour me much to
wash

wash my Feet, seeing there are Maids enough in the House, whom she might command; but stretching out his Feet, Wash, Mistress, quoth he, and so sate down to Meat. *Xanthus* commanded to bring him Wine: The Clown thought they should have drunk first, but being it was their Pleasure, he drank it off. When his Mefs was brought him at Dinner, *Xanthus* complained the Meat was not seasoned, and thereupon beat his Cook. The Clown said to himself, The Meat is seasoned well enough, and it wants nothing; if his Master will beat his Servant for nothing, what is that to me? *Xanthus* much troubled to see his Guest not disturbed at any thing, commanded the Cheese-Cakes to be brought in: The Clown turned them about, and tossed them down like Bread. *Xanthus* pettishly chafed at the Baker, that he had not put in Pepper and Honey into the Cheese-Cakes. The Baker replies, If they be not baked, blame me: if they want seasoning, the Fault is in my Mistress. *Xanthus* in a Fury breaks forth, saying, If it be my Wife's doing, I will burn her alive. He commanded forthwith to make a good Fire, and essaying to cast his Wife in, he looked about, thinking the Rustick would have bestirr'd him to have prevented such a daring Act; but he seeing no Cause for all this chafing Fury, stept in, saying, Good Sir, stay a while, I will fetch my Wife, that they may both burn together. *Xanthus* hearing this and seeing the Simplicity of the Man, said to *Æsop*, This Man is verily a most careless Fellow, thou hast got the better of me, *Æsop*; it's enough, I will shortly make thee free.

WHEN *Xanthus* *Æsop*'s Cunning did perceive,
 How craftily his Answers he did weave,
 To save himself from Blame; at length doth lay
 A Task on him, which *Æsop* must obey
 To seek a Man whose Care was fix'd on nought,
 That nothing begg'd, nor earthly Pleasure sought,
Save

Save what he did possess. *Æsop* anon
 Beholds a lusty Country Clown alone;
 And walking to him, as the Clown he meets,
 Him at first Salutation thus he greets;
Xanthus invites the Home The Clown doth need
 No greater Invitation, but with speed
 Along with *Æsop* walks. When *Xanthus* saw
 The Clown approach, and near unto him draw,
 Asks *Æsop*, What he was? Quoth he, A Man
 That cares for nothing. *Xanthus* then began,
 To frown at *Æsop*; but at length in Mind
 Revolving his Command, he proves more kind,
 Who lovingly now entertains the Clown,
 And with himself at Table sets him down;
 'Till Questions passing upon either side,
 When *Xanthus* the Clown's Ignorance esp'y'd,
 He seems to chide his Cook, not having dress'd
 The Dinner worthy such a welcome Guest.
 But the Cook studying himself t'excuse,
 Loth with the Fault his Mistress there accuse.
Xanthus the better then the Clown to prove
 In his Affection what he best did love,
 Seems angry with his Wife, and threatens her
 That she shall burn alive before she stir.
 The Clown (supposing *Xanthus* angry grow,
 And that his Wife should to the Fire go,
 Shews all his Wit at once) replies O stay
 A while, 'till I from hence but go away
 To fetch my Wife, and then they both shall be
 Within one Fire burn'd for Company;
 At which fond Answer, *Xanthus* did confess
Æsop the greater Knowledge did express:
 For since the Clown so little lov'd his Wife,
 He nothing else regarded in this Life.

C H A P. XV.

Æsop's Answer to the Judge.

THE Day after, *Xanthus* commanded *Æsop* to go to the Bath, and see what Company was there, for he had a mind to bathe. While he was running, by chance he met the Prætor, who knowing him to be *Xanthus* his Servant, ask'd him, Whither away? Who answered, He knew not, thinking the Prætor would not regard him; who commanded for his Sawciness to have him away to Prison. While they were carrying him away, *Æsop* cried out, Thou seest, O Prætor, how rightly I have answered; that which I looked not for, is befallen me, and I am dragged to Prison. The Prætor amazed with the Wittiness of his Answer, dismissed him. So *Æsop* running to the Bath, saw much Company, and withal a great Stone laid as one should enter into the Bath; whereat many, going in and coming out, stumbled. One amongst the rest going to wash, took the Stone and laid it aside. *Æsop* returning, tells his Master he saw but one Man in the Bath. *Xanthus* coming, and seeing a Multitude; What is this, O *Æsop*? I may see many here, and thou

thou toldst me of one Man? Sir, there lay a great Stone at the Entry of the Bath, whereat many stumbled; only one Man turned it aside; therefore I said, I saw but one Man, esteeming him more than all. You have your Answer ready, quoth *Xanthus*. On a certain time, *Xanthus* coming out of the Privy, asked *Æsop*, Why Men after they had done their Eakment, looked upon their Excrements? He answers, In time past, a certain Man living delicately, sat in the Privy 'till he voided his Heart; from that Time Men have looked upon their Excrements, for fear of the like: But, Master, take you no care for any such matter, for you have no Heart at all.

THree Days being past, *Æsop* employed is Upon another Message, which was this: *Xanthus* would go to Bath, and sent to know (That he more privately might thither go) What Company was in it; *Æsop* now, That ne'er to do his Master's Will was slow, Makes all the speed he can; but by the way He meets a Judge, who to him thus did say, Now, Loggerhead, where go'st thou? *Æsop* then, Troth, Sir, I know not, cries to him again: But when the Judge did his cross Answer hear, He calls two Men, and wills them *Æsop* bear To Prison straight; to whom thus *Æsop* cry'd, For this first Fault, good Sir, be pacify'd: Knew I that you would me to Prison send? How could I truly then an Answer lend Which way I had to go? the Judge (who smiles At *Æsop*'s Answer, and his crafty Viles) Bids, let the Knave go free. So *Æsop* makes All speed away, and his quick Journey takes Towards the Bath; where being entred, he Espies there bathing a great Company; But at the Entry seeing there a Stone, Whereat all stumbled, saying only one; VVho

VWho wiser than the rest, moved the same.
 VWhen *Æsop* therefore back to's Master came,
 VWho asking him, How many bathing were?
Æsop replies, He saw but one Man there.
Xanthus was pleas'd at this, and thither hies;
 But being arriv'd, a Multitude he 'spies
 Of Strangers altogether in the Bath;
 VWho thus to *Æsop*, being incens'd with VVrath,
 Villain, thou saidst here were no more than one,
 And he himself was bathing all alone.
 'Tis true, quoth *Æsop*, for behold where lies
 A Stone before the Bath, yet none so wise,



To move the same, all stumbled, save this Man,
 And therefore him to save I only can.
 But deem the rest like senseless Idots all.
 Who rather than they'd stoop, would stumbling fall.
 Thus *Xanthus*, tho' displeas'd, no way could blame
 (Hearing his Answer) *Æsop* for the same.

C H A P. XVI.

Xanthus foolishly in his Cups made a Bargain to drink all the Water in the Sea; but Æsop wittily taught him how to dissolve the Wager.



A Feast on a certain Day being appointed by *Xanthus* and other Philosophers, the Cup beginning to conquer, there arose certain Questions. *Xanthus* began to chafe. *Æsop* said to him, Master, *Bacchus* is Commander of three Temperaments, first of Voluptuousness, the second of Drunkenness, the third of Reproaching: You being now merry, and having well drunk, have a care of the rest. *Xanthus* being now thorough drunk, one of the Scholars asked him whether a Man might not drink up the Ocean? Very easily, I can do it my self, quoth *Xanthus*: I will wage all I am worth upon it. At present they bind the Wager with the mutual Deposition of their Rings, and for that time departed. The next Day *Xanthus* being early up, washing his Face, perceived his Ring was lost; he calls *Æsop* to an Account for his Ring. I know not, quoth he, what's become of it; but this I know, you must out of your House, for Yesterday in a drunken Fit you waged your House that you could drink

drink up the Sea; and you bound the Wager with your Ring. *Xanthus* replied, And what could I wage less? But canst thou tell me a Way how I may either do it, or dissolve the Bargain? For doing it, quoth he, it is impossible. How thou shalt untie the Wager, I will tell thee. When you shall meet again to Day, seem not to fear, but what you said drunk, speak with as much Confidence now you are sober. Command a Table to be set upon the Shore, and that Lads be provided to reach the Water out of the Sea in Cups; and when the Multitude shall meet to see this Sight, ask them with whom you have waged, what the Bargain was? It will be replied, That you should drink up the Sea. Turning thy self to all of them, say thus, *O Men of Samos, you know that many Rivers run into the Sea, and I have bargain'd only to drink up the Sea, and not the Rivers that run into it: Let any one stop the Course of the Waters which run into the Sea, and I am ready to drink up the Sea.* *Xanthus* knowing this to be the only way to dissolve the Wager, rejoiced exceedingly. The People therefore coming to see the Sight, *Xanthus* did and said as *Æsop* had taught him: Whereat the *Samians* admired and highly commended him. Upon this, the Scholar fell at his Feet, and acknowledging himself overcome, intreated him to dissolve the Bargain; which *Xanthus*, at the Intreaty of the People did.

IT chanc'd amongst his Acquaintance on a Time,
Xanthus overcome with lib'ral Cups of Wine,
 'Midst their Discourse, one of them doth demand,
 If it with Possibility might stand
 For one to drink the Water in the Sea?
Xanthus replies, It possible might be;
 And he could do it. Wagers then were laid
 On either side, and Stakes by either made;
 An hundred Crowns to *Xanthus* House. But now
 When *Xanthus* well had slept, and hearing how

He

He had himself o'er-reach'd, he 'gain repents
 His foolish Bargain, full of Discontent.
 To whom thus *Æsop* spake, If you will please,
 To free my Bondage, and my Bonds release,
 I shall invent and easily find the Way,
 VVhereby your Bargain soon dissolve you may.
Xanthus agrees; and *Æsop* thus began;
Master, you know the boundless Ocean,
Which worketh still with an unconstant Tide,
Doth not alone within it self abide,
But purging ev'ry Minute, when it flows;
What Ebbs receiv'd, again to Rivers throws:
Whose Currents if your Opposites can keep
From back returning to th' unfathom'd Deep,
Bear you the Loss. This *Æsop* *Xanthus* taught;
 Who next Day, when his Adversaries thought
 To win what he had laid, all ready were
 To see him drink-the Sea. But first forbear
A while, quoth Xanthus, seeing Yesterday
I did this Bargain make, and Wager lay,
I must perform it; but the Sea, you know,
'Tis only I must drink, not Brooks, that flow
Into the same: Therefore if you can stop
Their Currents thence, I soon shall drink it up:
 The which did seem a Task as great as his,
 As well for them, as for himself to miss.

Which both the Parties seeing, they agree
 To break the Bargain, and each other free.

CHAP. XVII.

Xanthus his Ingratitude to Æsop.



They departing to their Houses, *Æsop* came to *Xanthus*, saying, I hope now I deserve my Freedom. *Xanthus* repell'd him with Rebuke, saying, Dost thou think I will not be so good as my Word? Go and stand before the Door, and view, if thou canst see two Crows, tell me, for it presages good Luck; if but one, ill Luck is towards. *Æsop* return'd, and told him, he saw two Crows sit upon a Tree. *Xanthus* coming out, one of them fled, and he could spy but one sitting still. Then he said, Thou cursed Villain, didst thou not tell me thou sawest two? Thou takest Delight to deride me: Whereupon he commanded that *Æsop* should be soundly scourg'd. While he was beating, there came in one to sup with *Xanthus*, and *Æsop* cry'd out, Ah! wo is me! I am beaten that saw two Crows, and thou who sawest but one, goes in to the Banquet; it was therefore an unhappy Omen. *Xanthus* admiring his Subtlety, commanded them to cease beating.

When *Xanthus* had receiv'd the Benefit,
And freed the Wager by his Servant's Wit,
Æsop his Master's Promises expects,
But *Xanthus* most ingratefully rejects. His

His just Demand, and studying more and more
 To use him harther than he did before,
 And mingle Stripes with Threats. But *Æsop* still
 So well conform'd him to his Master's Will,
 In all Things to obey, that *Xanthus* Hate
 Could find no just Ground, though inveterate,
 To punish *Æsop* : Yet, as quenchless Fire,
 The more suppress'd, doth with more Force aspire,
 Consuming all it meets; so *Xanthus* Rage
Æsop's best Duty no way can assuage;
 Being resolv'd, although without a Cause,
 Now to burst forth, and not one Minute's Pause
 Admit to keep it in; for which Intent
 He on a foolish Errand *Æsop* sent,
 To seek about the Field, if haply he
 Could find two Crows perching upon one Tree,
 And so to bring him word; for two, quoth he,
 Portend good Luck, and one a Prodigy.
Æsop walks forth, and finds them, back doth run
 To *Xanthus*, e'er who got out, one was gone,
 Which he perceiving, Crook-back'd Slave! quoth he,
 Thy daily Custom is to flout at me;
 And now I'll take Revenge, and bang thee well.
 But *Æsop* cry'd, Sir, while I came to tell
 The News to you, one of them fled away.
 Yet *Xanthus* flights th' Excuse, and Stripes doth lay
 More thick on him; 'till Dinner-time grew on,
 And *Xanthus* to his Meat was call'd upon.
 When *Æsop* murmur'd thus: Alas! how curst
 My Fortune is? I'm sure to have the worst.
 Two Crows portend good Luck; one only Crow,
 My Master says, Misfortune doth foreshow:
 But I spy'd two, and he but only one,
 Yet have I Stripes; he to good Cheer is gone.
 If Men by Birds no better can divine,
 Let them foretel their own good Luck, not mine.

CHAP. XVIII.

Æsop waggish, discover'd the Nakedness of his Mistress.



X *Xanthus* having invited some Friends, sends *Æsop* to cater for Provision, who very diligently performed his Master's Commands, and provided it. When Dinner was ready and brought in, his Mistress was reposed on a Pallet in the Room, and fast asleep. *Æsop* awaked her, and prayed her to watch, lest the Dogs carried the Meat away. She being angry, replies, That she had Eyes to see behind to watch the Provision. *Æsop* took this merrily, and watching his Opportunity to retort (but first made an end of serving in the Meat) at his Return stole gently to the Couch, and lifting up her Garments, unveiled her Posteriors. By this time *Xanthus* was come in with his Guests. At which Sight, whether he was pleased or abashed, let the Reader judge.

X *Xanthus* again to Market *Æsop* sends,
To buy Provision t' entertain some Friends,
Which he invites to Dinner : *Æsop's* Care
Not backward is all ready to prepare.

When

When Dinner-time approach'd, he brings the Meats,
 And on the Board each Dish in order sets.
 But on a Velvet Couch which stood thereby,
 He sees his Mistress, sleeping soundly, lie,
 To whom he calls, Mistress, awake, I pray,
 And look the Dog snatch not the Meat away.
 But she being angry that he 'wak'd her, cries,
 Villain, be quiet, my Back-side hath Eyes.
 Now *Æsop*, who his Mistress Answer took
 In way of course Derision, could not brook
 Longer Delay, 'till he might back retort
 So gross a Frump (though by a knavish Sport)
 And therefore in his Mind conceiv'd it best,
 To thwart her Humour with an equal Jest.
 Mean while, e'er he the Project could effect,
 His Master's Charge he held in first respect;
 So goes back to the Kitchen, to fetch more,
 Which brought, he finds his Mistress as before
 Still fast asleep; with that he walks to her,
 And softly doth her Smock and Coats prefer
 To hide her Face, and to himself replies,
 Mistress, if your Posteriors have Eyes,
 Pray let them be unmask'd. By this time, home
Xanthus with his invited Guests is come;
 Who entering now the Hall, and seeing there
 His Wife to lie with both her Buttocks bare,
 Of *Æsop* asks the Cause? *Æsop* doth tell
 His Master all. Reader, think thou, how well
Xanthus was pleas'd. I more forbear to say,
 Lest I too much the Woman's Shame display.

CHAP. XIX.

Xanthus commands Æsop to admit of none to enter at his Gate, but wise Men and Philosopher.



SOME Days after, Xanthus inviting many Philosophers and Orators to Dinner, commands Æsop to keep the Gate; and to let in no illiterate Dunce amongst them, but only the great Sophies. At Dinner-time, Æsop sitting in the Portal, there comes one who was invited, and knocks at the Gate. Æsop within said, What stirs the Dog? He thinking himself to be call'd Dog, away he goes. So in brief every one that came went back, not taking such an Injury well. But at length when one of them came to the Gate and knockt, and heard the Words, *What stirs the Dog?* His Ears and his Tail, quoth he. Æsop judging his Answer acute and proper, gave him Entrance, and brought him to his Master, saying, There's no Philosopher come to Dinner, Master, save this one. Xanthus was very sorry hereat, that he should be so much deceived by them whom he had invited. The Day after, when they came to the Schools, they accused Xanthus, saying, Sir, as it should seem, you slighted us, and not only so, but set that ugly Fellow, Æsop, to abuse us at your Gate, and to call us Dogs. But, Sirs, quoth Xanthus, are you

in Earnest, or in Jest? They replied, Unless we are asleep, it's true as we tell thee. *Æsop* presently was call'd for, and ask'd upon what Ground he abused his Friends? who answered, Master, did not you command me, that I would not admit any unlearned or vulgar Fellow into your Feast, but only such as were wise Men? And what are these, Sirrah. quoth *Xanthus*, are they not wise Men? No ways, quoth *Æsop*; for when they knock'd at the Gate, I ask'd them, What the Dog stir'd? not one of them understood me. Therefore I gave Entrance to none, but only this Man, who gave me a wiser Answer. When *Æsop* had this said, they all agreed that he was in the right.

ÆSOP, who must supply all Offices,
 And all his Master *Xanthus* Humours please,
 Must now become his Porter, and must wait
 To see that no Man enter at the Gate,
 But such as he appoints, and those to be
 Wise Men, not Fools, else none must *Xanthus* see.
 At length one comes, demanding Entrance there;
 But *Æsop* still whose Answers rugged were,
 Thus unto him doth say, *Then Dog, come in*
 The wise Man angry grown, goes back again.
 In brief, thus *Æsop* answers all that came,
 And all return with Anger at the same.
 Until amongst the rest one wiser grows,
 Not minding *Æsop's* Words, and in he goes.
 The next Day, those that were repuls'd relate
Æsop's rude Answer to them at the Gate
 Unto his Master, who doth *Æsop* call,
 And harshly chide with him before them all;
 Who thus to quit himself, Good Sir, replies,
You bid me let in none but who were wise:
Nor did I disobey; for no wise Man
Will ev'ry foolish Word or Answer can,
And Anger shew at ev'ry Fool, lest they
The greater Fault in themselves display:
Therefore I him who entred bold to be
The only wise Man of the Company.

CHAP. XX.

Æsop finding a Treasure, Xanthus proves ungrateful.



Not many Days after, *Xanthus* (*Æsop* following him) went to the Monuments, and reading the Epigrams, was much delighted. *Æsop* seeing these Letters, *sc.* α, β, δ ε, ε, θ, ζ, ingraven, shew'd them to *Xanthus*, and inquired of him if he knew what they meant; who, after diligent Study, not able to find out what they signified, plainly acknowledged himself dubious. Master, quoth *Æsop*, if I shall find a Treasure by this Column, what Reward shall I have? Thou shalt have thy Liberty, be confident, said *Xanthus*, and half the Gold. Then *Æsop* digging four Steps distant from the Grave-stone, found a Treasure, and brought it to his Master; demanding, according to his Promise, both Freedom and Gold. No sure, said *Xanthus*, until I understand the Letters, and the Sense! For to be skill'd in that, I esteem above the Treasure *Æsop*, to satisfy him, told him, That a wise Man was the Ingraver of those Letters, which, saith he, imports thus much (according to the Greek),
 α going, β pates, δ four, ε digging, ε thou shalt find,

a Treasure, & of Gold. Xanthus replied, Because thou art so cunning, thou shalt be no free Man. Then, Sir, quoth *Æsop*, I will declare that it belongs to the King of *Byzantium*, for it's hid here for him. Xanthus replies, How know you this? From the Inscription, quoth he, for thus much it intimateth (in Greek) *a restore, & to the King, & Dionysius, & which, & thou hast found, & the Treasure, & of Gold.* Xanthus understanding that the Treasure belonged to the King, said to *Æsop*, Take half the Treasure, and hold thy Peace. Now I take not this as thy good Will, said *Æsop*, but as his that hid the Gold. But hear me Sir, thus spake the Letters, *a taking, & go your way, & divide, & which, & ye have found, & the Treasure.* Hereupon Xanthus replied, Come your ways, take half the Money and your Liberty. Departing therefore together, Xanthus fearing the prating of *Æsop*, commanded him to be cast into Prison. While they drew *Æsop* away, Alas! quoth he, Are these the Promises of Philosophers? For I not only receive not my Liberty, but thou givest command to throw me into Prison. Xanthus therefore gave Order for his Liberty, saying to him, Thou speakest Truth. But when thou hast got thy Liberty, thou wilt stickle against me to some Purpose. Then said *Æsop*, Do your worst; whether you will or no, I will have my Freedom.

AS *Æsop* grew in Years, his Wisdom so Increased still, and did exacter grow.
 Who with his Master walking to behold
 Decayed Sepulchers with Age grown old,
 Amongst the rest a Monument appears,
 Whereon engraven were strange Characters,
 Which the prefixed Emblem here displays.
Æsop demands the Meaning? Xanthus says
 The Meaning seem'd much difficult, and he
 Could not unfold so great a Mystery.
 Quoth *Æsop* then, My Lord, what Benefit
 Shall I receive, if I resolve you it?

Xanthus:

Xanthus his Freedom promiseth. To whom
Thus *Æsop* then; Behold, this aged Tomb
A golden Treasure in it doth contain,
As these engraven Characters explain;
Which we shall find by digging, for to us
In Latin so it answers,

*Recedens Passus quatuor, fodiens invenies Thesaurum
aureum.*

English'd thus,
*Descend four Steps, then dig, and there
A golden Treasure shall appear.*

So doing, there they find what was foretold,
The Treasure rich, and all of massie Gold.
Which having got, poor *Æsop* now doth crave
His Master's Promise, and his Share to have.
But *Xanthus* doth ungratefully deny
Æsop, not only Share, but Liberty;
Detaining all himself. Then *Æsop* (thus
Defrauded) cries, King *Dionysius*
This Treasure claims, it is not due to thee,
For so the following Letters signifie;
In Latin thus,

Redde Regi Dionysio, quem invenisti Thesaurum:

In English thus exprest,
*The Treasure you discovered, bring
To Dionysius your King.*

This last expounding, troubled sore the Breast
Of wretched *Xanthus*, doubtful what to do:
But yet the greater Mischiefs to eschew,
He is contented now with all his Heart,
Rather than all to lose, give *Æsop* part,
For so the latter Clause again implies,
In Latin thus,

Acceptum cunctes, dividite quem invenisti Theſaurum aureum.

Thus in English ſpecifies :

*The Golden Treasure which you are
Poſſeſſed of, betwixt you ſhare.*

Yet *Xanthus* home returning big with Hate,
And envying his Servant's proſperous State,
Seeks more to do him wrong, than grateful be
And honeſt as his Word, to ſet him free.
But that he might the Treasure all poſſeſs,
As old Men moſt are given to Covetouſneſs ;
Fearing leſt *Æſop*, by his talking would
That mighty Treasu'r's maſſy Sum unfold,
Thinks beſt to lay him faſt ; which he effects,
And 'gainſt all Gratitude and due Reſpects,
Sends him to loathſom Priſon, there to lie,
And add more Griefs to former Miſery.
Till *Æſop* thus too ſenſible of Wrong,
And Injuries which he had ſuffer'd long
In's Maſter's Service, Thankleſs Man, (quoth he)
Is this the Freedom once you promis'd me ?
Is this the Recompence ? And muſt I ſtill
Be thus rewarded for my Good, with Ill ?
Ye Gods aſſiſt my juſt Complaint ! At this
Xanthus was ſomewhat mov'd, and did releaſe
Æſop from Priſon ; but by no Intreat
From Bondage, could he his Enlargement get ;
Until reſolv'd he boldly thus did ſpeak,
Now do thy worſt, e'er long my Bonds ſhall break,
And ſpight of thy Tranſgreſſion or Diſdain,
E'er few Days paſs, I ſhall my Freedom gain.

The which, as he foretold, effected was,
And in the following Chapter comes to paſs.

C H A P. XXI.

Æsop is set at Liberty.

AT that Season, after this Manner, it fell out at *Samos*, A stately Feast was kept publickly: An Eagle flew suddenly over, and snatch'd away the publick Ring, and dropt it into the Lap of a Servant. The *Samians* affrighted at this Accident, and wondering what it should portend, gathering together to consult, moved it to *Xanthus*, being a chief Citizen and Philosopher, desiring the Meaning of this Prodigy. He very dubious of the Matter, inquired the time when this fell out, and going home, was very sad and penfive, because he could not resolve them. *Æsop* seeing *Xanthus* so dejected, went to him, and inquir'd what made him so sorrowful, reveal it, I pray you, to me, and bid farewell to your Sadness. To Morrow, when you go into the Market, tell the *Samians*, that you are not skill'd in untying knotty Riddles, neither can you divine, but I have a Lad who will resolve you this Question. And altho' I shall resolve this, yet you shall have the honour of it, by keeping such a Servant: If it fall out otherwise, the Disgrace will redound to me: *Xanthus* thus perswaded, the next Day came into the

Theater, and stood in the midst, according to the Advice of *Æsop*, declaring to them that met together what he had counselled him to do. They presently desired that *Æsop* might be sent for. Who when he came and stood amongst them, the *Samians* looking on his Face, derided him, Will this Countenance ever be able to resolve us? And they fell into loud Laughing *Æsop* stretching forth his Hand, desired Silence, and said, Men of *Samos*, why cavil you at my Face? You should not look upon my Face, but my Mind; for oftentimes Nature hath cover'd an excellent Mind under a Visage unseemly. Do you look upon the exterior Fashion of the Vessel, and not attend the inward Virtue of the Wine? Hearing these things, they said, *Æsop*, if thou hast any thing to say, speak it to the City. Then he boldly stood forth, saying, Ye Men of *Samos*, because Fortune, which is desirous of Contention, propounds the Glory of Victory to the Master and Servant, if the Servant seem inferior to his Master, let him go away soundly beaten; but if the Servant excel, let him escape free. Then all the People cried out, *Xanthus*, give *Æsop* his Freedom; in this observe the *Samians*, and gratifie them in their Request. *Xanthus* refused not indeed, but sticking a little at it, the *Prætor* said, *Xanthus*, if thou hearken not to the People, I even in this Hour will give *Æsop* his Freedom, and then he will be equal to thee. Then *Xanthus* was constrain'd to give him his Freedom. Hereupon the Crier cried out, *Xanthus* the Philosopher gives *Æsop* his Freedom. And in the mean time *Æsop* ended his Speech, saying to *Xanthus*, Now against your Will I shall be freed. Thus *Æsop* being freed, stood in the midst of them, saying, Ye Men of *Samos*, the Eagle you know is Queen of Birds, and whereas she dropt this Imperial Ring into the Lap of a Servant, it seems to intimate, that some there are of your Kings, who endeavour to bring your Liberty into Slavery, and to disannul your established Laws. The

Samians

Samians hearing this, were exceeding sad. Not long after, there came Letters from *Cræsus*, King of the *Lydians*, to *Samos*, requiring Tribute of them; if otherwise, that they prepare themselves for Battle. Hereupon there was a general Consultation, and Fear to become Subjects to *Cræsus*; yet they thought it fitting to take *Æsop's* Advice. He told them, I will inform you what is best: Fortune hath shewn us a double way: One of Liberty, which in the beginning is difficult, but in the Issue easie; another of Thralldom, whole beginning is easie, but the end toilsome. The *Samians* hearing this, cried out: Seeing we are Freemen, we will not for nothing become Slaves. So they dismissed the Embassador without Terms of Peace. Which so soon as *Cræsus* knew, he determined to wage War against the *Samians*. But the Embassador told him, you cannot conquer the *Samians* so long as *Æsop* is amongst them, and counsels them. Rather, O King, send Embassadors, and desire *Æsop* of them; promising them many Thanks, and a releasing of the required Tribute, and then perhaps you may subdue them. These things prevailed with *Cræsus*, he sent, desiring *Æsop* might come to him. The *Samians* decreed to deliver him. Who when he knew it, stood up in the midst of them, saying, Ye Men of *Samos*, I am ready to prostrate my self at the Feet of King *Cræsus*; but I will relate to you one Story. At what time the Beasts spake among themselves, the Wolves brought War upon the Sheep, whom the Dogs aided. The Wolves sent an Embassage to the Sheep, that if they would live in Peace and Quietness, they desired them to send them their Dogs. The foolish Sheep were perswaded hereto, and sent the Dogs. The Wolves forthwith tear the Dogs in pieces, and easily flew the Sheep. The *Samians* understanding the Meaning of this Fable, determined still to keep *Æsop* with them. But he suffered not them, but set forth with the Embassadors to *Cræsus*.

NOT many Days expired, there befel
 An Accident in *Samos*, strange to tell,
 Where *Xanthus* dwelt: Behold an Eagle o'er
 The City flies, and the chief Signet bore
 Away with her, while as the *Samians* all
 Were solemnizing a great Festival.
 Whereat amaz'd, they unto *Xanthus* send,
 To be resolved what it might portend.
 But *Xanthus* grew perplexed in his Mind,
 Because he could not the true Meaning find.
Æsop perceiving now his Master's Grief,
 Requests the Cause, with promise of Relief
 To his Content: *Xanthus* relates the same:
 With that, before the *Samians* *Æsop* came,
 Whose crooked Limbs did more Derision raise,
 Than Hope to be resolv'd; 'till *Æsop* says
 Thus unto them, Sirs, wherefore laugh ye so?
 'Tis not the Form, nor the external Show
 That makes a Man; but Wisdom, and a Mind.
 That can close Nature's deepest Secrets find.
 Nor should a wise Man, 'cause a Vessel's new,
 Reject an old one of a blacker Hew:
 For such old Vessels may perchance contain
 Far richer Wine than doth in new remain.
 Which learned Answer made them all admire,
 And with Intreaties *Æsop's* Aid require,
 T' expound the Meaning of that strange Event:
 But *Æsop* of his Wisdom confident;
 Fortune (quoth he) hath some Sedition sown,
 Betwixt a Lord and Servant of his own.
 But if the Lord the Victory do gain,
 The Servant shall no Liberty obtain,
 Nor his just Right. If therefore you would see
 A true Solution, give me Liberty;
 That so I may unfold with Boldness all,
 Which you demand, or may to you befall.
 Then all resolv'd, that *Xanthus* should release
 The Bonds of *Æsop*, and his Slavery cease.

Which

Which, tho' against his Master's Humour, they
 Effect, nor durst old *Xanthus* but obey,
 Remembring now what lately *Æsop* spoke,
 In spight of thee I shall cast off the Yoke.
 Then *Æsop* strait was plac'd before the Seat,
 Where all the *Samians* were in Council met:
 Who Silence being proclaim'd, doth thus begin:
My Lords, the Eagle over Birds is King,
Which having born your Seal away with her,
(The State and Power of your Governour)
Inferrs thus much, A King by Conquest shall
O'erthrow your Laws, and Liberty intrall.
 According to which Saying, lo there came
 Ambassadors from *Lydia*, who proclaim
 Their *Lydian* King's Command, and do relate
 To them of *Samos*, who in Council sate,
 How that great Monarch Homage did expect
 From those of *Samos*, and to that Effect,
 Demands a yearly Tribute; else that he
 Will ruinate their City speedily.
 A Time for Answer given, *Æsop* then
 Is call'd to give them Counsel once again:
 Who thus: *My Lords, I would not you dissuade*
But that the King of Lydia be obey'd:
Nor 'gainst the publick Profit would I break
Silence, or else against the City speak;
Yet hear Two Things, which in this mortal Age
Fortune presents upon this Earthly Stage:
The one is Liberty, which to procure,
At first seems hard, the End is sweet and sure;
Bondage the other, whose Beginning shows
Sweet at the first, the End more sower grows.
 The *Samians* hearing this, and knowing that
 It tended to the Good of publick State,
 This Answer the Ambassadors did give;
 Go tell your Lord, That *Samos* will not live
 Subject to any Man, but still possess
 Her acient Liberty and Happiness.

With that the *Lydian* King did angry grow,
 Propos'd to raise an Army, and o'erthrow
 Their City, 'till the Embassador spoke:
 Sir, 'tis in vain to bring them to the Yoke,
 Unless thou *Æsop* from their Council call,
 And then into thy Hands they soon will fall.
 So straight Embassadors provided be,
 And sent again to *Samos* speedily,
 Bearing this Message, *Lords, our Master's Will,*
Though once deny'd, at last you must fulfil;
Which is, That to his Court you Æsop send,
And then 'gainst you his Anger shall have end.
 But *Æsop* hearing this, did let them know,
 He was not backward to the King to go:
 Yet to the *Samians* does a Fable tell,
 Which long ago, when Beasts could speak, befel.

THE FABLE.

THE Wolves intended War against the Sheep,
 But they, too weak their Fury to withstand,
 Sent to the Dogs, desiring Aid to keep
 The Wolves from quite destroying of their Land.
 The Dogs send Aid, and in full many sore
 And dreadful Fights did the Wolves Army gore.

The Wolves then seeing Force could not prevail
 To curb their Foes, which had so pow'rful Aid,
 Consult with Policy them to assail,
 If possibly the Sheeps might be betray'd;
 And with their Words and Promises at large,
 Intreat the Sheep the Mastives to discharge.

The Sheep believing what the Wolves did say,
 Not dreaming of the Treach'ry of their Foes,
 Resolved are to send the Dogs away,
 Hoping to live at quiet without Blows.
 And so Rewards for what the Dogs had done
 Being bestow'd, they leave the Sheep alone.

But

But when the Wolves perceive their stoutest Goats
Had left the Sheep, and to their Home were gone,
Perfidiously they with redoubled Blows

The Sheep (Harm not mistrusting) set upon,
And overthrow them. Since which, still we see
Continual Discord 'twixt them two to be.

So when the Samians had this Fable heard,
They in his Absence their Destruction fear'd;
And by all means they could, sought him to stay,
But could not him by their Intreaties sway.

CHAP. XXII.

*Æsop's successful Entertainment with the Lydian King,
in behalf of the Samians.*



They coming forthwith to *Lydia*, the King seeing
Æsop before him, was angry to think that such
a Fellow should prevent the subduing of so famous an
Island. Æsop answers, Mighty King. not of Force nor
Necessity, am I come unto thee, but willingly and of
my own Accord, wherefore I humbly beg your Pa-
tience. A certain Man catching Locusts, killed them.
He took also the Grasshopper, and when he would
have

have killed her, she said thus, Good Sir, kill me not ; for I am not injurious to the Corn, nor any other way, but I chear up the weary Traveller with my harmless Musick : In me thou findest nothing but a Sound. This he having heard, dismissed her : Thus I, O King, humbly touching your Feet, beseech you, spare my Life, for I cannot be injurious to any Man ; and in this squalid Body you shall find a generous Soul. The King, wondring and pitying him, said, *Æsop*, I will not only give thee thy Life, but a Fortune also ; therefore ask what thou wilt, and thou shalt have it. May it please thee, O King, quoth *Æsop*, to be reconciled to the *Samaritans*. And when the King answered, I am reconciled, he fell down to the Ground, and gave him most humble Thanks. After this, he wrote his Fables, which to this very Day are extant amongst the *Lydians*.

ÆSOP, according to the King's Request,
To *Lydia* goes. The King provides a Feast
To entertain the Stranger ; but when he
Beholdeth *Æsop's* foul Deformity,
He vents his Anger thus, *Is this the Man*
Whose Counsel made the Samians us withstand?
Can Wisdom lurk in such an ugly Form?
And thus irrag'd he furiously doth storm.
But *Æsop* (whose Invention ne'er was slack
A ready Answer unto all to make)
Reply'd, Great King, the Power forc'd not me,
But my D. sire, t' attend thy Majesty,
Caus'd my Arrival, who with Hope depend,
That thou some Audience to my Words wilt lend.
The King alters, and *Æsop* thus replies ;
The other Day a Man was chasing Flies,
But caught a Nightingale. The tim'rous Bird
(Without Desert now to be slain & fear'd)
Cries to the Faulkner, Master, I thee pray
That me without Offence thou wilt not slay.

*I do no harm, nor any thing annoy,
 Nor do I Corn or Fruits of Earth destroy
 Like other Birds; but with my warbling Song
 Make glad the Hearts of those that pass along;
 Neither canst thou reap Benefit at all,
 By killing me, my Carcase is so small.
 Which Lamentation mov'd the Faulkner so,
 That he the harmless Nightingale let go;
 Therefore, great Sir, consider my weak State,
 I wish no Harm, then hasten not my Fate.
 By Death or Violence; for if I die,
 My Body profits none; but living, I
 Unto the World may by my Wisdom lend
 Things useful for her 'till her latest End.
 This Fable morrilliz'd, the King did please,
 And's Rage 'gainst Æsop's Crookedness appease;
 Who answers thus: Lo, Æsop unto thee
 I give not Life; 'tis Fortune's Gift from me.
 But if within my Pow'r thou ought'st to quest,
 As soon as asked, thou shalt be possess'd
 This Æsop's Mind rejoiced, who, as soon
 As he had promis'd, thus demands a Boon.
 Great King, I render Thanks, and since your Grace
 Is pleas'd such Favours upon me to place
 Without Desert, if so you deign to grant
 (For I my self no earthly Treasure want)
 The Samians Tribute only to be free,
 Your Highness hath enough rewarded me.
 The King consents, and Æsop now began,
 While he doth in the Lydian Court remain,
 To write those Fables, which in this Book do
 Present themselves to each ingenious View.
 But some time past, Æsop doth now desire
 Unto forsaken Samos to retire,
 The News of the released Tax to bring,
 So freely granted by the Lydian King.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Æsop's Return to Samos.

ÆSOP having received Letters from the King of *Lydia*, which intimated the Grant of Peace, and releasing of a Tribute to the *Samians*; the Men of *Samos* seeing of him, came to meet him with Garlands and Dancings: He reads the Letters, and shews them that the King had freely granted them their Liberty. Whereupon *Æsop* was honoured the second time with the Favour of Freedom. Not long after this, he departed from this Island, and travelled over the World, every where disputing with Philosophers. At length he came into *Babylon*, and there making his Learning appear, was in great Repute with King *Lycerus*: For in those Days Truce being between Kingdoms, there was great Delight taken in mutual sending Philosophical Questions one to another; which whosoever could resolve, received a Relaxation of Tribute from him that sent them.

ÆSOP returns to *Samos* Being arriv'd,
 The People with all Gladness him receiv'd,
 Shewing all Signs of Joy. Some few Days gone,
 Æsop makes open Proclamation,
 How *Lydia's* King their Tribute did remit.
 The *Samians*, joyful of this Benefit,
 More Thankfulness to learned Æsop gave,
 And nothing thought too dear that he would have;
 All Honours seem too mean they could bestow,
 Such Gratitude did joyful *Samos* show.
 Æsop at last again to Travel bent,
 To see some other foreign Regions went,
 His Knowledge to increase. And now he came
 To *Babylon*, a City of great Fame:
 This was the Seat of King *Lycrus*, who,
 Hearing of Æsop. Entertainment due
 To him did give, and other Gifts confer
 Worthy so famous a Philosopher.
 Æsop now having spent some few Days there;
 The Customs of the bord'ring Princes were
 Problems obscure, oft mutually to send,
 And Riddles which their learned Men had penn'd,
 To try the Judgment of the wisest Men,
 Who if they could not Answers send again,
 And rightly them explain, that King must claim
 Tribute from him to whom he sent the same.

CHAP. XXIV.

Æsop unfolds all Secrets whatsoever, and by his Wisdom much enricheth the Babylonian King.



ÆSOP therefore understanding the Problems which came to *Lycerus*, gave the Meaning, and so made the King renowned; and he, in the Name of *Lycerus*, sent to other Kings after the same manner: which Questions unresolved, caused an Exaction of a far greater Tribute from those Kings who were not able to do it. Now *Æsop* seeing he had no Children, adopted *Ennus*, a certain Nobleman, and commended him to the King. Not long after this, *Ennus* had to do with *Æsop*'s Concubine; which when *Æsop* knew of it, he turned him out of Doors; who being much offended with this, feigned Letters from *Æsop* to those who moved the Philosophical Questions to *Lycerus*, which Letters signified his Readiness to do them Service rather than *Lycerus*, and these Letters *Ennus* gave to the King sealed with *Æsop*'s Ring.

WHILE *Æsop* with *Lycerus* did remain,
Divers wise Men in foreign Parts did feign
Strange Fables, and dark Mysteries invent,
Which to the *Babylonian* King were sent,

T' un.

T' unfold the Meaning. Each Philosopher
 His Verdict gave, but none did true appear:
 Till *Æsop* (being call'd) the perfect Way
 Found out, the closest Secrets to display,
 And other Fables penn'd, to which none
 Of other Parts could give Solution.
 By which *Lycerus* full of Riches grew,
 Which by that Means from foreign Kings he drew:
 And therefore now, in shew of Thankfulness
 For *Æsop's* Learning, and his Love t' express,
 He doth to greater Honours *Æsop* raise,
 Whose Wisdom almost the whole Country sways;
 Till *Ennus* (young, well mannered and fair,
 By *Æsop* being adopted for his Heir,
 And rais'd to ample Fortunes) fell in Love
 With *Æsop's* Concubine, and Suits did move
 To bring her to his Will. To his Desire
 (Burning with lustful and unquenched Fire)
 She yields; and *Ennus* by her Looks is won,
 To rival who adopted him his Son.
 But as alone one Mischief seldom falls,
 But to the wronged part another calls;
 So *Æsop* now, not dreaming of the Wrong
 Already acted, but remaining strong
 In love to *Ennus*; *Ennus* to requite
 His Love, doth in Ingratitude delight:
 And fearing lest that by Success of Time,
Æsop would vindicate his loathed Crime,
 And cast him out of Favour (big with hate)
 He plots which way to hasten *Æsop's* Fate:
 And therefore him of Treason doth accuse;
 Then with false Letters *Æsop's* Truth abuse.
 (Which to incense the King) that *Æsop* had
 His Majesty to other Kings betray'd
 By feigned Fables, the which here and there
 He had divulg'd and scattered every where.

Thus Lust oft-times at first with pleasant Shows,
 'Twixt dearest Friendship most Sedition sows.

CHAP. XXV.

Æsop commanded to be put to Death upon Ennus his false Accusation, and how he is saved.



THe King giving Credit to the Ring, wonderfully moved with Anger, commands *Hermippus*, without any farther Examination, to take away the Traitor's Life. But *Hermippus* was *Æsop's* Friend, and then he shewed it, for he hid him in a Sepulchre, and there nourished him: *Ennus* also by the King's Leave took Possession of all *Æsop's* Goods. A certain space after, *Nectenabo*, King of *Ægypt*, hearing that *Æsop* was dead, sent a Letter to *Lycernus*, requiring Workmen that could build a Tower which should neither touch Earth nor Heaven, and one that could answer all that he should be ask'd. Which, if he did, then he should exact Tribute, if not, he should pay. *Lycernus* having read this, grows very pensive, seeing none of his Friends could devise what the question concerning the Tower meant. The King upon that cries out, *Æsop*, the Pillar of my Kingdom is fallen and dead. *Hermippus* seeing the King so much dejected for *Æsop's* Loss came to the King, and brought him word that *Æsop* was alive; adding, That even for the King's sake he had not put him to death, because he knew it would much grieve him afterwards.

The

THE King to easie *Ennus* to believe,
 And to false Accusations Credit give,
 Thinks all 'gainst *Æsop* true; and with Command,
 (Whose Will doth fixed as the Center stand)
 Dooms *Æsop* straight to Death. But as the Sun
 In spite of Clouds, his wonted Course doth run,
 And (they being chased quite away) appear
 More full of Lustre, radiant and clear;
 So *Æsop* now, by kind *Hermippus* Aid
 (Who in an obicure Sepulchre him laid,
 To hide him from the Wrath of th' angry King,
 Knowing the Letters which his Son did bring
 Against his Father, false; and sent him there
 All things for Sustainance that needful were)
 Some few Weeks past his Honour doth obtain,
 And in his former Glory-seat again;
 Occasion'd by this Means; Ne'er silent Fame
 This News in joyful *Ægypt* did proclaim
 Unto the King, That *Æsop* now is dead,
 Whereby he thought from *Babylon* was fled
 All Hope t' oppose him more; and therefore strait
 Frames Letters which these Riddles did relate,
 That *Nectenabo* lately did project
 I' th' Air a stately Tower to erect,
 To touch not Heaven nor Earth; and did intreat
 That King *Lycernus* would the Mafons get,
 And send them to effect it. And beside,
 If for his use such Men he could provide.
 The Letters likewise thus much did display,
He of his Land would the Tenth Tribute pay.
 But no wise Man of *Babylon* had Wit
 Enough to answer or accomplish it.
 Whereat their King *Lycernus* (with a Brow
 Whereon dwelt Anger, which could Terror throw.
 'Gainst any which displeas'd him) curses all
 That were the Cause of *Æsop's* wrongful Fall.
 Which when *Hermippus* well perceiv'd, in haste
 He goes, and on the Ground his Body cast

Before

Before the King, to whom he thus did say,
*Great Sir, Let no sad Thought your Passion sway,
 To grow inrag'd at me, and I shall bring
 Æsop alive, and safe before the King;
 For I preserv'd whom thou didst doom to Death,
 Well knowing that the Loss of Æsop's Breath
 Could have no Profit, but his Life might be
 (Though hateful then) some Benefit to thee.*

CHAP. XXVI.

*Æsop is brought before the King again, and re-obtain:
 his former Credit.*



THe King not a little glad that Æsop was yet alive, called for him. He was brought to him all dirty, and bemired. Whom when he saw, he was moved with much Compassion towards him, and commanded that he should be washed and cleansed. After this, Æsop easily confuted the Grounds of his former Accusation: Whereupon, when the King gave Command that *Ennis* should be put to Death, Æsop begged his Pardon. Not long after a Letter came from the King of Ægypt, which the King gave Æsop to peruse. He forthwith knowing how to resolve the Questions propounded, smiled, and desired an Answer might be dispatch'd, & after Winter sent away, both who should build this Tower, and also one

one that should answer all that he should demand. The King thereupon sends the *Egyptian* Ambassadors back, and gives to *Æsop* his former Wealth, and *Ennius* also; whom he having received again, used him as his Son, and with these or the like Words, admonished him: My Son, in the first place, worship God, honour the King; shew thy self terrible to thine Enemies, that they despise thee not; facil and courteous to thy Friends, that they may be enlarged in Friendship towards thee. Also pray that thine Enemies be poor, lest they offend thee; wish thy Friends in all things well. Cleave to thy Consort, that she make no tryal of another. Be not swift to speak, but to hear. Envy not well-doers, for thereby thou shalt injure thy self most. Be careful of thy Domestick Affairs, that thou mayest not be look'd upon as a Master, but adored as a Benefactor. Be not ashamed always to learn the better things. Reveal not thy Secrets to a Woman, for she is always provided to domineer. Every Day store up for to Morrow; for it is better after Death to leave somewhat to thine Enemy, than want while thou livest for thy Friends. Gently salute all thou meetest. Repent not that thou hast been honest. Turn a Whisperer out of Doors. Do that for which thou mayest not have Cause to repent. Thus *Ennius* being advised by *Æsop*, and struck as it were with an Arrow in his Conscience, a little after his Soul and Body parted, and he died.

THE King, being full of Joy, that *Æsop* lives, Desires to see him, and Comandment gives, That he before his Presence strait be brought, Who (as before to kill him) now his Thought Had wholly bent how to requite the Wrong That *Æsop* in the Dungeon suffer'd long; And therefore doth to him his Wealth restore, And gives him greater Honour than before. Then shews what Letters late from *Ægypt* came, And *Æsop* having well perus'd the same,

Thus

Thus wills the King to answer, That when as
The Winter's past he'll bring the same to pass :
And so Embassadors dispatched are,
Iycerus Will in *Ægypt* to declare.

Return we now to *Ennus*, whose sad Breast
With Envy swoln, that *Æsop* is posselt
Of Wealth, and into Favour call'd again,
No rest can take, but full of foul Dildain
Runs up and down with discontented Looks,
And no Society or Comfort brooks,
But Desarts and wild Places, like a Man
Whose Senses lost, no Reason bridle can.
And thus by base Ingratitude, we see
How *Ennus* brought himself to Misery.
Behold a gentle Nature ! *Æsop's* Love
From *Ennus* all his former Wrongs remove,
He doth affect him still, (although he may
A heavy and severe Chastisement lay
With Justice upon *Ennus*) and with mild
And gentle Words, instructs him, as his Child.
Then takes him home again (there hath not been
In any Age scarce half such Kindness seen)
Respects him still, and (as he first begun)
Gives him the Right of an adopted Son.
But this contents not *Ennus*, still his Mind
Is troubled, and doth new *Chimera's* find.
Which freshly to his vexed Soul suggest,
That *Æsop's* Wrongs can never be redrest :
And now with Horror and Distraction flies,
Seeking a Place to end his Miseries,
Runs up and down. At length a Mountain steep,
Whose hanging Head o'erlooks th' unfathom'd Deep,
Nimbly ascends: thrust on by rash Despair,
Falls headlong through a steep descent of Air :
Till the all swallowing Waves a Grave do lend,
And to his most unthankful Breath give end.
Thus (though a while ungrateful Men may flourish)
Those Crimes o'erthrow them which themselves do
nourish.

CHAP. XXVII.

Æsop resolves the former Questions of the King of Ægypt, who had projected to build a Tower in the Air.



ÆSOP after this sending for the Fowlers, commands them to catch him four young Eagles, which being caught, he brought up, and taught them to carry young Children in Baskets, and observe them in what they should command. The Winter now being past, and Spring coming on, he provides all things ready for his Journey, and taking the Eagles and the Children, departs into Ægypt, to the great Admiration of the People of that Country. Neftenabo hearing that Æsop was come, I am ensnared, quoth he to his Friends, for I understood that Æsop was dead. The King commanded the Day after, that all the Officers should come together, clad in white Robes, and he himself put on his Royal Attire, and his Imperial Diadem. When he was set upon his high Throne, he commanded Æsop to be brought. To what do you liken me, quoth he to Æsop, and those that are with me? Thee, quoth Æsop, I liken to the Vernal Sun, and those with thee to a ripe Harvest. The King admiring his Answer, bestowed many Favours upon him. The next Day the

the King came clad in White, but commanded his Friends to put on their Purple. When *Æsop* came in, he asked him the same Questions. Thee, saith he, I compare to the Sun, those that stand about thee, to the Sun-beams. *Nectenabo* enquires what he thought concerning his Kingdom, whether it was not far beyond that of *Lycerus*. Do not think so, quoth *Æsop*, for your Kingdom compared with his, though it shine like the Sun-beams, yet if you compare it with his, the Glory of it is palpable Darknefs. *Nectenabo* admiring his Answer, enquires where they were that should build the Tower? They are ready, said he, if you will shew us the place. The King going out of the City, shews him a large Plain. *Æsop* following him, brings the four Eagles with the Children hanged in Baskets about them; and giving the Children working Instruments, bad them fly. They being carried aloft, cry'd out, Bring us Stones, Mortar and Timber, fit for building. *Nectenabo* seeing the Children carried aloft by the Eagles, says to *Æsop*, How should I do for flying-men? He replies, *Lycerus* has such: Thou being but a Man, wilt thou contend with a King equal to the Gods? *Nectenabo* confesses himself conquered; but, quoth he, let me enquire of thee, and do thou answer me further. I have here Mares, who when they hear the Horses of *Babylon* neigh, forthwith they conceive; if thou canst resolve me this, let me see it presently. I will give you an Answer to morrow, quoth he. Going thereupon to his Lodging, he commanded the Boys to take a Cat, and drag her about the City. The *Egyptians* seeing that, forthwith carry the Report to the King, for they worship this Animal. The King calling *Æsop* to him, asked him, Whether he did not know how that the *Egyptians* do Worship to the Cat? It did no small Injury to *Lycerus* the King, quoth *Æsop*: For this Cat the last Night kill'd his fighting Cock, which gave him Intelligence how the tedious Night passed. Art thou not ashamed to lie, quoth the King? How could the Cat

kill

kill his Cock, and in one Night go to *Babylon*? He smiling, replied, And how, O King, can the Mares of *Egypt* conceive upon the Neighing of the Horses in *Babylon*? The King attending the Wisdom of *Æsop*, admir'd at his fortunate Genius. Not long after this, he sent for Men from *Heliopolis* to question with *Æsop*, with whom, when they had disputed, he invites home to a Banquet. When they were set, one of the *Heliopolitans* says to *Æsop*, I am sent from one of my Gods to ask thee a Question. It's false, quoth *Æsop*, the Gods have no need to learn any thing; thou dost not only bewray thy own Ignorance, but accusest one of thy Gods. Another again replies, There is a huge Temple, and a Column bearing up Twelve stately Cities, each of which are born up with Thirty Rafters, which two Women constantly course about. To this *Æsop* answers, The Temple is this World, the Column the Year, the Cities the Months, the Rafters the Days of the Month the Day and the Night are the two Women interchangeably succeeding each other. The Day following *Neftenabo* calling his Friends about him, said, For this *Æsop* we owe Tribute to King *Lycerus*. One of them reply'd, We will command him to answer us two Questions which we know not, nor ever heard of. To Morrow, quoth *Æsop*, I will return you Answer. Departing thence, he made a Writing, wherein was contained, *sc.* *Neftenabo confesses he owes a thousand Talents to Lycerus*, in the Morning he brought this to the King. The King's Friends, before the Writing was open'd, all cry'd out, We know this, and have heard of it already. I thank you for confessing, quoth *Æsop*, did you ever know or hear that the King of *Egypt* ow'd King *Lycerus* a thousand Talents? *Neftenabo* concludes, saying, *Lycerus* is very happy, having so learned a Man in his Kingdom; and thereupon gave him the Tribute agreed to be paid, and most friendly dismissed him.

BY this Time VVinter's past ; the Time drew on,
 That *Æsop* now must give Solution
 To the King of *Egypt's* Question : He provides,
 And with all winged Speed to *Egypt* rides,
 Bearing four Eagles with him, which he had
 Brought up, and for his Purpose useful made ;
 Unto whose Feet four Children fasten'd were
 In Baskets, that as th' Eagles mount the Air,
 They might support the Children. Being arriv'd,
 Th' *Egyptian* King him joyfully receiv'd ;
 The Entertainment past, he asks the King,
 VVhere he shall now erect this wondrous Thing ?
 So straight into a spacious Field they go,
 VVhich *Nectenabo* did to *Æsop* show,
 And told him, That's the Place. *Æsop* surveys
 The Ground, and at each several Corner lays
 An Eagle and a Child. The Eagles fly,
 And with them bear the Children up on high ;
 'Till *Æsop* cries, Send up some Labourers, King,
 That thither may your Stones and Mortar bring,
 Before they go too high, and quickly they
 Shall to thy Tower the Foundation lay,
 But when the King perceived *Æsep's* VVit,
 He was with Admiration struck at it,
 And yields his Tribute lost. But yet to try
 Once more ingenious *Æsop's* Subtlety,
 He now propounds a Question, which was this,
 A stately Temple in a Place there is,
 VVherein a Column stands, that Column rears
 Twelve others, each of them a City bears,
 And o'er each City Thirty Sails are spread,
 Upon the which Two VVomen hourly tread.
Æsop replies, The Temple Heaven call ;
 The Column Earth ; the which supporteth all
 The Twelve great Cities ; and those Cities may
 Be term'd the Months ; the Thirty Sails display
 The Days of every Month ; the Day and Night
 The VVomen are, one black, the other white.

Thus

Thus *Æsop* by his Wisdom could foresee,
And soon unfold the closest Mystery :
Whom now the King, with far more great Regard,
Doth entertain, and bounteously reward.
So after many Disputations past,
'Twixt him and the Philosophers, with haste
Æsop returns to *Babylon*, to bring
The Tribute paid by the *Egyptian* King.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Æsop comes again to Babylon.



ÆSOP at length returning into *Babylon*, declares all that fell out in *Ægypt*, and gave the Tribute to King *Lycernus*, who commanded a famous Statue to be erected to the renowned Glory and Memory of *Æsop*. Not long after, he determined to sail into *Greece*, and so with the King's Leave departed, swearing he would return again into *Babylon*, and there end his Days. After he had viewed all the Countries of *Greece*, and made himself famously known for his Wisdom, he arrived at last in *Delphos*.

ÆSOP arrives at *Babylon*, whom all (Hall,
The Sages meet, and bring to th' King's great
Where he presents the Tribute, and doth tell
His Disputation, and what else befell;

Which being related, feasting was prepar'd ;
 No sumptuous Cost for Entertainment spar'd ;
 So highly *Æsop* was esteem'd, that when
 The King had seen him but return agen,
 He thinks him 'bove a Man, his Wit was so,
 That from a mortal Brain it could not flow ;
 And to exprefs his Admiration more,
 And shew his noble Gratitude therefore,
 In publick Market he a Statue rears,
 Which *Æsop's* Portraicture and Image bears,
 That after-times might not unmindful be
 Of *Æsop's* Wisdom and true Industry.
 But *Æsop* now, whose ever-working Mind,
 Tho' much he knew, more Knowledge seeks to find,
 Once more resolves to travel : Which Intent
 Dislik'd the King, unwilling to consent :
 'Till *Æsop*, by a faithful Promise made
 Soon to return, do's th' easie King perswade,
 And so for *Greece* departs ; that Region he
 Of all the rest, desirous is to see ;
 Where, in what Place soever he remains,
 By Affability kind Usage gains :
 (So courteous, wise, and affable was he
 That good Behaviour hid Deformity)
 Thus through all *Greece* he travels ; every Place
 Making him welcome with respective Grace,
 'Till he arriv'd at *Delphos*, whose cross Fate :
 We in the following Chapter shall relate.

CHAP. XXIX.

*Æsop coming to Delphos, is betray'd, and relates the
Fable of the Rat and Frog.*



WHen he was arrived at *Delphos*, many very gladly gave ear to his Eloquence, but gave him little Respect. He therefore looking upon them, said, Ye Men of *Delphos*, I may fitly compare you to the Wood which is carried upon the Sea; seeing it afar off, we judge it of great Value, when it's come near, we flight it. So I, when I was far from your City, did admire you, but coming amongst you, I find you the most useless amongst Men; thus I am mistaken. When the *Delphians* heard this, fearing lest he should disparage them in other Places where he travelled, they determined craftily to make him away. And hereupon they took a golden Cup out of *Apollo's* Temple, and cunningly put it amongst *Æsop's* Baggage. He not aware of their Subtlety, went his way to *Phocide*, the *Delphians* after him; and charged him with Sacrilege. He denies the Fact, they untie his Baggage, and find the Cup, which they shew to the City, with no small Up-
roar. *Æsop* seeing their Subtlety, desired them to let him loose: They were so far from that, that they cast him into Prison, and passed Sentence upon him.

Now *Æsop* no ways able to extricate himself from their Wiles, bemoans himself in Prison as he fate. While he was lamenting himself, a familiar Friend, *Demas* by Name, came to him, and desired to know the Cause of his Grief. Thus he replies. A Woman having newly buried her Husband, wept daily at his Grave; one plowing not far off, fell in love with the Woman, and leaving his Oxen, went himself to the Grave, and wept with her. She asked him, why do you lament thus? Because I have lately, quoth he, buried a good Woman, and after I have lamented, I find much Ease. The very same hath hapned to me. quoth the Women. If we are in the same Case of Mishap, quoth he, why may we not make ourselves happy in marrying together, for I love thee as well as my Wife, and thou lovest me as well as thy Husband. While this Discourse held, a Thief came and stole away his Oxen. Returning home without his Oxen, he determined to weep excessively. The Woman meeting him, Weep you still, quoth she? Now, saith he, I have Cause to weep. So I who have avoided many Dangers, have full Cause to mourn, now knowing no ways to escape this. After this came the *Delphians*, and drew him by force out of Prison to a steep and craggy Precipice. Whereupon he thus spake to them: When Beasts spake, the Mouse was familiar Friend to the Frog invited her to Supper, carried her into the Store-house of a rich Man, where there was good Food: Eat, saith the Mouse, my good Friend. After this Banquet was ended, the Frog led the Mouse to Supper with her; But that you be not weary with swimming, quoth the Frog, I will fasten with a small Thread your Leg to mine; this done, she leaps into the Water. The Mouse is drowned before they get half over, who dying thus, said, You are the Cause of my Death, but your Betters will vindicate me. The Eagle seeing the Mouse dead, and swimming in the Pond, snatcheth at her, and carrying her away, finds the Frog hanging by a String
at

at her Foot, and so makes an end of both. Thus I, who innocently am to dye by your Hands, shall find an Avenger; for all *Babylon* and *Greece* will require my Life at your Hands.

ÆSOP in *Greece* such Love now having found,
And with such good respect his Wisdom crown'd,
He next intends for *Delphos* to prepare,
Where stands *Apollo's* Temple; hoping there
To find most welcome. But as in a fair
And pleasant Meadow Serpents hidden are,
And in the longest Grass do lurking lye,
To sting th' unwary Travellers passing by,
While heedlessly they on them tread: So here
While Æsop wise Men seeks, most Clowns appear,
Who (envious at his Knowledge) plot and strive,
Æsop of Life and Fortunes do deprive:
Yet without Cause produc'd, or publick shew
Of just Proceedings, durst not seem to shew
Their open Malice 'gainst him. Wherefore one:
More subtil than the rest, while to be gone
From *Delphos*, Æsop with all speed doth hie,
Conveys into his Cloak-bag secretly
A golden Cup, which from *Apollo's* Fane
The Priest accuseth Æsop to have ta'en:
So Hue and cry is after Æsop sent,
And apprehends him although innocent;
Taxing him of high Sacrilege; and so
They search his Mail, and do the Goblet show
Before a Judge. Then back they Æsop force
To *Delphos*, where arraign'd, without Remorse
The Judge him dooms to die, though each one knew
The Accusation false, and Æsop true.
But Æsop now, his Sentence being past;
(As richest Pearls, amongst the Swine being cast,
Regardless quite are lost) to them doth tell
A witty Fable, trying to expel
Their Malice against him; which thus begun:

The FABLE.

Between the Rat and Frog great Love is grown;
 The Rat invites the Frog with him to dine;
 Great Delicates provided were, and Wine,
 No Cost was spar'd: Past Dinner, to requite
 The Rat, the Frog inviteth her at Night
 To sup with her; but 'twixt their Houses was
 A Brook, and dang'rous for the Rat to pass;
 Yet that the Rat might o'er more safely go,
 It is decreed, the Frog unto her Toe
 A String should fasten, and the nimble Rat
 Taking fast hold, and hanging upon that,
 Should so be haled over; but as they
 (The Frog the Rat's Death plotting) struggling lay
 I'th' midst o'th' Brook; a Kite, viewing the Fray,
 Stoops, and both of them seizeth for a Prey.

Thus whilst the Frog unjustly drew the Rat
 To sudden Death, she hastens her own Fate.

So you whose most untrue Complaints do draw
 The heavy Judgments of the *Grecian* Law
 Against my Innocence; the Gods shall take
 Due Vengeance on your Country for my sake.

CHAR

CHAP. XXX.

Æsop is led to Execution, where he relates the Fable of the Country Clown, and unjustly receiveth his Death, being violently cast down from a steep Rock by the Executioner.



FOR all this the *Delphians* spared not *Æsop*, tho' he fled to *Apollo's* Temple, they drew him thence, and led him to an high Precipice. Hear me, ye Men of *Delphos*, quoth *Æsop*, The Hare being pursued by the Eagle, fled into the Nest of a Hornet; the Hornet intreats the Eagle to spare the Hare; the Eagle flaps the Hornet with her Wing, and devours the Hare; the Hornet observing where the Eagle's Nest was, flew into it, and broke her Eggs. The Eagle the next time builds her Nest higher, the Hornet serves her so again: The Eagle not knowing what to do, the third time flies up and lays her Eggs between the Knees of *Jove*, whose Bird she is, intreating his Preservation of them: The Hornet making a Ball of Dirt flew into *Jove's* Lap, and there dropt it. *Jupiter* arising to shake off the Dirt; forgetting himself, lets the Eggs fall, and brake them. But when he had learned of the Hornet, that this was done in Revenge of a former Injury, not willing there-
fore.

fore that the Eagle should decay in her Kind, he desired that the Hornet and the Eagle might be made Friends. The Hornet being averse, *Jupiter* deferr'd the breeding of the Eagle 'till such a time that no Hornets stir. And you Men of *Delphos*, despise not this God to whom I have made my Refuge, tho' he have but a small Temple. The *Delphians*, little regarding what he had said, hale him to Execution. *Æsop* perceiving that nothing prevailed with them, cries out, Ye cruel blood-thirsty Men, give ear to me: A certain Husbandman growing old, who had never been at the City, desired his Servants to carry him thither to see it. While he was upon the way in his Waggon, there fell a Storm, and it becoming very dark, the Asses lost their way, and led him to a steep Hill: And now ready to fall down, O *Jove*, quoth he, what Injury have I done to thee, that I should so unhappily be slain; especially when my Days must end, not by generous Horses, or good Mules, but by dull Asses? And that's my present Misery, that I am not to be slain by Men of Worth and Honour, but by the most vile and baser sort. He now upon the brink to be cast down, related this Fable: A certain Man dearly loving his Daughter, sent his Wife into the Country, and in the meantime violates the Chastity of his Daughter: But she cried out, Father, you do amiss, I had rather this were done from any but your self, though it proved my perpetual Disgrace. This I also say against you, O ye unjust Men of *Delphos*; I had rather have fell into *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, or into the Quick-sand of *Africa*, than into your Hands, so unworthily to be put to Death: I call the Gods to witness that I die wrongfully, who will revenge my unhappy Fate. The *Delphians* upon that, threw him off the Rock, and so he died. Not long after, a grievous Pestilence fell out amongst them, and the Oracle told them, that *Æsop's* wrongful Death was to be expiated. Whereof they being guilty, erected over him a famous Monument.

But

But the Heads of Greece, and the wisest Sages, when they understood what was done against Æsop, went into Delphos, discussed the Matter with them, and became severe Revengers of innocent Æsop's Death,

While thus the Delphians, slighting Æsop's Woe,
Along with him to Execution go,
No just Crime laid against him, but the Hate
Of his Accusers, to pursue his Fate;
Envy so much prevail'd, that when he strove
By witty Fables, and Intreats, to move
Some pity from them, all his Foes appear
More deaf than Adders ever stopped Ear;
And all poor Æsop's Sighs and Tears were vain,
His Wisdom now could no Remorse obtain
But (like a Malefactor) hal'd to Death,
Hath scarcely Time to speak or draw his Breath;
'Till at the fatal Place arriving: When
Æsop the Spectacle of Death did ken,
Some Time of Respite gain'd, he thus did say:

The FABLE.

A Country Clown there was, which from the Day
Of his first Birth had ne'er the City seen,
But led a Rustick Life, and scarce had been
Four Miles from home. At last he doth require
Leave of his Lord, who yielded his Desire.
He for a Waggon Asses doth provide,
And so in Pomp will to the City ride.
But as he goes, a Storm arising, drives
The Asses from the way, and quite deprives
The silly Clown of Sense (unskilful how
To guide them, being taken from the Plough)
'Till wandring up and down, at last they came
To a steep Mountain, and ascend the same;
But at the Top, for want of Guider's Skill,
The Cart turns over, tumbling down the Hill:
While thus the Clown cries out, Great Jove, must I
For no Offence now die thus wretchedly?

*My Death by Asses me far worse doth grieve
Than if I it did from the Horse receive:
Ev'n so, cries Æsop, fares it now with me,
For I by Asses die most wrongfully.
But if I were by wise and just Men try'd,
I thus unjustly should not now have dy'd.
This being hardly utter'd, Æsop straight
From th' Executioner receives his Fate,
And headlong from a Rock is thrown; whose End
Unjustly wrought, mov'd juster Heav'n to send
A Pestilence through Delphos, and to take
Vengeance on them for wronged Æsop's sake.
And thus the briefest of his Time did fall:
Whose Death may be a Warning to them all,
That guiltless blood revenged still shall be
On them and theirs that shed it wrongfully.*

F I N I S.